



MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

CAPT. ARTHUR STORMONT MURRAY,

OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

BY HIS FATHER,

GENERAL THE HON. HENRY MURRAY, C.B.

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TO
THE MOTHER AND SISTER
OF
ARTHUR STORMONT MURRAY,

This Memoir

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

HIS FATHER.

P R E F A C E.

It would be idle to deprecate criticism, and foolish to be insensible to it if just; but in printing this work, my desire being simply to bear an honest tribute to the memory of my lamented son, I am content that its execution should prove me a writer of better intention than ability—an excuse which I have no doubt the candid will accept. But it may be thought that the time for printing is ill selected—perhaps it is; but immediately after the events to which this work relates I was fully engaged with other duties; and, if I may be allowed to say so, the public mind was then in no very favourable mood towards military men.

A long peace, and the doctrines of those who were averse from war, created an opinion that an army was more costly than useful. The defences of the country were neglected, and the army was reduced in every branch. A war was going on at the Cape of Good Hope, and the people here were out

of all patience that the war was not brought at once to a conclusion. "If," they said, "your disciplined troops are worth anything, they ought to exterminate the undisciplined Kaffirs; and if your troops are worth nothing, the fewer of them, if any, the better."

Now, whatever may have been the merit of this style of reasoning, subsequent events have shown its fallacy.

Even in regard to the Kaffir war it was wrong, for a Kaffir in the bush is proportionately strong from being a wild animal, cunning it is true, but rather from instinct than reason, and fighting in his own element.

But the defection of the Hottentots complicated the Kaffir war, and rendered it infinitely more difficult to bring to a conclusion.

Happily, however, that war was in the end successfully terminated; but a war of a very different description, and upon a much larger scale, was soon to break up the indulgence of those peaceful notions the public had for so long a period been allowed to entertain. The Crimean war took place: the same sanguine expectation of the public was again to endure its disappointments.

Victories were gained, but Sevastopol held out; all the various incidents of war, pestilence, slaughter, and storm, seemed to form the aggregate of the imputed incompetence of the commanders, without calling attention to the fact that war is a trial of various moral qualities, which the public itself does not always cultivate with sufficient care. The public had been fancying for years past that it had only to stamp with its foot, and that armed men would spring from the earth and overcome whatever enemies there might be. But what soldier ever told the public so, who had been used to service?

Even peace, with all its blessings, which no one reasonably can contest, must always on recommencing war be in some measure a cause of difficulty; and particularly is it so when peace retrenchments have crippled every branch of service and paralysed some. Peace came at length, and our army, in melancholy triumph over the ruins of Sevastopol, left the Crimea saturated with the blood of so many of our bravest and best.

It is not an unusual thing with persons who embark in large expenses, of which they have not

previously ascertained the amount, to impute to every one rather than to themselves the magnitude of the outlay, of which every step discloses the increasing extent ; and if the expenditure does at last stop, and has to be reckoned up finally, the same desire continues to shift the blame from their own shoulders. As it is with individuals, so it is with a nation ; and no stronger example could be given than this country gave during the war against Russia. Whoever has served must admit that, though one may look back to past service as a happy time, from the animation and excitement it gave birth to, yet during its continuance there are many considerations which at the time do not constitute it as a period free from annoyance. One may have a bad dinner or no dinner—clothes wet through and no change—instead of a bed, the cold, perhaps the wet or snowy ground—want of rest, if not want of sleep—put out of one's own way in everything, and not even a tent ;—on such occasions a man, probably aching like Caliban, is disposed to be out of sorts and to grumble ; therefore nothing is more common than for men on service to grumble, sometimes with reason, and sometimes without.

Now, if this kind of grumbling get into print, it naturally creates an idea that things are not so well carried on as they ought to be. Then there is another species of grumbler, who thinks himself so extremely clever that he can always point out what the fault has been, and with whom it lies. There can be no doubt that the public mind is very apt to catch its impressions from these not unprejudiced complaints, and thus to become incapable of exercising its natural good sense and right feeling. These were the causes that gave weight to the cruel abuse of Lord Raglan, and to the grave imputations which were recklessly hurled against officers of the highest merit, who were faithfully discharging their duty under almost unequalled difficulties. That indeed was a period of national ingratitude, and ought to be a humiliating recollection. But a confirmation may be drawn from it of what always has been truly considered as a principle inherent in English justice, that accusation is no proof; whenever this principle is disregarded, the consequence will always be such as no honest mind can approve of.

A war with China, of the justice or injustice of which there were different opinions, was com-

menced, but no great interest was taken in it. An inquiry was made into the Crimean war; but the result, being different from what the prevailing opinion had been, left only the moral that

“He that’s convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.”

But the Crimean war had not been without some influence on the public mind: it had brought forward into useful action a new form of female compassion in the excellent Miss Florence Nightingale; it had shown in the officers, soldiers, and sailors, more admirable fortitude under appalling difficulties than perhaps had ever been displayed, and that combined with an active courage and enterprise never surpassed.

Lord Raglan was then remembered, with that antique courage the generous French appreciated, and that untiring kindness that made him beloved by our army and fleet. But when the Queen visited the wounded in hospital, and when with her own hands she bestowed the just rewards of valour, the whole nation caught the inspiration of the Sovereign’s virtues, and valued their brave defenders at their real worth. The country was only just beginning to enjoy the blessings of

peace, when news arrived from India of the mutiny of the native army, not only to an alarming extent, but one spreading with unheard-of rapidity, and to which no limit could be anticipated. In fact, our Indian empire was not only in the balance, but with the weight preponderating against us.

The Commander-in-Chief had died, but fortunately there was here Sir Colin Campbell to replace him, and that officer started for his distant command with no more preparation than if merely on an excursion to the seaside, carrying with him the universal approbation of this country to the appointment. The war which was raging in India was accompanied not only by the usual horrors which attend on warfare, but with atrocities on the wives and children of our officers, soldiers, and civilians, at which humanity shudders and is silent. But that war, fearful as it was, elicited new proof of the valour of our troops, indomitable under every disparity of numbers, and victories were gained which seemed so disproportioned as almost to be fabulous. Various names of officers became historical and swelled the long roll of British heroes. But England was animated to

fresh exertion ; and as she poured thousand after thousand of her bravest troops into India, she recognised their claim to her regard in her inmost heart, and is animated now by every feeling to do them justice.

At such a moment it ceases to be inopportune to bring into light a character endowed with those qualities of which heroes are made, that ardent desire of distinction which emulates but does not envy all that is bold or noble, and whose possessor, if his allotted course was short, at least was straightforward and undaunted in the path of honour.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

CAPT. ARTHUR STORMONT MURRAY.

My youngest son Arthur was born at Douglas, near Cork, in February, 1820. There was at the time snow on the ground, and in speaking of a beech-hedge the gardener told me that "it was entirely burnt by the frost;" the cold weather, however, seemed to be genial to the little stranger, who, born with an Irish constitution, thrived well. The country house which I hired at Douglas was pleasantly situated; it stood on a hill of gentle ascent in the midst of rather park-like ground, though of small extent; the entrance was by a lodge gate, past which ran the road from Cork to Carigoline, and on the other side of that road was a much larger seat of Mr. Newenham's, called Maryborough, in the park of which he kindly allowed me to ride.

The village of Douglas was small, but much more populous than it looked. There was a

Protestant church, and the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Donovan, and his lady were kind and hospitable.

Mr. Penrose and his sister had a small but pleasant residence near the village, and nowhere could persons more amiable be found than they were. The disposition of Miss Penrose was of great kindness, and she had a frankness, refinement, and sincerity of manner which made her good sense the more acceptable. But to enumerate that neighbourhood would only be to record its hospitality.

The look-out from our house at Douglas was very pretty: a view over villas; over the distant water—scenery that had rather too much contrast with the actual poverty of the cottages in the village. But there, as elsewhere in Ireland, was to be seen a people whom want cannot depress, or deprive of the characteristics of many a noble quality; and even these, our poorer neighbours, had always something friendly or droll to say to us.

The head-quarters of the 18th Hussars, which I then commanded, were at Cork. The environs are beautiful, but the barracks are perched on the top of a steep hill, and, looking down on an extensive prospect of water, are tantalized by an awkward deficiency of water for the troops.

The selection of this bad eminence was rightly or wrongly attributed to a job ; and that species of arrangement by which the many were inconvenienced for the advantage of the few was, if current report can be believed, no very unusual event in the former history of Ireland.

A few months after the birth of the little boy I was driving from Cork homewards and rather fast, when a respectable-looking elderly woman rushed forward and threw herself on her knees in the road. I instantly pulled up. The petitioner had been Arthur's monthly nurse—nurse tender, as they call it in Ireland : her son had enlisted, and she wished to get him off. I believe that I was able to accomplish this for her, but it could be only for the moment, as he was determined to be a soldier.

It is many years since that time, and the condition of a soldier has so much improved since then, that it is to be hoped that there is no longer the same repugnance to it in popular estimation. This poor woman's energy in urging her petition had the warmth of feeling which is peculiarly Irish, and seldom fails to be accompanied by a natural eloquence equally national.

Whilst we were at Cork Miss O'Neil came there and acted several times, and we had the good fortune to meet her at Lady Chatterton's

and make her acquaintance ; she was as unassuming in society as she was admirable on the stage.

In *Juliet* her youth and beauty particularly adapted her to the character ; but, though these attributes doubtless had some influence on opinion, I preferred her in *Mrs. Haller* (in the ‘Stranger’) even to Mrs. Siddons, for the impression she gave was as truthful and more feminine.

Fashion has almost discarded the English stage ; but as a mirror of life, of human passion, and human action, how far is it before the Italian Opera, with the charms of music and all the meretricious ornaments of unreal splendour !

An event about this time took place which, in the remotest parts of the empire, gave a painful, and, strange as it may appear, an almost unexpected shock—the death of our good King George III.

Removed from the public sight for so long a time by his affliction, he was hallowed in the thoughts of his people by his well-remembered virtues. His power, like all earthly things, had passed away, but his worth still lived, and yet beats, in the hearts of the loyal.

The welfare of the loyal is the welfare of the country ; the two interests cannot be separated. How different were the purposes of Thistlewood

and his associates ! their element was anarchy, their objects riches and power, their course murder and treason.

But Providence revealed their dark designs, and they received the just reward of their villany from the hands of public justice.

How much of misery has been saved to the people of this country by the execution of those conspirators—whose watchword was Liberty, but whose intention was the hardest of all tyrannies, the unlimited power of the vile and flagitious ! Whenever a revolution takes place great crimes and great cruelties are committed, and a vast amount of suffering has to be endured by the innocent, and by those who have in no way contributed to the event : I confess, then, I have no coincidence in opinion with those liberal ideas that contemplate a revolution as merely a slight fever in the system, which is to usher in a change to a healthier constitution.

It more resembles the irruption of a volcano, which spreads waste and devastation around ; and though in time vegetation may again rise through the blackened surface, how much the lava has overrun and destroyed of that which was beautiful and precious !

The foregoing was written before the late atrocious attempt on the lives of the Emperor

and Empress of the French—an outrage of almost unheard-of wickedness and cruelty ; and yet be it observed that this reckless and indiscriminate carnage, at which every better feeling recoils, was only the first step contemplated in the revolution : then, as a necessary consequence, what rapine, oppression, and blood were meant to follow !

The institutions which the wisdom and virtue of ages have established can only be maintained by the principles that gave them birth, and science in this age has made a much greater advance than principle.

At Douglas I received a letter of recommendation from a gentleman whose son had just been appointed to a cornetcy in the 18th Hussars.

It was odd that, from the turn of the letter, I seemed to be very well acquainted with the writer of it, and yet I had no intimate friend of the writer's name—"Walter Scott." When the truth broke upon me as a sudden light, it was from the author of 'Waverley.' Many times after Sir Walter Scott used to correspond with me relative to his son ; but in these letters, which were more or less of detail and reference to business, I could trace no identity. Still this circumstance the more confirmed me in my original opinion. His first letter was addressed to a stranger, and had for its object to make a favourable impression on

him in regard to the writer's son, and, therefore, was written with more care.

It will be observed, too, that before that time the author of 'Waverley' had published 'Guy Mannering,' in which there are several letters.

If a few verses are repeated of Moore's or of Scott's, how easily we recognise the author! and as in poetry, in a less degree we perceive in prose the peculiar manner of the writer.

Be that, however, as it may, many times afterwards I heard it positively asserted that Sir Walter Scott was not the author of the Waverley novels; but the contradictions never at all shook my faith in my original opinion.

Walter Scott, when he joined us, was a stalwart youth, and soon showed his strength, activity, and resolution, by walking from Cork to Fermoy and back by dinner-time; winning his match, which was for some trifling bet, so narrowly, that the clock was striking as he re-entered Cork Barracks. He gave me an edition of his father's poems, which I still possess. It is one with a very good engraving of Sir Walter Scott, from a picture by that excellent Scottish artist Raeburn. There was a time when one almost felt as if one could not get through the year without a couple of the Waverley novels; and when they ceased, it caused

a void in innocent amusement and interest which has never been since supplied.

The general impression left on the mind after the perusal of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels was always favourable to virtue; it was a picture of nature, giving its lights and darker shades, but never giving that false colouring which makes vice splendid and alluring. His great charm was a certain candour which made you delight in his companionship, and made you partake of the legends he delighted in, the romantic scenery which he surveyed with a poet's eye, the recollection that fell back upon the distant past. Nor should it be forgotten that he conferred an important benefit on his own country; he showed, in all its wild beauty, her romantic features of mountain, forest, and impetuous torrent, and, not less to be admired, the hardy Scot, in every clime, invincible and faithful to his chief.

It was decided that two regiments of cavalry should be reduced, and, consequently, the 18th Hussars and the 19th Lancers, which stood in the numbering of Light Dragoon regiments the two lowest, were reduced. Both the 18th and the 19th were regiments of distinguished service. They were at Newbridge Barracks at the period of their disbandment, and in the highest order and efficiency—the one under my

command, and the other under that of Colonel Henry Wyndham. It was a painful circumstance to witness the disbandment of two such regiments. The uniform of the 18th was blue with white facings and silver lace, and with fur caps; the shabracques were of a lighter blue, and the uniform was generally considered handsome, though not overloaded with lace. The men were rather tall, but light, and of what might be called not only a soldier-like, but a gentleman-like appearance, and their behaviour was remarkably good. They rode very well. Their horses were younger than was desirable, but it was a fault gradually diminishing; on their return from service their old horses were pretty much worn out, and those which were drafted to them from other regiments were even more worn out than their old ones. Therefore a great part of the horses were bought since the regiment had been in Ireland. These, from want of proper nourishment whilst young, had not the form or substance, though often they were as well bred as Yorkshire horses; but, after they had been some time with the regiment, they began to furnish, and, having action and good shape, would have been fit in a short time to have vied with the horses of any regiment.

A word or two may be said for the men. No regiment was calmer under fire, nor any more spirited or adventurous in attack. As, during the campaign of 1815, I almost always slept in the same field in which the men were in bivouac, I can assert that they were quiet, well behaved, alert, and ready to turn out at a moment, and I heard no grumbling; in fact, they were always disposed to be kind and obliging. When the disbandment was in progress, and the men had their discharges, and it might be thought that discipline was at an end, I never found them more respectful and more obedient than they were at that time. I had the satisfaction to hear that, when they entered afterwards into other regiments, they proved good soldiers. Many of them entered the 4th Light Dragoons, then commanded by the late Sir Charles Dalbiac, an excellent officer, and went to India; he spoke of them most highly, and promoted several to be non-commissioned officers. But, when reductions of regiments take place, it is a serious thing; I have reason to believe that His Royal Highness the Duke of York regretted the disbandment of the 18th Hussars. And I am certain that it requires years to create in a regiment that degree of discipline that carries on its economy on an assured principle of progressive improvement, and

that *esprit de corps* which is the essence of its efficiency and fame.

It is interesting to trace through childhood the lineaments of a character which has matured to some distinction. The indications in youth of natural disposition form a much surer guide to the conjecture of character, than those forms of cerebral development that carry out the theories of the phrenologist. It is true that in some remarkable instances there have been a lassitude and inaction in early life, which gave no promise of future energy ; but these may be considered as exceptions to a rule rather than involving any positive rule in themselves. Whilst the features of the face are undergoing a constant change through childhood, those of character may be frequently influenced by circumstances, but seldom or never experience an entire alteration.

We may not have remarked, or may not have attended to, indications of greatness in a youth who has afterwards attained to high distinction ; but if we review our recollection of such individual, many trifling circumstances will be brought back to our remembrance, through which we may connect the chain of character from youth to age. For this reason, slight anecdotes of childhood are not altogether the frivolous stories of the nursery

which some people suppose them to be. The child that is brave, candid, and kind will seldom grow up to manhood deficient in spirit, truth, and beneficence; position and employment in life may foster those qualities or depress them, but they will still remain inherent and integral in the character.

A little boy that I had not seen for some time came up to me, and, taking me by the hand, said, "You will be sorry to hear that I have been ill."

This perhaps caused a smile at the moment, but the child's motive was not selfishness but sympathy; and so I thought it at the time, and I was right.

The poor little fellow shortly afterwards died, and his last pleasure was having soup made for the poor.

When we consider the various ills to which childhood is by nature exposed, and the still more numerous dangers and accidents which it heedlessly incurs, we cannot but be sensible how often it must be sheltered under the wings of Providence to survive—and yet we move and have our being among millions with less of admiration than when we survey the clocks and time-pieces at a watchmaker's.

We were sitting one night in the dining-room,

which was on the ground-floor, a couple of white terriers were quietly resting, and all was still, when the dogs suddenly sprang up and went full cry to the door.

I rated them and brought them back. It was an unusual circumstance, for the servants could go in and out of the room without occasioning the slightest challenge; but one of us thought that there was a little noise at the door before the dogs barked. I therefore, shortly afterwards, went to the door, opened it, and looked out: there was nothing there—so I shut the door, came into the room, and sat down.

We thought no more of the matter. A little later on the same night the housekeeper heard something at the door of her room, opened it, and there stood little Arthur in his night-dress. She thought that the child had walked in his sleep; and taking him, without speaking to him, in her arms, and wrapping him in a shawl, the kind-hearted Madeleine Sunier carried him up to the nursery at the top of the house, and put him to bed. The next day she asked him whether he recollected anything that happened to him last night? To her surprise (for she had thought him asleep), he knew everything that had passed perfectly well.

It seems that something had waked him, and,

as he did not go to sleep again directly, he thought it would be more amusing to go down to us. Accordingly he got up and proceeded creepingly in the dark.

Clifton Hall (where it happened) was an old-fashioned house, and on the staircase was a picture, larger than life, of King Charles XII. of Sweden; and, though it was too dark then to see him, for it was "the witching time of night," an imaginative child, such as this was, might well have fancied the hero, whom he was wont to gaze at in the picture by day, was himself there gaunt and grim, in his large jack-boots, his hair on end like quills of porcupine; but little the boy cared for such superstitious fears; alone and in the dark, except such scanty light as might be seen underneath the door, he made his way to the dining-room door; there, when he tried the lock, the uncourteous reception of his friends Viper and Myrtle barred his entrance. He went then to the housekeeper's room; but there, when the door was opened, he was received in silence; so, submitting himself to the different issue of his adventure from what he had expected, he allowed himself to be carried up to bed without saying a word. Such a pilgrimage in the dark would not have been a very pleasant undertaking even to a grown-up person, but it is rather an extraordinary one in a child.

Arthur was at this time a very handsome little boy—a fair complexion with a healthy tint, intelligent eyes, and hair which afterwards grew dark, but was then of a golden colour; his features were more defined than usual at that early age, but yet without being formal, and his smile had something between mischief and good-nature, which was very engaging. He was playing one day in the garden, and fell head foremost into the water. It was not very deep, but he could not get up, and might have been drowned. The governess was so frightened that she could only call for help; but his little sister seized him by the frock, and, with affection above all fear, held him fast till assistance came. At another time a dog bit him in the face. I sucked the blood from the wound; but the accident was an anxious and distressing one until it could be ascertained that the dog was not mad.

From a very early period in life there were two quite distinct characteristics in his disposition, but they somehow blended very happily together. The one was a readiness to seize and enjoy whatever was humorous or comical; the other, a serious turn of reflection that delighted in poetry and in noble actions, and seemed to partake of their inspiration. Possessed of an excellent memory, he soon became a pleasant

companion, and his conversation, grave or gay, was always of interest.

When Arthur was a child, he said to me one day—"Papa, I should like to be in a battle."

"Ay, but if you were wounded?"

"I would tear my *robe*," he answered; "but I would not cry."

This was the saying of a child, but the spirit of it was carried out at Bloem Plaats, for I was told that when he had been wounded, and his arm shattered, he proposed that it should be taken off, saying, "It will not give you much trouble, for I am thin."

His talents almost from childhood were of a superior order, so that, notwithstanding his volatility and excessively high spirits, he seemed without effort to have an intuitive facility: music he caught by ear*—whilst playing, and perhaps in mischief, in the school-room, it not unfrequently was found that the lessons others were learning remained on his recollection.

Enjoying everything in the way of gaiety and fun, there was a graver vein of thought and feeling which was in the depth of his disposition. Perhaps he was not amenable to the improvement

* His talent for music was such, that, if he once heard an air at the Opera which pleased him, he could remember the tune with sufficient accuracy to sing it over, and enable another person to play it on the pianoforte.

which may be drawn from continued hard reading, but when a subject interested him he would read with great perseverance, and was very reluctant to quit his book—almost too much so at times ; for air, exercise, and recreation are all elements of the rational training of youth.

Arthur used from a very early age indeed to be my companion at breakfast ; I read to him Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott's poems, or the Waverley novels, &c. ; something, in short, that gave a bias to his mind, and afforded us both topics of conversation. His cleverness, his excellent memory, and his lively and sensible disposition, made this a pleasant task, and, as I hope, no unprofitable one to him ; for as people insensibly acquire provincial idioms, so did he, without his being aware of it, gain a natural expression in better language and in higher thought than is usual at his age. In fact, he gained this so insensibly, that he became, before I was aware of it, from a clever and intelligent child, a boy of precocious sense and judgment, whose opinion was often deserving of consideration. Like myself, he was very fond of reading Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' a book no one can read without advantage. Everything in this most entertaining and instructive work was familiar to him, and he felt in full force the quaint expressions and sterling judgment of the

great lexicographer. I do not know any moral work from which more wisdom is to be gleaned—none in which virtue is made more unaffectedly attractive. I know not how often I have read it, but I can begin upon it again and again, and never find cause to regret its reperusal.

Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son' have often been recommended as affording very useful knowledge of the world, but they are not well adapted to form the character or direct the conduct of a youth who has yet that knowledge to acquire. I will not say with Dr. Johnson that his lordship inculcates the manners of a dancing-master with the morals of a harlot, but certainly he allows a very large margin for immorality, and draws a fluctuating line for integrity; the best manners will not excuse failure on these two points, which is irreconcilable to a character void of offence, and to a course of conduct through life worthy of the esteem of others.

But it may be presumed that the tone of society is very much improved since Lord Chesterfield's time; the advance of education, the wider range of knowledge, have dispelled much of the mist which formerly obscured the distinction between right and wrong; and the press has contributed no slight moral correction to social as well as public conduct.

Disease and crime have been found to result from darkness in the dwellings of the poor, and, in as great a measure, vice becomes the inmate of the houses of the great, whenever the light of public opinion is most carefully shut out.

I do not think that Lord Chesterfield's Letters were recommended by me to Arthur, though it is possible that they might have been read by him. Books on heraldry and military memoirs were among the first that engrossed his attention. His reading was desultory, and objection may be fairly taken to that which is not a regular course of study; but as in animal nature we find the greater health and strength acquired on variety of food, so probably the human intellect is the more fully developed by the change of thought elicited from different pursuits.*

* I subjoin an imperfect list of the works referred to :—

Montfaucon (l'Antiquité Expliquée).	Suwarrow's Campaigns.
L'Encyclopédie (articles relating to Military matters, Fortification, Tactics, &c.).	Harte's Life of Gustavus Adolphus.
Cæsar's Commentaries.	Adlerfeld (Hist. de Charles XII.).
Xenophon (Retreat of the Ten Thousand).	Histoire du Prince Eugène.
Vegetius (Military Institutes).	Marlborough's Campaigns.
Frontinus (Stratagema).	Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse (Histoire de Mon Temps—Guerre de Sept Ans).
Livy { Punic Wars.	Montécuculi (Mémoires).
Polybius { Hannibal's Passage of the Alps.	Vie de Turenne.—Condé.
Arrian.	Mémoires du Duc d'York (James II.), écrits par lui-même.
Timour's Institutes.	Mémoires du Duc de Berwick, écrits par lui-même.

Lawyers give convincing proof that minds practised to bring conviction to others from evidence adduced in any direction in which it may be required, have a readiness of thought which is not common to other professions ; their knowledge of the law is indeed the groundwork of their superior information, but their use of that knowledge is strengthened and perfected by its versatility. Be that however as it may, Arthur, while yet a little boy, had gained knowledge and reflection beyond the average, and that without losing in the slightest degree the joyous animation which one delights to witness at that age. He possessed also that which is a valuable quality—truth.

The first cause of a departure from truth is apprehension, and therefore the virtue is to be inculcated, not by severity, but by encouragement.

Some one rode up to the Duke of York when

Le Chevalier de Folard (Commentaires sur Polybe).

Rohan (Parfait Capitaine).

Rêveries du Maréchal de Saxe.

Le Maréchal de Puységur (l'Art Militaire).

General Lloyd (History of the War in Germany, &c.).

Sobieski (Traité sur l'Artillerie).

Home's History of the Rebellion in Scotland.

Stedman (The American War).

General Wolfe's Orders.

Jomini (Traité des Grandes Opérations).

L'Archiduc Charles (Stratégie).

Le Maréchal Ney (Ordres).

Kaussler (Atlas des Sièges et des Batailles).

A small French work upon Cavalry.

Lallemand sur la Cavalerie.

Okounef (Examen Raisonné des Trois Armes).

La Baume—Campagne de Russie.

the Derby stakes had just been run for at Epsom to tell him that His Royal Highness's horse had won. It had not seemed so to the Duke, upon which the person offered a bet to him that the horse had won.

"No, Sir," said His Royal Highness, "that would be to doubt your word."

If anybody will use a little observation he will perceive the prevalence of untruth, from whatever cause it may arise. I have known Arthur very comical in tracing the equivocations that people practise in order to disguise an untruth by telling what Sir Walter Scott calls a lie with a circumstance. Some very good people do harm to the cause of truth by pushing it to an extreme. "Not at home" they consider a wilful falsehood; and "Your obedient humble servant" altogether as unjustifiable—not recollecting that the one is merely a conventional form of a man's defending his house, which is his castle, from intrusion, and the other a civility only so understood. But truth cannot be too carefully guarded in habitual intercourse, as it is of the utmost importance to the well-being of society. Many circumstances may make a certain reserve indispensable, and there are questioners whom it is very difficult to get rid of when they ask questions that they have no right to put, and with the intention of entrapping

you into saying that which is not in accordance with fact, or disclosing that which should not be known. Nothing but some experience of the world will give a person a readiness of answer to get quit of embarrassment of this sort. Yet truth is sometimes erroneously withheld from a right motive.

A brother-officer of mine was brought in at Flushing wounded: he was in great pain when I saw him just after he had received his wound, which was in the upper part of the thigh. The surgeon told me nothing could save him. He was taken to Middleburgh, and the officers of the regiment most kindly went to see him every day; but they made a strict rule amongst themselves, to which I would not subscribe (but painfully subjected myself to the imputation of inhumanity, and of want of feeling and consideration for him, through my absence), not to let him suspect that his wound was mortal. Mortification had begun and was in progress: he laughed and talked in the best spirits, when one day his batman, seeing a sudden change come over him, said, "Ah! Sir, pray to God."—"Why should I pray?" said the poor officer; "what harm have I done?"—and died.

Major Price was very exact about the truth. I heard him, about sixty years ago, relate some-

thing that he had heard said on a prevailing topic of the time. In what he mentioned there was an *oath*. On which Colonel Greville remarked to Dr. Wingfield, one of the Masters of Westminster School—"How exact in speaking the truth my friend Price is! you may depend upon it he is quoting the very expression he heard, *for he never swears*." I was a schoolboy at the period, but it certainly gave me a greater impression of the importance of truth, seeing that Major Price was so deservedly esteemed for his integrity.

Arthur had some turn for drawing, but he never cultivated it; he might make something of a caricature sketch, or scratch a position or movement of troops, with pen and ink; and I remember, when he was a very little boy, his drawing a sketch of the death of Marshal Ney, which at least had the merit of being original, and was not a copy from anything that he had seen; but I do not think that he was an admirer of pictures, except they were historical and on a subject that interested him, and it was rather on their subject that he liked to descant than on their execution as works of art.

I took him when a boy to the exhibition of Baron Le Jeune's pictures, a series of battle-pieces on the French campaigns: with these Arthur was

delighted, for they afforded him a large field of historical and characteristic remembrances. But he had taste in music, in poetry, in acting, in works of genius, in prospect, and in whatever called to mind thoughts of a noble and illustrious nature.

He had a talent for imitation—I will not call it mimicry, because it was entirely free from buffoonery, but one could recognise at once the voice, manner, and thought of the person of whom imitation was given. He used to tell a lively story well, for he did it concisely and with point.

His power of reciting was very good, for his memory was so retentive that he never hesitated for the recollection of a word, and his genius so readily struck fire from a noble thought, that when he repeated it was like improvisation. He had great facility in writing, so that in the letters which are here printed hardly the correction or omission of a word occurs.

People are apt to give themselves a habit, very difficult to be cured, of altering what they have written, with a view of improvement in composition; but the object is seldom attained by this means; on the contrary, the darn is generally apparent.

Arthur, when he wrote, was master of his sub-

ject, and found no difficulty in embodying it in good language, which was his natural mode of expression.

Such quotations as sometimes may be found were so readily suggested to him by his reading that they flowed without effort from his pen.

From having been brought up with people older than himself he had the great advantage of not being shy; not that he was forward or impudent, but that he did not feel embarrassed by awkwardness or afraid to enter into conversation with any one, of however high rank.

And besides, he never put his light under a bushel. His great pleasure was to converse with an eminent person—that is to say, eminent from some superior qualities; and he easily gained the esteem of any such individual, who soon found that he was more than commonly sensible and conversable.

I took him one day with me, when he was very young, to the Horse Guards, and left him in the waiting-room, and on my return to it found him in full conversation and great friends with a venerable general with white hair.

He learnt much from his elder brother Henry, who to an excellent education had added information and acquirements that made him

an improving companion to one very much younger.*

To his mother and sisters he owed his facility in French, and that best training of the disposition—the interchange of mutual kindness.

Arthur was at Kenwood, and he gave us one morning at breakfast, in the exaggerated tone of French tragedy, a flight in eloquence of M. de Châteaubriand, from the sublime to the ridiculous : — “ Je criai de toute ma force : Léonidas ! Aucune ruine ne répéta ce grand nom, et Sparte même sembla l’avoir oublié.”† Afterwards, when we were in another room, he recited, with the simple pathos of real feeling, Cowper’s fine ballad on the loss of the “ Royal George.” And I think, on looking into a volume of Jomini, he entered into questions of war with a facility and degree of information surprising at his age, so much so that my brother Lord Mansfield, whose own superior abilities made him a keen judge of the talents of others, said to me, “ Arthur is quite a military genius.”

Dr. Johnson has said that children are always cruel. This is true to a certain extent—children

* He was indebted for much instruction to Mr. Joseph Robinson, who used to come to Wimbledon for that purpose.

† ‘Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem,’ seconde édition, tome i. p. 141.

are cruel from their ignorance of the pain they inflict on insect nature: a child pulls off the legs and wings of a fly, as he would pull a plaything to pieces, from sheer mischief, but he does not do this from cruelty, for he never thinks about it; and if he were told by any one whose opinion he respected,

“ The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suff’rance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies,”

he would refrain from torturing the insect.

But schoolboys are cruel from another reason, which is that they think that want of tenderness is a proof of being manly. A bigger boy than themselves gives them a buffet, the schoolmaster whips them: in all these things they see a want of tenderness, which they try to imitate as an advance towards the manly character which they endeavour to attain.

But though the anecdote that I am about to mention is but a little thing, yet it made me hear afterwards without surprise that Arthur on a march on service, on one of his men meeting with an accident which badly lamed him, dismounted, and, placing the man on his own horse, went on foot for the remainder of the day’s march.

Wimbledon, 29th July, 1829.—I think my

little boy Arthur (nine years old) made a very pertinent observation to-day; and as I hold good advice to be good whencesoever derived, I think I shall abide by it. I said of the two terrier puppies that their ears were too long, and I thought that I should crop or round them. "Why would you do so?" said Arthur. I replied that "the real fact was, that from a boy I had always seen terriers with short ears, and, therefore, when I saw them now with long ears, it looked to me as something wrong and unnatural." He did not rejoin anything at that moment, but some time after, returning to the charge, he said, "Pray, papa, don't crop or round the terriers' ears; for," he added, "it will hurt them so." I was obdurate. But he went on, "Let their ears stay on, and you will be used to see them with long ears; and you say the reason to crop or round them is only because you have been used always to see terriers so: and if you let their ears stay on only a little while, it will be the same. You will dislike to see them with short ears, and, poor things! it will save them a great deal of pain if you do not crop or round their ears." This, in my judgment, is good and sound argument, and not only speaks a discriminating mind, but a feeling and right-placed heart.

It was only lately that I found a scrap of

paper with the above memorandum, but so much was I impressed with the good sense of Arthur's advice, that not only did these two puppies die, as old dogs, in my possession, with their ears uncropped or rounded, but in the numerous terriers I have bred since that time I have scrupulously kept their ears untouched.

When Arthur was arriving at an age which allowed of his entering the service, I confess that I was sanguine in my expectation of his success.

He was a little taller, but not much, than I was at the same age, and when also commencing the service. He was of very good appearance and of good health, intelligent and well-informed, and of that happy disposition that animates the individual to action and conciliates friends ; his manners were well-bred, he had a due sense of honour, loyalty, and patriotism instilled from his earliest youth, and that more than all-important impression of religious duty which alone is calculated to insure a straight and undeviating course through life.

But on the other hand he was a mere boy ; and, however amiable his disposition, yet without experience, without suspicion, without those colder and more calculating qualities of the understanding which prove the safeguard of mature age.

How often do we look back with regret upon those unspoiled intentions with which we commenced our career! Jaded with the past, if experience makes us sensible in the end how far good is preferable to evil, our feelings have become hackneyed—we never can again have the freshness of disposition which opens to youth, in all its beauty, the unsullied page of the future.

There was one peculiar beauty in Arthur's disposition, that there was no mean feeling in it. I never heard him utter an unworthy sentiment. I do not intend to say that afterwards, when he grew up, his opinion might not sometimes be wrong; but there never was anything inconsistent with a high sense of honour and a noble and generous nature. Such a disposition is in itself a blessing; but when it is allied to superior talents, it possesses a charm and fascination to which few can be insensible.

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.”

GRAY.

Arthur was now to enter the army, which from the earliest period that he could form a wish had

been his hope and ambition. There is something very delightful in looking forward with a fresh mind, as yet unclouded by any reverse: difficulties fall away, and dangers seem to be as nothing before the eye of youth, whilst health and strength appear to give an inexhaustible supply of energy to meet every adventure. It was, then, with no common feeling of pride and joy that he watched the steps taken to obtain him a commission, and, partiality apart, he certainly was a recruit of unusual promise. His good qualities were to me of favourable augury, and if I anticipated his success they tended to justify my hope.

Since that time much has occurred to create a more grave consideration of the profession of a soldier. Then, peace had experienced but little interruption, except in India, since 1815. Now, indeed, no one can enter upon the service without recollecting the casualties of the Crimea and of India, or without seeing in the lowering political atmosphere of the continent of Europe the menace of an approaching storm. To that struggle, whatever it may prove, every young soldier must now make up his mind; and when he adopts the profession of arms should endeavour to qualify himself to discharge the duties that will devolve upon him with zeal and loyalty proportioned to their importance.

I may be allowed to say a few words of the officers on the Staff at head-quarters.

No man ever attained to high honours more worthily than Lord Hill—no one ever wore them with more unassuming simplicity.

Benevolence and integrity, rather than shining talents, were characteristic of him, and were the influences of his success.

Lord Hill's instance is a proof how rich the harvest is when the seed falls on good ground.

Lord FitzRoy Somerset was a man such as one can seldom hope to meet with again.

Having great personal advantages—of appearance, of rank, of distinguished service, of superior talent—he never brought these to bear upon you in such a way as to depreciate you in your own estimation.

Holding a situation of trust and responsibility, he had in fact the reserve which properly attaches to such a position, but he had a natural candour which put you at your ease with him without diminishing your respect.

I never went to him without finding him a friend, or otherwise disposed than to receive me on the terms to which I believe I am entitled as an officer inseparably attached to the service, and never seeking to gain my object by any unworthy or indirect means.

I may say, for it is really fact, that it has happened to me several times to be anxious to obtain what he was not disposed to concede.

But did my opinion change with that want of concession? certainly not: I knew that he was acting on right motives, and whether they coincided or not with my own desire was a matter of no importance.

Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General, had the sterling qualities of steady perseverance, of enough pliancy to act with others and yet to maintain a consistent line of conduct, and the good sense and right feeling which enable a man to advance his own success without any compromise of principle, or loss of the esteem of others.

He wrote with great facility and very well; in society he might not have any particular claim to superiority; his conversation was very well, but no more.

But in his office, on whatever subject was to be discussed, his information and good sense, given in the plainest language, were such as would afford afterwards useful helps to reflection.

There was something very homely and honest in his character; and I am sure I may say it. (for he always proved himself such to me), he was a true friend.

It is a great advantage to the service when the

staff situations at the Horse Guards are filled by such officers as I have enumerated ; and Sir Willoughby Gordon, who was then Quarter-master-General, was equally deserving of praise.

It is not adulation to speak in these terms of men who have passed away.

“Can honour’s voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?”—GRAY.

But not only are the services of good men useful at the time of their performance, but the memory they leave is the best incentive to zeal and usefulness in those who are to follow them in the path of duty.

In the Duke of York’s last illness I had ridden up to town to make inquiry, and the intimation I received was that the last hour of His Royal Highness was fast approaching ; probably not to be delayed beyond that day.

On my way home, as I passed through Chelsea, many things connected with the objects of the noble institution there forcibly brought to my mind the loss the service was about to incur.

I could recollect the appointment of the Duke of York to the command of the army long before I had the honour to belong to it ; and since I had been in the service I had seen institutions grow up in it, under his fostering care, and a magnificent branch of the power of this great

country acquire, if it did more than regain, its pre-eminence ; but at all events Great Britain became unsurpassed by the most warlike nations of the world.

But this was not all. I had seen under his auspices the condition and comforts of a British soldier raise him above the rank of life from which he was taken ; whilst by improved discipline he was placed on more than an equality with the best disciplined soldier of any other country.

Nor was this all. In countless instances I had known His Royal Highness, by the goodness of his nature, by his kindness and consideration for the least influential officer, induce all who did their duty to look up to the Horse Guards for favour and protection.

And even his imputed fault, adherence to what he believed to be right, leaned to virtue's side.

These qualities, wherever they shall be known, will raise a higher and more estimable memorial to the Duke of York than the Column of questionable taste which records his name.

I dined with the Duke of Wellington on the 18th of June, 1832, to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

That very morning (untroubled as he looked) he had been mobbed in the city of London !

I witnessed his funeral: could ingratitude be redeemed by a sorrow more sincere?

I was allowed to purchase a Cornetcy for Arthur in the 15th (the King's) Hussars.

And I may mention the kindness of Lord Hill, the General commanding in chief, and of Lord FitzRoy Somerset, the military secretary, in not only, very soon after my application to purchase a Cornetcy for my son in any regiment of cavalry, giving me an opportunity, but also in a regiment of the same description of service as the one I had myself for a long time commanded, and which for that reason was the more gratifying to me.

In writing to my son from town to notify to him his appointment, I gave him this advice—to act, dress, and associate as an officer and a gentleman; and afterwards when I went with him to the Adjutant-General of the Forces, Sir John Macdonald (one of the best friends I ever knew) gave him at some length excellent advice—to keep within his allowance, not to lend or borrow appointments, &c., to keep his barrack-room to himself—that is to say, not to give that unrestricted ingress to every one that should prevent his occupying himself reading or writing, and which could only lead to idle habits without obliging any one.

By maintaining this reasonable privacy, it

would be a civility and a favour when he asked a brother officer to his room.

If many years' service gives me the privilege of experience, it is certainly in corroboration of Sir John Macdonald's advice.

In providing the horses and equipments, uniforms, &c., for my son, I could not but be struck with the enormous increase of expense in all since I had to provide myself with my own equipment as a Cornet in the 16th Light Dragoons in 1800.

There was necessarily an increase in the expense of buying horses, since their value has risen almost in ratio to their intrinsic goodness having diminished—which is much.

However, I was able to purchase two fine horses for him, well-bred and of good action and strength.

The expense of uniform and equipment, as compared with that of the time I have before mentioned, was enormous. This, I confess, does appear to me a serious evil : expenses of this kind do not spring up at once, but are gradually allowed to come in, perhaps by small innovations, but always on that ruinous principle of altering something which does well for something which may do better.

The experiment probably does not quite answer

expectation, and the failure of course leads to further change with no surer results.

A chimney-sweeper on May-day used to be gorgeous with gold-paper: George Selwyn said, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, and here I suppose comes one of the young princes."

Now certainly I have seen uniforms so bedizened, that the glitter of May-day would have been eclipsed.

The prevailing feature in a uniform should be its peculiar fitness for the service to which the wearer of it is designed.

But splendour can be made to shine forth only by contrast with that which is not splendid—as the lights in a picture would merely be dazzling without the shades, which relieve them from universal glitter.

Simplicity may be made subservient to the beauty of a uniform; and I think in times long gone by the quietness of the dress of the 7th Light Dragoons, then commanded by Lord Paget, was much handsomer than the other regiments, which had overloaded their uniforms with lace. The 7th, when they became Hussars, added more lace, but, as I think, with disadvantage.

I travelled with Arthur to Dublin, where he was to join.

There could not be a travelling companion of more liveliness and intelligence. The number of Irish haymakers that we met, each troop of them under a man of better appearance and more respectability, and all so quiet in their demeanour, and so marked as belonging to another nation—the old Roman road—the column at Shrewsbury erected to Lord Hill—the mountain scenery through Wales—that wonderful work of art, the suspension bridge at Bangor—all afforded him the range of thought which new scenes offer to a well-stored mind; and there was the pleasing anticipation superadded of entering upon a service which had been his hope from childhood.

But we had the good fortune to overtake in Wales General the Hon. Robert Meade, who, with the ladies of his family, was on his way to Ireland. This was a great delight to Arthur, for I had been the General's aide-de-camp at the attack of Rosetta, and it was a pleasure to hear from him many of those particulars of service of which Arthur had been previously informed by me.

Having marched with the 31st Regiment and a foreign regiment from Alexandria, and crossed from Aboukir to the Blockhouse, on the first night we took up a bivouac near the latter.

In the night the advanced posts were disturbed by some mounted Turks or Albanians.

On hearing the firing General Meade ran down to the place, and found some of the advanced sentries of the foreign regiment falling back, and one of the mounted Turks firing; the flash showed us two or three of them in their white turbans and white dress. General Meade stopped the retiring sentries, and, calling to them in French, made them fire, and the Turks rode off. We marched next day, and at night took up a position at the Tower of Abamandour—a height at a short distance from Rosetta—with our right flank to the river Nile, which the tower overlooks. During the night all was quiet. In the morning the troops proceeded to the attack; as soon as an aide-de-camp was sent with orders to move some artillery, firing began from some gardens on the right. We advanced in two columns: the right column, with which was General Wauchope, through these gardens, which adjoin the river Nile; this column consisted of the 31st Regiment, and there was a pretty brisk fire as the enemy were driven from their cover and retreated to Rosetta. The left column, consisting of the foreign regiment, and a light field gun drawn by sailors, was commanded by General Meade; and as it passed along the lower ground towards the town, met with no interruption to speak of. A Turk came down and fired on the sailors (who

were drawing the gun) several times without wounding them, and a bugler got a musket and returned the fire of the Turk; until at last he ran away, leaving his slippers. When the left column got near the town, General Meade formed them in line; he with his aides-de-camp was some way in front of the foreign regiment as it advanced in good order. Word had just been brought to the general that the 31st had got into the town, when a pretty sharp fire most unexpectedly opened upon us, for those who fired from the houses were hardly, if at all, seen; but the effect on the foreign regiment was surprising: huddled together like a flock of sheep, many of the men firing inconveniently enough to the officers in front, without seeing or knowing at whom they were firing, but none of them advancing until the fire from the houses ceased. They then got through some ruined buildings a little way into the town. I was not near General Meade at the moment when he was hit, but I saw that he was bleeding when I came up to him; a ball had passed just below the forehead, across the upper part of the nose, grazing the eyelid. He told me that he had been able to see after he was struck, so that the eye was not destroyed; but unhappily it proved—though the surgeons thought otherwise at the time—that the sight was gone. Mean-

while the 31st Regiment worked their way through the town, and ultimately came out at the lower end of it,—fired on from the houses, and unable to return the fire effectively,—and experienced great loss. General Wauchope had been killed.

The 31st still kept up a heavy fire, though from its nature an ineffectual one ; their men were falling fast. No regiment could behave better, nor could any hardly be placed under circumstances more discouraging, for their ammunition was nearly expended. The detachment of artillery, who were working a field-gun, fared no better, being all wounded, but behaved equally well. The officers' horses, which had been left at Aboukir when the troops crossed to the Blockhouse, now joined during the action. Some wounded foreign officers who had gone back to Abouman-dour were put to death by the Turks. The fire, which had been heavy from the upper or right part of the town, had intermitted, and the foreign regiment could not be induced to go into the town, though repeated orders were sent them. The regiment was drawn up in line fronting outwards from the town, but close to it ; when a fire from the houses recommenced, ten or a dozen men fell whether wounded or not, but the regiment moved off steadily enough if allowed to proceed,

but ran, if ordered to halt, until they got out of musket-shot, and then they halted; their Major, an elderly man, did all he could, but in vain, and was quite exhausted.

As the 31st was now left alone, it was necessary to withdraw it; and the troops accordingly returned to Alexandria. General Meade, who was quite disabled, and suffering severely from his wound, was put on a camel and conveyed down to the river, and put into a boat belonging to His Majesty's ship "Tigre." In the morning we had to go out of the river Nile, to take the wounded officers (General Meade and Mr. Rowan Hamilton, a mate of His Majesty's ship "Tigre") on board the men-of-war; a very amiable young officer, Lieutenant Clifford (now Sir Augustus Clifford), was in command of the boat—the Tigre's yawl. General Meade, in a suffering state, but with perfect patience, lay at length in the boat; and Mr. Rowan Hamilton (since Captain R.N.), one of the finest and handsomest young men that could be seen, shot through the foot, from which he always afterwards suffered, lay also in the boat. That excellent officer and kind-hearted man, Captain Hallowell, of the "Tigre" (afterwards Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew), and Lord Burghersh (now the Earl of Westmoreland), went, rather taking the

lead, in the Captain's gig. As we crossed the Bogas or bar of the Nile, a terrible surf was boiling over it: the countenances of the boat's crew showed that they thought it an awful moment, but they pulled steadily. Once the boat, as it was supposed, touched, but we passed safely over the bar, and took General Meade on board of the "Apollo," where every attention was shown him by Captain Fellowes, who commanded her. Of General Robert Meade I may be allowed to say a few words—a slight return of gratitude for much kindness. He was a very amiable and gentlemanlike man, an active and good officer; and I must say that it gave one a higher opinion of human nature to see the same individual perfectly calm, though daring and energetic, under a very heavy fire, and both by example and orders doing all to insure success—and then to see that individual, a very handsome man, disfigured; that is to say, disfigured to those who do not see the highest beauty in honour—suffering acutely, and that without a sigh of complaint or any interruption of his habitual kindness.

There is reason to think that the town was at one time taken, and that, though a desultory fire might be kept up from the houses, its garrison had left it and passed over to the opposite side of

the river Nile. I know that this was General Meade's opinion, and his information was likely to be good; and that it was only on the foreign regiment declining to take any further part in the action that the garrison returned to defend the town.

If the attack had been made with unloaded muskets, although the foreign regiment would have been disconcerted by coming unexpectedly under fire, the men would have rallied and gone on; but whilst they had the means of firing, it checked their advance and exposed them to more casualty, and after a time they were convinced that they were firing to no purpose. The construction of the houses particularly favoured persons firing from the windows; and supposing the ground floor of a house to be broken into, it by no means followed that there would be a direct communication that way to the rooms above, the real entrance to which might be in another street.

The 31st Regiment, having got into the town, and having its right flank to the river Nile, should have established itself in that quarter of the town. Aboumandour should have been held, and the heights which are intermediate between that and Rosetta. But as it was, the 31st Regiment, having entered the town with its right flank to the Nile, concluded its very brave

exertions, having no communication with that river.

The loss of the foreign regiment was as severe as that of the 31st, which shows that hesitation in advancing under difficult circumstances gives no security; and the same regiment served very gallantly and well in the Peninsular war, which proves that discipline is the essential element in the conduct of troops. At the time the 31st Regiment was withdrawn, we had no communication with Aboumandour, which was in possession of the enemy; nor was there in fact any part of the town then in the possession of any of our troops, so that a severe loss had been experienced by us without our occasioning any but a very slight one to our unseen opponents. But what will show that these Albanians are individually sometimes desperate men, one of them alone attacked a party of the 31st, and was bayoneted.

This expedition, and a subsequent one sent to Rosetta, which, though better conducted, was attended with still more disastrous consequences, were detached from Alexandria under the belief that the latter would be subjected to famine if it had not possession of Rosetta, as securing supplies. When both these expeditions had failed, and Rosetta still remained in the hands of the

enemy, it was found that Alexandria could be supplied without any danger of the famine which had been predicted. If there were error in the attack of Rosetta, General Wauchope had redeemed it by his death ; and he was a man who bore authority with so much moderation, that there was only one sentiment of regret at his loss—no one blamed him ; and deep sympathy was felt for General Meade. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong ; and if those persons who pronounce such sweeping condemnation upon all failures were aware how much contingencies, that cannot be controlled, influence for good or evil the events of battle, they would be disposed to take a more candid view.

In this attack, it will be observed, the first in command was killed, the second in command was so severely wounded that he could no longer give directions ; the command then devolved on a young Lieutenant-Colonel, who fought his regiment until the ammunition was nearly expended, and did not withdraw his men, though under a killing fire, until he had sent to General Meade, stating the facts, and then brought them off in perfect order.

On our arrival at Dublin we found that the 15th Hussars were on their march to Newbridge, to which place we followed them.

It was Arthur's good fortune to enter the service under the command of Colonel Badcock (now Major-General Sir Lovell Lovell), an officer of much more than ordinary distinction, and equally amiable as an individual. The respect that the young Cornet could not but immediately entertain for such a commanding officer made him to his dying day consider him as a friend.

Sir Walter Scott, then Major of the 15th Hussars, always took a kind interest in my son. And in Lieutenant Home Drummond, Arthur found the great advantage of a friend more nearly of his own age, but yet possessing a ripened judgment that rendered him a safe and agreeable companion to an inexperienced youth.

When Arthur's horses were disembarking they had to pass along a plank from the ship to the quay. The oldest horse passed it without hesitation, but the younger one refused to be led over the plank.

The late Lord Clonmel said to the groom who had charge of them, "You had better get on him and ride him over."

"Do you think so, my Lord?" answered the man (who had been second coachman to the Duke of Wellington), mounted the young horse and rode him over the plank, which, just as the

horse's last hind foot quitted the board, broke—no harm happened.

In many things I witnessed a vast improvement in Dublin since I had been there in 1821, an improvement which we may hope is still in rapid progress, as in everything else that can contribute to the welfare of Ireland.

Another friend Arthur met with at Newbridge, Lieutenant Duperier, who had been my Adjutant in the 18th Hussars in France and at Waterloo, and whom I first knew as a most active and intelligent Hussar when Serjeant-Major of the 10th Light Dragoons, of which I was a Lieutenant in 1801 at Hounslow.

In Ireland there was little else to record whilst Arthur was there. The regiment returned to England, and was quartered at Leeds. Near that town my uncle and excellent friend the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Cathcart had the living of Kippax. His inclination would have made him enter the army if his father had allowed him—for his father and two elder brothers, the late Lord Cathcart, who commanded the army at the capture of Copenhagen in 1807, and Colonel the Hon. Charles Cathcart, who died on a mission to China, had all been officers of distinction—but it was otherwise determined; and if a most amiable disposition, the unostentatious but sincere and

conscientious discharge of his clerical duties, and the greatest resignation under affliction can qualify a man for the important office of a clergyman, all these he had; but certainly his vocation was military.

Once, when threats of invasion prevailed, and when even clergymen were allowed to enrol themselves in the Volunteers or Yeomanry Cavalry, it cannot be doubted he was one of those who caught the enthusiasm of the moment. Nay, more, he wrote a book for the instruction of Yeomanry Cavalry, and presented it to Lord Cathcart. "Thank you, my dear Archy," said his Lordship, who had a great deal of natural fun, "but I have such a collection of *unread* sermons that I must beg not to add to their number yours, which I have no doubt is very good, but which I shall not have time to read."

It was, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that my uncle Archy hailed the arrival of his godson Arthur in his neighbourhood, and was boundless in his hospitality and kindness to him. This led to another great advantage, which was that the Rev. Mr. Cathcart's report to his brother, Lord Cathcart, who was then in Scotland, was so favourable that he was invited to Cathcart, and ever afterwards was treated by that excellent family with a kindness that never can be forgotten.

In fact, some years afterwards, when Arthur received at Devonport intelligence of Lord Cathcart's death, his colour changed, and he was distressed to a degree that was remarkable in one above all simulated griefs.

The late Lord Cathcart was a man of as much energy as I ever knew, a fine horseman, an excellent officer. To use the words of a French Emigrant Officer who had served under him, "*Mi Lor Cathcart est un galant homme, il donne bien à manger ; c'est un très bon officier, il donne d'excellent vin.*" But another officer, himself one of great distinction, the late Lord Vivian, who, when in the 28th Regiment, had served under him, told me that as they advanced against the enemy in action they came under a very heavy fire. "Where," said Lord Cathcart to the commanding officer, "where is your band, Sir? now is the time for it to play." It was impossible for an officer to behave better than Lord Cathcart did on that occasion, Sir Hussey Vivian added, or inspire the troops with greater confidence from his talents and intrepidity.

It was a day or two after the battle of Waterloo, and what led to Sir Hussey Vivian talking of Lord Cathcart was that his son, Lieutenant the Hon. George Cathcart (the late Sir George Cathcart), then aide-de-camp to the Duke of Welling-

ton, had had, I remember, three horses shot under him at Waterloo.

The 15th Hussars were afterwards moved to Scotland, and were stationed at Glasgow: as this was within an easy distance of Cathcart, Arthur was a very frequent guest; nothing could exceed the kindness of his reception, and he not only became a favourite of Lord Cathcart's, but had the great advantage of conversing on military subjects with one so well acquainted with them all, and who, from the cleverness that he possessed in no ordinary degree, was calculated to impress them upon an ardent and retentive mind.

Lord Cathcart delighted in hospitality, and was particularly so disposed towards officers, but he was at that period of advanced life which brings some of the infirmities of age, and prevents, often unavoidably, such receptions. An officer who was dining there for the first time saw a family portrait of a soldierlike-looking man, who wore a black patch under one eye. Lord Cathcart had the manners of a finished courtier, and a really kind disposition, but he was used to command, and could be stern, no man more so, and he had a deep voice.

“Who is Patch?” said the officer, looking at the picture.

“Patch,” said Lord Cathcart, “Sir, is my father.”

The officer felt very much as if he had touched a lion too familiarly.

On the 30th of April, 1745, the battle of Fontenoy was fought between the allied armies of England, Holland, and Austria, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and a superior French army under Marshal Count de Saxe. Here the advantage of the day was to the French; the Duke of Cumberland left his sick and wounded to the humanity of the victors, and Louis XV. obtained the mastery of the Netherlands.

The battle was commenced with the formal politeness of a court minuet. Captain Lord Charles Hay, of the English Guards, advanced from the ranks with his hat off; at the same moment Lieutenant Count d'Auteroche, of the French Guards, advanced, also uncovered, to meet him.

Lord Charles bowed: “Gentlemen of the French Guards,” said he, “fire!”

The Count bowed to Lord Charles. “No, my Lord,” he answered, “we never fire first!”

They again bowed: each resumed his place in his own ranks, and, after these testimonies of “high consideration,” the bloody conflict com-

menced, and there was a carnage of twelve thousand men on each side.—*New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1826.

Lord Cathcart (my maternal grandfather) was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at that battle of Fontenoy.

“Cathcart,” said the Duke, “they have marked you;” and so they had. A musket-ball had struck him under the eye, and he was ever afterwards obliged to wear a *black patch*.

Whilst Arthur was in Scotland he also became acquainted with, and was much noticed by, the present Lord Cathcart,* who at that time was commanding the forces in North Britain; and who, in a “family of warriors,” was one of meritorious service and distinction.

All these valuable friends and relations with whom Arthur became so much connected contributed to his improvement.

* Charles Murray, second Earl Cathcart, G.C.B. This excellent officer, who devoted a long life to the service, is now numbered with the dead. He is worthily succeeded, and has left a reputation for acknowledged talent and high honour. He did not succeed to large possessions—to fortune, which so often flies like chaff before the wind; but he inherited a name conspicuous amongst the loyal and brave; and not only did he keep that name unsullied, but added to its lustre by a life unremittingly devoted to public duties, which he discharged with acknowledged talent and integrity, partaking in various service of many military achievements of the highest order. Even his brief intervals of leisure proved that the bent of his mind was usefulness, for he employed them in the pursuit of science.

Whatever withdraws a young officer from a constant and uninterrupted association with his regimental mess, and places him with other and estimable society, by giving occasional change of thought, does him infinite good.

The corps of officers that he belongs to have, no doubt, intrinsically excellent qualities ; but at the same time, when officers have no other society than among themselves, they have frequently opinions of a very prejudiced and limited range ; and, living together without intermission, they are apt to be on terms of familiarity which eventually prove anything but conducive to harmony. They also have a great deal of unemployed time in garrison, and idleness leads to dissipation and irregularity.

When a young officer is invited from this to society for whom he has respect, and in whose company he must observe good behaviour, he hears opinions by which it is his own fault if he does not improve, he acquires habits and manners of more refinement, and he returns to his duty with the regiment possessing more tact and knowledge of the world, and therefore better enabled to pursue in his profession a more sensible line of conduct.

About this period there arose a question as to Arthur's purchase of a lieutenancy ; and also a

very current report of the 15th Hussars going to India.

Service in India was at that time a very different one from what it would be now.

In regard to subsequent promotion it was considered disadvantageous. The habits also in that country led to inordinate expense, and the climate was unfavourable to the unconfirmed constitution of a growing youth.

This, in the first instance, caused hesitation as to purchasing a lieutenancy for Arthur in the 15th Hussars; and when it had been purchased, on its being determined they were to go to India, I was induced to exchange him into infantry, with the promise that he should be afforded an opportunity to return to cavalry, which I thought better suited to him.

By the kindness of Lord FitzRoy Somerset, Arthur was exchanged from the 15th Hussars to the Rifle Brigade, and he was appointed to the first battalion, and joined them at Weedon. When I saw them under arms at that station, commanded by Colonel Hope, I must say that I never saw any corps that equalled them—so well appointed, so handsome, though so quiet a uniform, and an admirable body of men.

Many of the officers I then became acquainted with, and the corps generally; and in various

campaigns have proved that no admiration could exceed their merit, or can now surpass their renown.

It may, perhaps, be remembered, that, when both were children, Arthur fell into the water at Clifton and was saved by his little sister till assistance came.

When a lieutenancy in the 15th Hussars was to be purchased for Arthur, I received from her the following letter :—

“ MY DEAR PAPA,

“ You will be surprised at receiving a note from me, but I have something to say which I prefer writing to any other way of communicating it to you.

“ Knowing the difficulties that exist in case of your being able to effect an exchange for Arthur, you must allow me to say that, if you can make any sort of use of it for that purpose, the 500*l.* left me by Mr. Churchill is entirely at your disposal.

“ Though of course I do not flatter myself that this sum is all that would be required, it might at least go some way towards it, and I am sure there is no use it could ever be put to that would give me greater pleasure.

“ Indeed, from the moment I had it, I resolved

to apply it to some such purpose if an opportunity should offer, so that it is not the resolution of a moment's consideration.

"Nobody except yourself need ever know anything about it, and especially not Arthur, as it might annoy him, though indeed it would be without cause, for, as I did perfectly well before I had it, I should do equally well again without it.

"I should consider it as the greatest possible favour and mark of esteem if you would agree to this proposition. At all events, I hope you will not be offended at the liberty I have taken.

"Believe me

"Ever your affectionate Daughter,

"GERTRUDE L. MURRAY.

"Monday, January 21st.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to let me have a written answer."

I did not avail myself of the proposal, but I expressed to her how much in truth I felt grateful for the generous and modest offer.

The same unselfishness which made her endanger herself in saving her brother from the water, would equally have influenced her spontaneous and noble gift where his interest was so importantly concerned: the bond of mutual affec-

tion such as this makes the humblest family strong, the absence of it the proudest family weak.

Whilst Arthur was at Weedon a riot took place at Birmingham, and he was sent there afterwards on duty. A disturbance had been expected at Birmingham, of which it is said that the magistrates had timely intimation, yet they withdrew themselves, and thereby took from the inhabitants the protection the troops who were in the town would have afforded, but which they could afford only under the authority of the magistrates. In the Bullring houses were gutted and furniture destroyed, &c. The rioters so little expected to be left to their own inventions that they were at first undecided in their mischief, and hesitated in their work of devastation, but, being left to do what they pleased, were encouraged in their violation of the law—all this, be it remembered, being within immediate reach of the troops, who could not interpose without a magistrate to sanction their interference. Thus was Birmingham worse used, the Duke of Wellington said, than any town he had ever seen taken by assault. This assertion was cavilled at by his opponents at the time as if it had been an exaggeration, but seen in its proper light the meaning is obvious. On the capture of a town, so soon as any order can be restored, safeguards are placed, and property is

protected. But here, at Birmingham, houses and property were given over to lawless destruction, whilst the wilful absence of the magistrates virtually withheld all safeguard.

I do not know from whom Arthur derived the opinion, but he returned from Birmingham very much impressed with respect for the abilities of Sir Charles Napier, who had a command somewhere in that part of the country; and on the news of the wonderful and repeated victories of Sir Charles being known here, Arthur was pleased in recalling to my recollection the opinion that he had formerly expressed to me before Sir Charles had gone to India.

Arthur went to the Eglintoun Tournament, as squire to Captain Gage, of the Rifle Brigade. It was a most magnificent fête, given by a very popular and hospitable nobleman: nothing was wanting to its success but better weather. I was told, however, by a gentleman who had been there, that the finest things he saw were the calm demeanour of the Scottish people whilst standing exposed to a pouring rain, and the admirable manner in which Sir Francis Hopkins sat his horse, which plunged with the utmost violence, through some of the equipments having got disordered.

Lady Seymour (now Duchess of Somerset)

was very appropriately selected as the Queen of Beauty. Lord Waterford, whose recent death is so deservedly lamented, was said to be the knight that looked best. Prince Louis Bonaparte, now the Emperor of the French, was there, and spoke kindly to Arthur, whose mother and sisters he knew; the impression that he gave was that of a very good fellow, for, having attempted some *tour de force* on horseback, in which, from being out of practice, he did not succeed, he good-naturedly joined in the laugh that the failure created.

Little was thought at that time how great a man was in reserve!

How far fêtes such as that at the Eglintoun Tournament are useful may be doubted, as giving an impetus to trade, but certainly they occasion great expense that might be better employed. Not at all referring to the expense of the journey there, travelling of the horse, &c., I made this remark afterwards to Arthur: "Observe how much cheaper sense is than nonsense; my tailor's bill for a year's decent dress is 27*l.* odd; yours, for two or three days' grotesque, 77*l.* 4*s.*"

Upon this principle, notwithstanding very amiable solicitation, I afterwards refused leave for the officers under my command to wear any other dress but their uniform at fancy balls, which, as

far as ornament is concerned, is certainly handsome enough for the occasion.

But those who would from their youth have been inclined to run into such expenses might be dependent on parents of no great affluence, and who are doing their utmost in defraying the requisite expenses for their sons in the army. Why should these parents be impoverished by encouraging their sons in idle extravagance, eventually, perhaps, to their ruin? can that be for the good of trade?

Arthur bought at Birmingham a rifle, which caused a severe, and might have occasioned a fatal, accident. When firing it at target-practice, the nipple flew off and wounded him in the forehead.

Sir James Chatterton was so kind as to take him with him as an acting aide-de-camp when he went to inspect a corps of Yeomanry. This gave him the opportunity of being introduced to Lord Anglesey, to whom, from having served under him, I was known. Arthur returned in admiration of Lord Anglesey's riding, which, as he said, I had not overpraised.

Happily formed by nature for a horseman, no one ever had a more graceful seat, even after he had lost his leg. Rank, station, fortune, appearance, fashion, gave him adventitious claims to popularity, but Lord Anglesey had qualities which

would always have intrinsically entitled him to regard. I have every reason to speak of him in these terms, from the opinion of those who knew him best, and from my own experience of his unvarying kindness, and not the less from having seen him under fire at Waterloo.

[Received, Wimbledon, 4th Nov. 1839.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Birmingham, Nov. 4th, 1839.

“ I am sorry to hear a report that Philipps’ * ship, with some of the men on board, had been in great danger, and that they had been obliged to throw over some of their live stock. This, I trust, is only a report. Every one seems to expect a Brevet on the Queen’s marriage. I hope it will open a few commands. Greenock is certain to be moved, so I hope you will be in the way of getting something. I should think General Sleigh would be promoted out of his situation, and if there were a chance of that I should think you might get it. We had rather an absurd thing here the other night. Some of the party went and got Ibbetson’s horse out of the stable after mess, and the whole party

* Major Philipps of the 15th Hussars—at this time on his way out to India.

marched up stairs, horse and all, and took him to his master's room to pay him a visit in bed, to the latter's no small surprise.

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

[Received, Wimbledon, 9th June, 1840.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Weedon Barracks, June 7th, 1840.

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“ I am sorry to say that a most annoying accident has happened to the brown horse. He slipped his collar about a night or two ago, and amused himself with eating all the green forage (vetches, &c.) that he could find; and as there was the forage of several people in the stable, it can have been no small quantity. Being already fat, he of course was blown to an immense size when found next morning; but nobody would have minded that, had he not run the point of a pitchfork, which was standing in one corner of the forage stall, into his heel an inch or more. The village farrier swears that it has run into the tendon that covers the coffin joint, and that, unless immediately blistered, the wound will cause

permanent lameness. Sullivan's groom, who has been bred up in a training stable, and who knows a good deal about horses, says that he has examined the wound and that he does not consider that there is any danger of that as yet. I had the horse bled the moment I heard of the accident. He had a hot bran poultice immediately put on the wound in a stocking, which is continually kept hot with water, as fast as it cools. To-morrow I shall give him a dose, and I have ordered the carpenter to make his stall and the next one into a temporary loose box, by removing the bale and planking it up all round. I have also had the shoes taken off, so that I think I have done all that I can. If you can recommend anything, I should be much obliged to you.

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*

“The point appears to have entered the foot just above the heel, as it were in the cleft of the heel, but a little higher up. The only way I can account for it is that the horse, feeling himself pricked, jerked his foot upwards and so caused the point to enter.”

[Received, Eastwell Park, Aug. 21st, 1840.]

"MY DEAR FATHER,

" Albion Hotel, Ramsgate,

" Aug. 19th, 1840.

"According to my promise, I lose no time in reporting my arrival here to you. I slept at Canterbury last night at the Fountain, and found your friend Mr. Wright in very great preservation. He was extremely civil, and requested that I would sit in his *sanctum sanctorum* instead of the coffee-room; and although he will talk in a melancholy manner about you and my mother, 'your poor dear father, &c.,' although he knows that you are both (to use the expression) 'alive and kicking,' I assure you he was extremely entertaining. He entered upon the subject of the great people in Kent, and said of Lord Winchelsea, 'Ah, Sir! what a fine fellow that cousin of yours is! by G— he'd fight a *windmill* by himself!' Pray tell him this, for it will amuse him. It certainly amused me, for nothing can be truer than the observation. He is a great admirer of the King of Belgium, who tells him in his amiable manner, 'Ah, Mr. Wright, I cannot pass your way very often, for dere is such a long sea voyage, and de steamer is so rough, and I do get so sick, dat it kills me ven I get home again.' I assure you I was highly amused with all these little 'historiettes,' which were interspersed with

observations upon you and my mother that were quite 'unique.' I have been recommended to this hotel by my friends of the Fountain (I suppose as a person with whom the silver spoons are sometimes to be trusted, and the forks not always to be chained to the table). This morning I walked over to call on Mr. Baker, near Canterbury, whom I found at home, *e tutta la sua bella famiglia*. They gave me luncheon, as was very meet and right for them to do, I having walked all the way from Canterbury to see them. I must now conclude, as I have ordered myself to be called early to go and dip myself before breakfast. With kindest regards and remembrances to Lord Winchelsea,

"Believe me

"Your affectionate Son,

"ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

"*The Duke* was expected to pass through Canterbury this evening.

"*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*"

[Received, Wimbledon, 15th Sept. 1840.]

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"Ramsgate, Sept. 14, 1840.

"Many thanks for your letter. I would have written sooner to thank you for your appli-

cation to Colonel Hope for an extension of my leave, but there was no post yesterday. . . . There are very few people I know staying here at present. There was a Spanish brig in the harbour a short time ago, which was supposed by all the old sailors to be a slaver, and I was much amused by watching the movements of her crew, the most cut-throat looking set I ever had the good fortune to meet with. I won the Skipper's heart by giving him a cigar. He was a sort of fellow whose face would have hanged him. I was told that this ship would hold about 240 slaves. She went out of harbour yesterday; and if the Harbour-Master had not made them lower the jib-sheet, it would have been knocked to pieces against the pier, for they set every sail they had, upon the principle 'set a beggar on a horse,' &c. They had been so long in harbour that they were, to use the coachman's expression, 'mad with glory' when they got out. Colonel S—— and Colonel H——, who was staying here, got into a furious argument the other evening upon the respective merits of Sir J. Moore and the Duke. Colonel S—— defended Sir J. Moore, and behaved with great moderation, but the other rather lost his temper, and used some expressions which I thought a little too strong, although not meant as personal to Colonel S——. Captain S——, seeing that

it looked squally, with proper seamanship retired to bed ; but after some time, when Colonel H—— had retired, Colonel S—— asked me my opinion upon his language, and I said that, although I thought it rather too strong, it was not meant as personal to him, and I should, if I were him, say nothing about it. However, when I was just tumbling into bed, in walked Colonel S——, and asked me as a favour to go to Captain S—— and ask him his opinion, which I did ; S—— had the same opinion as myself, and we laughed a good deal upon the subject ; but on my return to the Colonel I succeeded in appeasing him, and he confessed that he had the same opinion himself ; so I brought back the parties to a *status quo ante bellum*.

“ Believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

[Received, Wimbledon, 5th Nov. 1840.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Weedon Barracks, Nov. 4th, 1840.

“ The left wing, which I belong to, marches on Monday to Euston Square by railway, then on their feet to Deptford through Rus-

sell Square and over Waterloo Bridge. They will be commanded by Saumarez, who is a capital fellow, and will, I dare say, give us leave to run up to town next day, if we like it. My mother talked of coming to Wimbledon, but I do not know whether she will or not

.
Mary Cathcart wrote me two letters, giving me all the Scotch news, and saying that Lord Cathcart says he means to write me a long letter, but has put it off so often that she was afraid of its not arriving before I sailed. She therefore very kindly wrote herself. Norcott,* who has just had a letter from his brother, who is a lieutenant in the Austrian service (in Lichtenstein's Hussars), says that there are 30,000 men in bivouac previous to the grand reviews in Italy, but that, being first for service, this corps d'armée is awaiting with great anxiety the news from the † as touching a war with France. This looks something like work. For though this corps is ostensibly assembled for a review, they evidently expect to be actively employed. The German contingents are said to be assembling on the Rhine. So are the Russians.

* Then of the Rifle Brigade, now Colonel Norcott, whose conduct in the Crimea was mentioned with much distinction by Lord Raglan.

† Here the MS. is torn.

So that if we do go to war with France we shall have plenty of allies.

“ Believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*

“ PS. I have made up two parcels of books to be sent to Wimbledon: one contains amongst other things that volume of Alison's History given me by Lord Cathcart, which I should wish to be taken care of. I have also sent my tin case containing letters, &c.; and at the top of these is another book that was a present from the same quarter.”

When the Rifle Brigade were to embark on board of the “Abercrombie Robinson” at Deptford, Arthur's mother and sisters, elder brother, and myself, went to Blackheath, and remained there until the transport sailed. I saw them march down for embarkation. Arthur came to us, to what, in fact, was the “Green Man” at Blackheath; but which, not having been there before, he thought had been the “Green Man and Still,” and sportively called, “*L'homme vert et tranquille.*”

Colonel Hope kept his officers strictly on board, which was but a necessary act under the circumstances; he was good enough to allow Arthur to come to us, but for the above reason we were prevented from having the pleasure of receiving other officers of the Rifle Brigade.

[Received, Blackheath, 11th Nov. 1840.]

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"Abercrombie Robinson,
"Wednesday, 11th Nov. 1840.

“ It is perfectly out of the question for any of the rest of my brother-officers to dine at Blackheath to-day, as the Colonel will not allow less than one officer per company to remain on board, and the Captains have no chance of leave.

“ So that, although Russell, Sullivan, Warren, Ebrington, and I, intended to have come, we cannot do so. It is possible, but not likely, that I might get leave to go and dine with you this evening, but do not wait dinner for me. It is quite out of the question that any of the rest will come ; and they all begged me to explain, particularly Russell, that it does not rest with them.

"Believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ We sail either to-morrow or next day. I am on duty to-morrow, so there is no chance of my coming on that day.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

The last evening that Arthur came to us he was in the highest spirits, and most entertaining; he had been reading a little French book, ‘Monsieur Jabot,’ which he recollected from beginning to end, and everybody must have witnessed the fund of amusement a clever person can draw out of a slight work by playful illustration.

The transport sailed, and a letter of his gives the account of a painful accident that occurred soon afterwards.

[Received, Wimbledon, 21st Nov. 1840.]

“ Abercrombie Robinson (off the Lower Hope),

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ Nov. 20th, 1840.

“ We have had another accident, which will detain us at least a week or ten days longer before we sail. Yesterday afternoon we had sailed very slowly from Gravesend, and had

dropped anchor here, when we were roused out of the cabin by a brig running foul of our bowsprit. The Colonel, Warren, and myself, with one or two more, were in the cabin at the time, and Warren, who saw the foremast of the brig just touching us, called out, that ‘there would be a smash.’ I ran out immediately and found people in great confusion on deck, and of course had some difficulty at first in finding out what was the matter. It appeared that a common river barge, with two men and a boy on board, was passing across our bows at the time that the brig, a short distance astern of her, was holding the same course. There was plenty of room for the brig to have gone round outside of the barge; but it appears there is a continual difficulty on the river in consequence of the merchant brigs wishing to get the barges to make way for them, and the bargemen refusing to do so. The barge had got clear of our bows when the brig came on, and by her superior speed soon came into a position so that she could not avoid striking the barge or us. The barge, after getting clear of us, had altered her course, and the consequence was that the brig, being rather afraid, I suppose, of our superior size, kept on her course and struck the barge amidships. The barge instantly heeled over and went down at once. When the brig had

done this mischief she came against our bowsprit, and her foremast, running foul of it, snapped it asunder, and the two ships remained locked together.

“ One of the poor fellows from the barge floated past our starboard side, holding his hands up above the water. We lowered the larboard boat in hopes of saving him, but the tide carried him far out of their reach. The boatswain’s mate stripped and jumped over after him; but was obliged to get into the boat, as it was of no use. None of the rest of the crew of the barge were ever seen after the accident. We could see the poor fellow who rose some time after with his hands, and sometimes his head, out of the water; but it was hopeless to think of saving him, and the distance ashore was too far even if he could have swum. The loss of our bowsprit will detain us full a week or more; and the question is whether we go to Sheerness or remain at anchor here; but if you write, you had better direct to Gravesend in case of the latter. This was a most melancholy accident, and particularly as they say the bargemen always have their wives and children on board. When I saw the barge she was completely keel upwards. I hope the skipper of the brig will be tried for it, as it was decidedly his fault. The agent says we must

go back to Gravesend. With best love to all at home, believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

At Malta Arthur met Lord Lynedoch, who took great notice of him, and was to have given him a letter of introduction to Marshal Radetzky.

He subsequently obtained leave to go on an excursion to Syria, and made a journal, which was lost, that I have no doubt would have been entertaining.

On my appointment to the command of the Western District in 1842, I was allowed to make him my aide-de-camp, and he joined me, to my great satisfaction, at Devonport.

The following letter reached me not long before his arrival:—

[Received, Devonport, 19th May, 1842.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ Seville, May 3rd, 1842.

“ As I have not yet had an opportunity of writing to congratulate you upon your appointment to a command, and to thank you at the same time for your appointment of me as your aide-de-camp, I take this opportunity of doing

so, not, however, being certain whether this letter will reach you, as the conveyance it goes by is rather doubtful. I started from Gibraltar by the 'Polyphemus' steamer a few days ago after I received your letter, and the first conveyance, in fact, by which I could have sailed. We had to wait a few days at Gibraltar, and Sir A. Woodford was excessively civil and hospitable (as usual) during my stay there. He requested me to dine every day at the Convent with him when I had no other engagement, and young Woodford and his brother did the honours of the place to me very well. I was present at two garrison field-days while there : one on the Alameda, and the other at the Neutral Ground. The General lent me one of his horses for the first, and I rode a little Arab belonging to Henry of the 48th at the second, which was much the best. The former field-day put me up to a few things which may be useful to you when I join you at Plymouth, to which place I am very glad to hear you are going instead of Limerick ; for, besides being a more important command, I think the mild climate of the west of England will be more likely to suit Gertrude. I know the Government House at Devonport, and think you will like it very much. Sir A. Woodford recommended me to stay a few days at Cadiz and come on by the next steamer,

and I had arranged so as to do so, and go on by the 'Braganza,' which starts in a day or two. I dined at the English Consul's at Cadiz, and found them very civil indeed. He is father to the Mr. Brackenbury whom my mother will, I think, remember meeting at Canterbury in our way up from Dover. The daughters are almost Spaniards, having lived so long in this country, and play beautifully on the guitar. I had a letter given me by Charles Woodford, while at Gibraltar, to Mr. Macpherson, a gentleman staying at Cadiz, so that I found my séjour for the few days I was there very agreeable, as he was my cicerone while there. As I did not change my mind about starting home by the 'Braganza' till afterwards, I rode out with Macpherson about three days ago, in the afternoon, to Chiclana, in order to visit the field of Barrosa, which is no great distance from Cadiz. We had a very pleasant evening ride along the narrow peninsula, or strip of land which joins Cadiz to the Isla de Leon, a large sort of island, which is in its turn separated from the mainland by the Santi Petri creek or river, which, running in the shape of a half-moon, falls into the Bay of Cadiz, and connects it with the Mediterranean. We slept at Chiclana, which we reached soon after crossing this river by a floating bridge. Here Macpherson fell in with a

man whom he knew, a merchant staying in Chiclana for his health, and, as he was well acquainted with the ground, we persuaded him to ride on to Barrosa next morning with us. After starting early next morning, and galloping for a short time through the fine woods that fringe the great plain, and through which the army was marching immediately previous to the action, we arrived on the plain itself, and soon reached the ground of the actual combat, with which I was rather disappointed, as the strength of the French position did not appear to me as great as I had fancied it; and the ravine which defended it was nearly filled up. We rode about for a few hours and then turned back to Chiclana, which we reached in time for breakfast, after which we remounted and rode back to Cadiz, a distance of about thirteen miles, which, adding the fourteen which the ride to Barrosa and back makes, made a very pleasant morning's ride. We got into Cadiz at about two o'clock the same day, and, after dressing and dining early with the Macphersons at three, I went with him to see a grand bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros at four o'clock. The arena was not so well filled, they told me, as usual; but it appeared to me that there was a large number. Montes (the best Matador in Spain) was there, and two others named Diaz (brothers). When

we first entered, Montes had just killed the first bull, and the whole place shook with applause. The usual form was gone through with each bull. First, the Picadors, mounted on the most miserable horses they can find, which, poor brutes ! are the victims of this amusement, engaged the bull with lances, or rather goads, attended by a number of Chulos, or men on foot, with flags of different colours, which they flourish in the bull's face, and divert his attention from the Picador when, as usually happens, he is upset, horse and all, by the bull. One very large brown bull, when he was first let loose, upset, at his first rush round the arena, two Picadors in succession, killing both their horses. He then vented his rage on the people placed above him in the arena, and tried ineffectually to get at them ; he then spilt another Picador, horse and all, and after killing four horses was killed by the Matador. I never saw so furious a beast. When the ' Chulos ' stuck the ' Banderillas ' in him, he made regular ' sauts de mouton,' and chased them round the arena. He was killed by one of the Diaz. What one hears of the ladies at the bull-fights is perfectly true. I sat within one seat of the Alcalde's daughter, a pretty girl, with rather an amiable expression of countenance. One poor beast of a horse was led past perfectly ripped up, and with

his bowels trailing on the ground, and the young lady seemed rather pleased with the sight than otherwise. I must confess that I was much disgusted with the way that the unfortunate horses were victimized, and would as soon have been in a knacker's shop. The death of the bull is rather fine. Montes is a little past his work, but his way of playing with the bull is quite extraordinary, and he has the disadvantage of having broken both his wrists in some previous affair of the sort. I went to the opera in the evening; and had rather a hard day's work of it. Next morning (yesterday) I started to come here. I had met with Maynard (who married Frances Murray*) in Cadiz, who came up and introduced himself to me, and proposed our travelling here together, which we did, partly by steamer and partly across the country. We arrived here last night, and he proposes to me to remain here with him and Frances (who is looking extremely well) until the next packet, as the 'Braganza's' boilers are very much out of order, and she is said to be dangerous. I am not afraid of her being wrecked; but as I hear the packet that follows is much better and faster, I am going to avail myself of that (the 'Lady Mary Wood,' I believe). So I hope to see you in less than another fortnight,

* A daughter of the late Lord Glenlyon and sister of the present Duke of Athole.

and shall pass a few days here with the Maynards. They rather expect Lady Glenlyon to be soon going abroad—perhaps here. I have not had much time to see Seville. The great attraction here is the Cathedral, with a magnificent old Moorish tower close to it.

Before I left Malta I settled all my bills by five drafts on Cox, payable at different dates, so that the aggregate sum will not be so heavy. Messrs. —, who had acted as my bankers at Malta for the whole time I had been there, were the people to whom I gave these orders. Their sum is 80*l.* each, with one of 20*l.*, and they date from, I think, the 15th or 16th of April; but, not having the list by me, I do not exactly remember. The difference of time of each is, I think, fifteen days; and in case of any difficulty, part of my now increased allowance as aide-de-camp may be brought forward to meet them. You will not be so surprised at the large amount of these when you remember that it is for the whole of the time I have been at Malta, and clears everything. I have left all my heavy things in charge of Horsford, and am here in light marching order. With the first man-of-war steamer going to England they can be sent. Richardson, with whom I went to Syria, will be coming home soon in the 'Phoenix,' and I dare say he will take them home for me. In fact, unless he

is heavily laden, I am sure of it. With best love to all at home, believe me

“Ever your most affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“We are going to-morrow to see Murillo's finest pictures, of which there are six here. I went with the Maynards to-day to a private collection where there were some very fine ones.”

During the Plymouth Yacht Regatta Lord Anglesey came in the “Pearl,” and was one day kind enough to call on me when Arthur was with me. He told us that the first time he had been at Plymouth he was Captain of the Grenadier company of the Staffordshire Militia; and there being a question at the time of regiments being raised, he *rode post* from Plymouth to London to make Mr. Pitt the offer of raising a regiment of cavalry. The proposal was not accepted, but he was allowed to raise a regiment of infantry, the 80th.

This was the occasion of one of the best light cavalry officers that we have had entering the army. But his first service in the infantry gave him the opportunity of distinction: in an attack he rode over an abattis among the enemy.

The fate of the horse “Staring Tom,” on which

he performed this act of valour, and which he afterwards sold to Lord Cathcart, was extraordinary. When the horses were re-embarking to return to England, Staring Tom, as soon as he was put into the slings, made a violent spring to get on board, ruptured a blood-vessel, and died.

Whilst at Devonport Her Majesty the Queen made her first visit since her accession to the throne. The troops were so placed as to line either side of the street as the royal party passed. A small detachment of infantry were in attendance as an escort, and some mounted officers.

Her Majesty landed in the Dockyard, and proceeded in an open landau, in which there were with Her Majesty His Royal Highness the Prince Consort and Lady Canning. I had the honour of riding on the right-hand side of the carriage, and Arthur on the left of it. The presence of the Sovereign, I would state, caused the most universal satisfaction and loyal enthusiasm, were it not for a fact within my knowledge—a circumstance which I will afterwards relate, which proved that everywhere there exists in some recreant breast a secret repugnance to the better feelings of the community, which are happily in a prevailing ascendancy.

Her Majesty proceeded through Union Street to Plymouth and to the Hoe, whence there is a

most beautiful view of Plymouth Sound; afterwards to Stoke; and returned to the Dockyard, where she re-embarked.

The royal yacht lay in Barn Pool, near Mount Edgcumbe, and on its first arrival was surrounded by a fleet of boats thronged with people anxious to see the Queen. There were illuminations and a few fireworks at night.

The Prince Consort visited the Dockyard, and showed himself acquainted with all its details, with the various knowledge and intelligence which are a marked characteristic of His Royal Highness, and have won for him such deserved respect.

It will be recollected that at the period of the Queen's first visit, after her accession, to Plymouth, the Great Western Railway was open only to Bridgewater, and that a great part of the multitude there assembled, and even many of a higher order, had never exceeded a very limited circuit from their own native locality.

The sight of the Sovereign was in itself a wonder. What their idea of royalty may have been we can hardly conjecture, but certainly not what they saw: not a queen with a diadem on her head and a sceptre in her hand, but youth and a simple gracefulness that they had never before seen, inspiring an affection that they could

carry home to their own humble hearths in their loyal memory as a household goddess.

The next day, when I waited on Her Majesty for orders, I expressed my fear that Her Majesty must have been fatigued; but I ventured to add, that to have made so many of her people happy must have lightened the fatigue. The Queen sailed.

I will now mention what I adverted to before.

Previous to Her Majesty's landing, some midnight wretch managed to spike partially the guns of the saluting battery. How this was effected in the dark without discovery it is not easy to conceive; for though (before this time) there was no sentry immediately over the battery, there was one within a few yards of it. There was no reason to think that any soldier had been privy to it. The malice of the miscreant was defeated: the spikes were withdrawn, and the battery fired the proper salute. Of course a sentry was always placed over the battery after that time.

The Archduke Frederick of Austria, son of the Archduke Charles, came in a frigate to Devonport. He did me the honour to dine with me, and was so gracious as to invite me to dine on board of the imperial frigate.

It struck me as very different from what I should have seen on board of one of our own men-

of-war, that the captain's cabin, very prettily decorated with drawings of officers in uniform, represented "soldier officers" exclusively. No one could be more condescendingly kind than his Highness. He had served with distinction in Syria; was of simple but yet of royal manner, and so abstemious (and this he informed me his whole family were) that he drank nothing but water. He was of a slight figure, and, as I fear, consumptive. It was not long afterwards that his country had the misfortune to lose him. He was unaffectedly kind to some officers of our service whom he had known in Syria.

The Austrian uniform is beautiful; how far it is adapted for service I will hardly venture to say; for what is one of its chief beauties, being *white*, may be objectionable.

I have mentioned amongst Arthur's characteristic good qualities as a staff officer, that he was soon well informed of all particulars relating to, and in favour of, the royal personage on whom they were in attendance; and one tall officer my respect was more particularly directed to, that he had attended with unshaken affection a brother officer dying of the plague.

Amongst other guests that dined on board the Austrian frigate with me was Admiral Sir Samuel Pym, of whom an officer of the navy, on my first

coming to Devonport, told me, "He is a rough diamond, but he is a diamond."

He was at that time Superintendent of the Dockyard at Devonport, and I will not weaken the above true description of him farther than to say I never met with a more honest-hearted true sailor;—at sea almost from a child, and I forget for how many years in a blockading fleet off the coast of France, without going over the side of his ship; no man was in fact better bred than he was in the refined feelings of a gentleman. He was a most hospitable man, and always rejoiced to keep a liberal and hospitable table.

The dinner on board the Austrian frigate I thought very good, but somewhat eccentric (according to our English notions) in its arrangement. But it disconcerted Sir Samuel Pym, himself a giver of good dinners, extremely. When we left the frigate, out of compliment to me, besides salutes, fireworks were displayed.

I first was impressed with a high opinion of Sir Samuel Pym, which acquaintance and friendship more than justified, by his despatch giving the account of a gallant action he had fought in the Isle of France. But bringing home despatches from Lord Wellington, carried by Colonel Hon. Henry Cadogan (to the grief of all who knew him, afterwards killed at the battle of Vittoria), Sir

Samuel Pym, knowing that it was of importance that these despatches should reach England as soon as possible, "would not look at several most valuable prizes that he might have taken," and made the quickest passage ever known to England.

There was at one time a question of a general European war, and I heard that gallant and good soldier, Sir John Elley, say, in presence of the Duke of Wellington at one of the Waterloo dinners, that a short time previous he (Sir John Elley) had had a conversation with the Archduke Charles of Austria; and that he had said, "In all probability your Imperial Highness will have the command of the allied armies." "No," said the Archduke, "there is only one man in whose command there would be a confidence of all nations, and that is the Duke of Wellington."

Now it will be right to consider who the Archduke Charles was.

I am old enough to remember what the impression was in this country during the long war with France. I know that an exaggerated opinion had grown up in regard to the invincibility of Bonaparte. It was thought to be almost like contending against a superior being rather than a mere man.

An expedition might now and then be sent out from this country and attended with loyal wishes,

and a hope that proof would be given by the troops of the bravery of Englishmen; but with little expectation of success.

There were but few officers in whom any confidence was reposed to resist Gallic aggression and advance to universal power; these were Suwarrow, the Archduke Charles, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Nelson, and Sir Ralph Abercromby.

It seems at this time extraordinary that in a nation like this, in which personal courage was perhaps even greater than it is now (for there was no stabbing), there was so much despondency: the whole population was armed to the teeth, and yet it was not thought possible to succeed in any attempt to overthrow the great and overwhelming influence of the French army under Bonaparte. The battle of Marengo confirmed this opinion. Some years afterwards, when the Austrians and French were at war, the Archduke Charles, a commander not without success* and of tried valour, finding himself opposed to Napoleon in person, was said to have exclaimed, on looking at the enemy's troops through a spy-glass, "*Voilà l'Empereur, voilà l'Empereur lui-même!*" and seemed almost paralyzed at the fearful comparison.

* It will not be forgotten that the Archduke Charles gained the battle of Asperne against Napoleon.

How far that story may have been true is uncertain; but there can be no doubt of the existence generally of a feeling almost amounting to it.

I once met at dinner at my mother's (the Countess Louisa of Mansfield) and Colonel Greville's, at the Ranger's Lodge in Richmond Park, Lord Nelson, Sir William Hamilton (my godfather) and Lady Hamilton, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Hamilton (the father of the celebrated Countess of Aldborough), and Mrs. Frederick Hamilton. Lady Hamilton was at that time, though grown too large, a most beautiful woman, and who, in showing us how the Neapolitans eat macaroni, exemplified some of the attitudes which have afforded such models of gracefulness.

Lord Nelson was a man who, without commanding stature or appearance, would have struck one as no common man; on that private occasion, though unusual at the time, he wore his star and riband of the Order of the Bath; a very limited order at that period. Speaking of Bonaparte, who was nearly falling into his hands, he declared if he had done so he should have "hanged him!" and he seriously gave his reasons as what would have justified him in the severity.

We may congratulate ourselves that no such

occasion did occur as would have blighted the fair fame of one of the noblest men even the unrivalled British navy has produced.

What place history may eventually assign to Bonaparte remains for ages yet unborn to decide. By his followers he was adored ; in this country he was detested ; neither the worship of his friends nor the virulence of his enemies is wholly to be believed.

But notwithstanding the versatility of the French, who received the restoration of the Bourbons with acclamations and bonfires, I certainly found prevailing in France, when I marched from the south of France to Calais for embarkation in 1814, everywhere a great regard and veneration for Napoleon ; and the general aspect of the country (except from the repeated conscriptions) showed a degree of prosperity, owing to his commanding administrative talents, which justified that admiration. Instances of his cruelty may be adduced, but still it may be doubted whether they were in fact so great as rancour has represented them to have been. But of his talents there can be but one opinion—and the struggles that he made in the concluding campaign of 1814 are beyond measure wonderful.

His subsequent landing from the isle of Elba, his successful progress, and his re-establishment

upon the imperial throne, even if for only a hundred days, may certainly be reckoned amongst the marvels of our time; and prove that "truth may be stranger than fiction."

Arthur had been reading some history of the war at the period of the French Revolution, and had made himself well acquainted with all the particulars of a battle at which Lord Lynedoch had been present.

The latter at the time was on a visit to me at Devonport, the year before he died; and he was resting in that quiet abstraction usual with people at an advanced age. He was then, as I believe, above ninety, when Arthur asked him if he had not been at that battle, and whether such and such things had not happened?

Lord Lynedoch sat up in his chair, and, sweeping aside with his powerful hand the various books that were on the table near him, and then disposing them so as to represent the respective positions of the troops and their several movements, went through all the particulars of the battle as if it had only been yesterday.

It was a scene which could not easily be forgotten—Arthur all animation, yet riveted to what he heard; and the ancient chief, in stern reflection, showing how the field was won or lost in days long past. Here were youth and age in

contrast—the rising dawn and the last blaze of the setting sun !

Arthur's great friend at Plymouth was Colonel Hamilton Smith.

I first made his acquaintance when Lord Lynedoch, on whose staff he had been in Holland, was on a visit to me at Devonport.

Colonel Hamilton Smith is an extraordinary man—an encyclopædia in himself on all subjects connected with the wars of ancient and modern times, and equally conversant with the history of all periods—shrewd in his observations on past and present politics—taking delight in heraldry, armour, natural history—and besides the facility of talking or writing on all questions relating to the above, being an excellent and indefatigable draughtsman. The beautiful drawings in water colour that he has shown me of the costumes of ancient times, of uniforms of different armies, of heraldry, of natural history, were numerous beyond belief as the work of an individual, had one not seen him unremittingly at work on them (with his little Blenheim spaniel in her basket coiled up on the table, and often his only companion for hours). He resided in Park Street, Plymouth, the most secluded place he could find, to prevent the interruption to his pursuits which many visitors would have occasioned ; but he

always received me most kindly, and it was my own fault if I did not carry away some useful or curious information.

Having made some beautiful water-colour drawings of every known species of fish, he executed another set equally numerous in a rougher style, but coloured in a similar manner, and possessing the same accurate resemblance to nature.

The library, in which he sat drawing usually by day, and, I believe, writing until a late hour at night, was a perfect model of arrangement.

I called on him one day and asked him if he had heard "that a man-of-war had come in from which a sea-serpent had been seen"? He had not heard it; and on my asking him what he thought of it, he said to his daughter, "Be so good as to look on such a shelf, and you will find a book," which he described. It was brought to him, and opening it he showed me a print and description of a sea-serpent, and entered into a curious disquisition as to what were likely to be the properties of the marine reptile.

This, it will be observed, was a subject on which he was able to discourse without preparation, and on which he made immediate reference to a work treating of it.

Arthur married.

I was at first disposed to state this simple fact without adding one word to it ; but, on consideration, I am inclined to think that, from the experience of a long life, I can offer some observations on it which may be of use to those who have not hitherto had the same experience as myself.

For them, without any undue assumption, I may say, I feel interested ; and in no spirit of greater wisdom I may offer to them observations which, if they had had the same opportunities that I have had, they could give me with greater ability and in better language.

The early marriage of an officer, so far as his profession is concerned, is a misfortune—a calamity : it embarrasses him in I know not how many of his ordinary details of duty. But if he is ordered on actual service it hangs round his neck like a millstone.

But let it not on the other hand be forgotten from what an early marriage may save him, and which, generally speaking, it is his own fault if it does not save him.

I am talking, of course, of a marriage so far prudent that he has married an amiable and lady-like person ; though perhaps anything but prudent in regard to fortune, in which a competency is quite indispensable to domestic happiness, whatever the virtue or attachment of those united may be.

That a well-assorted marriage is the happiest condition of life of which human nature is susceptible I have no doubt—it is a connexion designed and blessed by the Giver of all good.

But looking at it in the commonplace everyday working of life, we must be convinced that ill-assorted marriages are a most direful source of discord and outrage.

Let me, however, revert to the subject of the early marriage of officers. I think that it has been sufficiently shown that they are prejudicial in a professional point of view; they throw upon an officer cares and anxieties not properly belonging to his station. When entering upon the service, he must be ready at a moment's notice to go upon any foreign or warlike operation with hardly an instant's consideration; he must be as ready as a gipsy to shift his encampment.

The lady of an officer told me that one commanding-officer whom they had had, on her applying to him, on the prospect of an early change of allocation, for some particular quarter, which for many domestic reasons would have been convenient to her, returned this answer:—"Ma'am, it is my rule to give the worst quarters to the married officers."

But this rule, probably, was never acted on, but only stated for the purpose of getting rid of

undue importunity ; yet it is one which cannot, without injustice, be wholly disregarded.

The unmarried officers have quite as much right to be considered in an equitable assignment of quarters as the married ; and notwithstanding the gallantry which will in many instances induce them to waive their claim, they will, with reason, consider themselves aggrieved if this be not attended to by their commanding-officer.

On the other hand, it should be recollected that an early marriage saves a young officer from that habitual and indiscriminate profligacy which, with hideous tenacity, clings to him through after-life.

We hear it said that a reformed rake makes the best husband. What absolute nonsense is this ! Can any one in his senses think that the passion for play can be withdrawn from the mind of the gamester, the craving for drink and excitement from the drunkard, the habit of vicious indulgence and low and sensual companionship from the man who, from early life, has been drawn into the downward and hourly increasing declivity of profligacy ? Ah ! no.

As life proceeds to its termination, from natural causes vice may be less present to the old than to the young ; but the stain remains ineffaceably on the nature, and affords a warning and not an example.

When an officer is induced to marry young, and has the inestimable good fortune to marry a young lady, not only of accomplishments which add to the charm of domestic life, but one having those solid virtues which alone can render a life-long connexion happy, he will do best to withdraw from the army, which is no longer a position suited to his altered circumstances.

That Arthur's going on service as a married man developed qualities which he, otherwise, might never have had the opportunity to show, is true: it proved his gentle, forbearing, and constant disposition—his extreme consideration for the welfare of another—and his abnegation of all that individually concerned himself; but it checked that freedom of the mind which expands upon the difficulties of foreign service, and would have crippled the exertion and daunted the spirit of one of less energy and ambition.

But the early check in his career brought all speculation on such subjects to an unexpected close; and places his name amongst the innumerable favourites of nature who have disappointed the hopes of those most interested for them, by falling almost in their outset.

But in this room, in which I have listened with happy anticipation to the prattle of his childhood and to the maturer sense of his more

advanced age, I am reminded of the vanity of human wishes.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands came to Devonport. He was an amiable and princely young man, and we could not but feel the more interested in him from his father's having served with distinction in our army.

If I remember rightly, I gave him a field-day of such troops as I had in garrison, on the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo—a battle in which his father had been wounded.

The King of Saxony also made a short visit to Devonport; and there was an intelligent officer in his suite, with whom Arthur formed an immediate, and apparently an agreeable reciprocal acquaintance.

The Duc de Chambord afterwards came to Devonport; and, feeling his more immediate claims to the throne of France, we could not but be sorry that his reception in England was not more cordial—though probably on the part of government there were reasons for that policy.

“SIR,

“Horse Guards, 13th Sept. 1844.

“I have had the honour to lay before the Commander-in-Chief your letter of the 12th instant, with its enclosure; and am directed to

inform you that His Grace approves of your granting Lieut.-Colonel Hervey Smith, Major of Brigade in the Western District, leave of absence, from the 13th instant to the 1st of October next, in consequence of the recent decease of his mother.

“I have the honour, at the same time, to acquaint you that His Grace approves of your Aide-de-Camp, Captain Murray, performing the duties of Major of Brigade during Lieut.-Colonel Smith’s absence.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“JOHN MACDONALD, A.-G.

“*M.-Gen. Hon. Henry Murray, &c. &c. &c.,
Devonport.*”

It was some time after Arthur had left Devonport that the Grand Duke Constantine arrived there, and made a visit that continued some days.

I was at breakfast at the Port-Admiral’s, my respected friend Sir John West, when Sir Henry Leake, who had been on board to visit the Grand Duke, returned; and, on being asked what sort of person he had found him, Sir Henry answered, “He is a very nice youth, or lad” (I forget which

word he used, but it conveyed that he was very young).

There was some little formality to be observed. The Grand Duke went to the Royal Hotel at Plymouth; and it was arranged with Count Brunnov, the Russian Ambassador, that the Admiral and myself, as commanding the district, and Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth, should wait on his Imperial Highness, but quite in a simple manner; and that afterwards the Grand Duke was severally to return that visit. The Admiral and myself, in separate carriages, proceeded there. When we started, the Admiral's carriage had the precedence—mine was to follow; but, by a little contrivance, another carriage, belonging to a naval officer, cut in before mine as we started from the Admiral's house.

It is in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, I think the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' that there is a contest between two carriages, which shall come first to the door. This was an occasion so similar that I could not help laughing at a rivalry which I never had intended; but still, though it would have been convenient for me to have stopped to pick up another officer to take with me, it would not have done for the General to have shown less alacrity than the Admiral in paying respect to the Grand Duke of Russia: so both royal navy

and army carriages arrived at the door at the same moment. There was, however, a large levee of officers of the royal navy, whereas, according to the instructions I had received from Count Brunnow, I had there only one or two military officers. I found the Grand Duke Constantine a very good-looking youth, of handsome features, and of a light and beautiful figure; his manner and bearing at once royal and unaffectedly gracious.

When he did me the honour to dine with me, after the ladies had retired I had placed myself next to his Imperial Highness; he immediately inquired whether the sword I had on was not a Persian one? I replied that it was. He asked me whether I had worn it in battle, which I told him I had not. But it was evident he was an accurate observer of everything military. The evening concluded with dancing; but all at once something seemed to have caused anxiety amongst the Russian officers. I heard afterwards in London that information had been given of some plot of Polish refugees who were in Devonport; but whether there was any truth in the story I do not know.

A very handsome entertainment was given to the Grand Duke, at Saltram, by Lord Morley; and, from different things I heard, I was induced to think that the Emperor Nicholas, in the private relations of his family, was very amiable. A

Russian officer told me that the Grand Duke had passed a very good examination for the navy, and that the Emperor was present at that examination : I was not surprised at it.

When the Grand Duke Constantine left Devonport, I was on board of the "Ingermanland." His Imperial Highness received me most graciously, and got the ship under weigh (if a landsman may venture to say so) in a most seamanlike manner, giving all orders in a clear and very audible voice. I must say my impression in regard to Admiral Lutkyn and several of the officers of his suite was most favourable.

When Arthur was to proceed to the Mediterranean, I went with him on board the steamer, which was lying off the Royal William Victualling Yard at Stonehouse, and thence round to Catwater. As we passed the defences, as usual, he discoursed intelligently about their usefulness, and of such objections as might be made to them. He also spoke of the Ionian Islands, where he was going ; and of Lord Seaton, who commanded there, and of whom he had justly a high opinion. But his manner that day was peculiarly kind and gentle to me. We knew it not, but it was the last time we were to meet.

The steamer waited at Catwater, and when she was getting her steam up I left her, and, landing at the Barbican, hurried up to the Hoe, from

which I could have a view of the steamer as she went out. I saw her pass Bovisand, and so onwards until she went out of sight as she turned by the Mew Stone on her way to Southampton.

I have often gone to the Hoe since, to trace, in sweet and bitter fancy, the course of the steamer out of harbour that day. The indulgence of such thought is not wrong ; for the memory of what we have lost only the more endears to us what we still have left.

The view from the Hoe is one of no ordinary interest : it commands Plymouth Sound—which sometimes, on a summer's day, is quiet as a lake among the mountains—and Drake's Island, rocky and fortified, and that vast work the Breakwater. On the left, the citadel of Plymouth is seen ; Staddon heights, with their battery ; and the watering-place of Bovisand. On the right, the village of Cremille, and, still farther to the right, Hamoaze, with numerous ships in ordinary ; but Mount Edgcumbe rising above Cremille, and Barnpool (where ships are lying at anchor) ranging with its luxuriant woods to the last limit of the Sound, look down upon the Breakwater, and form the crowning ornament of the scene. Nor is it a slight consideration to reflect what fleets and what armies England has launched from that port, and what victories they have achieved ; but, as a check upon human vanity and glory, which know

no bounds, it should not be forgotten that one of the greatest conquerors the world ever saw was there on board the ship of his enemies, his only refuge, but his last humiliation in the day of adversity, which even his unrivalled talents could not prevent.

“Now I descend
To join the worldly crowd ; perchance to talk,
To think, to act, as they : then all these thoughts,
That lift th’ expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view),
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life : our better mind
Is as a Sunday’s garment, then put on
When we have nought to do ; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift.”—CROWE.

[Received, Devonport, 19th Oct. 1845.]

“MY DEAR FATHER, “Southampton, 17th Oct. 1845.

“We arrived here between five and six o’clock this morning, having had one of the best passages known during the season.

“The last we saw of the inhabitants of Plymouth and Devonport was the Admiral’s yacht with the Morleys and their own party on board. They gave us a waving of hats and handkerchiefs as they passed under our stern.

“I am happy to say that Lily did not suffer at all, and the ‘Brunswick’ is anything but an easy vessel.

“There was at times a rather heavy swell, especially off Portland (during the night). The ‘Oriental’ sails on Monday, at a tolerably early hour. I have not been able to secure our passage as yet; for when I inquired at the office this morning, I was told that I could not do so until they received their list of passengers from London, but that I might almost make certain of getting the places to-morrow afternoon. The prices of the passage are as follows:—

“BETWEEN ENGLAND AND MALTA.

First cabin, on the 3rd of the month	£27 10 each.
„ on the 20th (viz. Monday)	34 0 „
Servant’s passage	15 15 „
.

“The ‘Oriental’ starts on Monday; and although the price for each first-cabin passenger is 34*l.*, it includes feeding, wine, use of furniture and linen, steward’s fee, and bedding.

“I expect a very good passage to the Mediterranean; but much regret leaving your Staff, especially at the time that the removal has taken place.

“Give both our loves to Gertrude; and

“Believe me, my dear Father,

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B.,
Government House, Devonport.”

[Received, Devonport, 6th Nov. 1845.]

“MY DEAR FATHER, “Gibraltar, October 26th, 1845.

“We left Southampton on the afternoon of the 20th, having got all our baggage on board the evening before. The post had not arrived, *i.e.* letters were not delivered, until after the departure of the ‘*Oriental*,’ and we therefore had no means of knowing whether any answers had arrived to our many letters on leaving England. Our passage has hitherto been very good. We ran very well down Channel, and entered the Bay of Biscay at seven o’clock in the evening of Tuesday (the 21st). There had been a great deal of rolling during the Tuesday and indeed, I found the pitching of the steamer rather unpleasant at first, though I never was driven to extremity. On Wednesday night, when we were well in the Bay, it blew tolerably hard, and there was a good deal of rolling and pitching. I went on deck at about half-past one o’clock in the morning, and the gale was certainly a very fine sight, for the moon was out and the sea running very high. After a little while, Lily not being able to sleep, I brought her on deck to look out at the scene. While we were standing, holding on by the main-rigging at the larboard shrouds (for it was so slippery one could hardly

stand), a sea struck in the chains, and washed the spray right over us. I made Lily go down and change her wet things, and neither was the worse for the ducking. Since this our course has been very steady, and the weather has been fine throughout. We stood very close in shore during our course south of Cape Finisterre, and had a good view of the coast of Portugal, passing Peniche, Mafra, and Cintra so close that we could by the aid of our glasses clearly distinguish the buildings and surrounding country. This morning we were off Cape Trafalgar, and had some doubts of what hour we should arrive at Gibraltar, as there was head-wind and rather a heavy sea. There is an officer going out to join the 15th Hussars in India, Mr. Wale, a son of Sir Charles Wale's. I shall take the opportunity to send a line to the 'Colonello' by him, and have already told him what a kind commanding officer he will have.

"I have just time to conclude. I saw Sir Robert Wilson, who was extremely kind; and we have just come off, and are getting under weigh. I also found Walker in very good case. Love to all.

"Ever your affectionate Son,

"ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

"*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*"

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“Malta, Nov. 4, 1845.

“I do not know whether you have yet received my letter which I wrote from Gibraltar, and was rather hurried in the conclusion of. We had a very good passage from Gibraltar to this place, where we arrived on the 31st, at about one o'clock in the day. We were quite in time for the Corfu steamer, which sailed on Sunday; but we have been unfortunately retarded in our progress, in consequence of an accident. I accordingly applied to Sir Patrick Stuart, who immediately granted me leave until the departure of the next packet, which goes, I believe, on the 15th of this month; and I have written, both officially and privately, to Colonel Buller, to explain the reason of the delay.

“Colonel Edwards, the Military Secretary, was extremely kind in assisting me about everything connected both with seeing Sir Patrick Stuart, obtaining leave, and attempting to obtain me a free passage to Corfu. He sent me to call on Sir Lucius Curtis, the Dockyard Admiral, who is a very good-natured fellow.

“I was first received by a bull-terrier, with whom I sat, *tête-à-tête*, for some time, but who seemed amiable. After a little while in came Sir Lucius, in a blue uniform coat with the C.B.,

no waistcoat, white trowsers, with white boots. After showing him my letter from Walpole he said that he was sorry he could not give me a passage to Corfu *free*, as, in order to obtain that, I ought to have received a letter from the Adjutant-General to that effect, ordering me 'to report to Sir Lucius Curtis on my arrival at Malta, who would send me on by the first conveyance.' He became at last very good-humoured, and laughed when I said I was sorry to have kept him waiting so long. 'Oh !' he said, 'you're not worse than others ; but I was rather angry at first, when I wrote to Colonel Edwards ; and now I'll tell you what I said in my note. I said, Captain Murray is like all the rest of your officers ; they always come to me at the last moment, and think that it's my duty to find them out and get them a free passage.'

" On my telling him of Lily's accident he said that I must not think of going by the first packet ; but said, ' If I were you, I would write to Buller by the first packet, and explain all.'

" We parted great friends, and he shook hands very cordially.

" Before he commenced on business he said, ' Do n't sit there ; you are in the draught : ' and when I said it was very hot—' Do you think so ? I've put on my flannel waistcoat to-day.'

“ I saw Sir Patrick Stuart on first arriving. He is a very civil, agreeable person, and has been very kind about my leave. He is living out at St. Antonio, and comes in every day to transact business at the Palace. The garrison seems as easy as ever: officers in shell-jackets and forage-caps; swords never worn except on duty. We are at Baker's Hotel, at the corner of the Palace Square, in Strada Vescovo, and have a full view of the Palace and Main-guard. There has been no guard-mounting since we have been here. Perhaps the heat of the weather may have prevented it, for it is hotter than summer in England. We have our windows and doors open; and Venetian blinds down. Lily feels the heat very much. I am happy to say, that, by dint of keeping her in bed and on the sofa, she is much better, as far as the knee is concerned, and can almost walk to-day, with a little assistance. Mahony will not let her go out, even in a carriage, as he says the going down stairs would bring back inflammation, and possibly she might have another fall.

“ The accident occurred in consequence of the accommodation-ladder not having been sufficiently lowered, so that there was a sort of drop of two or three feet from the ladder to the boat. In getting in she missed stepping on the seat and struck her knee against the thwart of the boat so

hard that both Sankey and Mahony said they were surprised that she did not split the patella. . . .

"It is very provoking that she should be in a town where there is so much to see, and be unable to move about. I hope, however, before the arrival of the next packet, she will be well enough to see the place.

"Our delay here is extremely inconvenient in one respect, viz. that of finance, as we are obliged to remain at an hotel; and although it is not so expensive as one in England, it is of course costly.

"I was disappointed with the 'Oriental.' Although the steamer is a magnificent one, they take so many passengers that the cabins are very small and inconvenient; and although you pay so enormously, the feeding is not so good as it ought to be for the price. They profess to give you all sorts of luxuries, but the things are bad of the kind. For instance, there is champagne twice a-week, but, I should think, of *private manufacture*; and the ale and porter suddenly deteriorated, as they said, owing to a fault in their agent at Southampton; but it was remarkable that this did not take place until after Gibraltar, where we might, if we had liked, have stopped and proceeded by another steamer.

"I suspect the Company have too much their

own way, and that, if there was any opposition company, it would improve them.

“The voyage, altogether, was prosperous, though not as quick a one as usual.

“Dr. Mahony tells us that we must either purchase our furniture here, or send to Trieste for it, as none can be got at Corfu without great expense, and exorbitant prices are asked for it. We are, therefore, going to order whatever things are necessary while here, and take them with us to Corfu. All groceries are also very dear there, and must be bought here.

“I enclose a couple of pair of mittens from Lily to Gertrude ; and, with love to all,

“ Believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

[Received 30th Dec. 1845.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Corfu, November 23rd, 1845.

“ We have at last arrived safely here by the ‘Sydenham,’ although our voyage from Valetta was made in very unpropitious weather, with a good deal of thunder and lightning—the latter very vivid, and (as the commander of the

steamer afterwards confessed to me) a great deal closer than was agreeable.

“ We dined with Lord and Lady Seaton yesterday, and they took us to their box at the opera in the evening. Colonel Buller has been very kind, and secured us our present quarters at the hotel, where we have only bed-rooms, and no sitting-room.

“ We have been house-hunting for a day or two, and have at length succeeded in getting a flat in one of the houses facing the Esplanade, where we shall be tolerably comfortable. It happens to be the only house in which there is a vacancy, and is now occupied by a Greek family (Cavaliere Mustoxides). The owner of it is at Santa Maura ; and as the rent is high, I have written to Horsford, who knows him, to try and get the best terms for me with respect to getting it repaired and put in order. The rent is fifty guineas a year, or twenty-two dollars a month, and I mean to take it for the time I remain here, which I believe is sometimes allowed by proprietors here, as the demand for houses is so great that they are certain to get applicants the moment a vacancy occurs.

“ When I say that we have taken the only vacant house, or rather portion of a house here, there was one other shown us by the house agent, the

only entrance to which was through a lane, to which the famed 'Strada Stretta' of Malta would have been far preferable, and which seemed to have been used by the neighbours as a sort of sewer. The only look-out of this house was into the bedrooms of the opposite side of the street, the occupants of which are not the most virtuous in Corfu. Under these circumstances, and hearing also that our quartermaster had been obliged to leave it in consequence of these various nuisances, I closed with the other, which looks out on the Esplanade, and has a beautiful view, and fresh air; which will be really an advantage here, for the streets of the town are abominable from the smells, and even the street at the back of our quarters will not be a very savoury one. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the island and the position of the town. The mountains of Albania stretch in a semicircle across the mouth of the harbour, so that they seem to join the island on each side, and you can hardly tell which is Albania and which Corfu, thus giving the straits the appearance of a large inland lake. At sunset the various colours of the mountains, varying from mazarine blue to bright crimson, give the scene almost the appearance of enchantment. The citadel, which was once the acropolis of ancient Corcyra, is upon a singular rock rising

abruptly from one side of the Esplanade in a sort of conical form, and separated from the Esplanade by a horn-work of modern fortification constructed by the famous Count Schulembergh, who commanded the Venetian armies during a long siege against the Turks. The rest of the fortifications of the town, &c., are also constructed by Schulembergh, and are very strong. The country is perfectly beautiful, and I heard yesterday that there are many pretty rides about the island. On our way here we touched at Cephalonia, passed close to Zante, and touched again at Patras, whence we steered for this island. The only island with the same appearance of fertility as this was Zante, called 'Fior di Levante,' where the scenery reminded us of Torquay.

"I have seen the battalion on parade, and it is, as far as movement goes, perfection.

"*Dec. 8th.*—I had written thus far upon our first arrival. Colonel Buller has sent me to go through all my drills from the commencement of goose-step, &c. I have an hour's work of it every day. This is, however, no great trouble, and I do not therefore mind having to go through it. It will be the fourth time I have been through the drills, including cavalry and infantry. Another thing which a little surprised me on joining was, that captains do orderly duty

just the same as subalterns, there being one roster for all. Besides this, there is a garrison captain of the day, who has to visit a good number of the guards, and as I am not mounted it is rather hard work. My company is at the top of a high fort, called Fort Neuf, which is only attained by a very high flight of steps, and is really a breather when one has to ascend and descend it often in the course of the day. All ordinary parades take place up there, but general ones down in barracks. We had a field-day on the Esplanade in the course of last week; and, considering I had not commanded a company for four years, I was glad to find that I got on tolerably. The battalion is soon to be inspected by Lord Seaton, and I think will acquit itself very well. Colonel Buller has written out a little book of instructions for skirmishing, with the manœuvres of which we have all to make ourselves acquainted. The system of drill has been totally altered, and rapidity is now very much sacrificed to every man having his appointed place. Jethro Flory has got a situation as a warder in the Tower, of upwards of 100*l.* a year, and had gone home some time before I came out. Not more than three or four of the officers who came out in the 'Abercrombie Robinson' still remain. Colonel Buller tells me that

we are sure of the West Indies, and from the 'signs of the times' I can perfectly fancy it. We shall know our fate by the spring. Our lodgings, having been cleaned and whitewashed by the landlord, will soon be fit for us to go into ; but we have been kept in this dirty hotel all this time, where there is no sitting-room but a public one, as there is positively no house to live in but this. The 34th Regiment has arrived in the 'Java' with our detachment, having been ashore and nearly shipwrecked off Lisbon, and had rather a rough passage. It is fortunate we did not come out in the 'Java,' as we should not have had a place to live in. The officers' rooms in the Upper Fort Neuf, where my company is, are almost exactly like the cells in the military prison at Devonport, having only a loophole to admit light and air. One of my subalterns is quartered there by himself, and another is to be sent to keep him company. Every one of the authorities here has been civil to us. We dined with Colonel Conyers the other day, who told me he remembered you in Egypt, and who seems a very good-natured man. He rides about all day in a cocked hat, to the great amusement of every one, and is often met miles in the country in this turn-out. Colonel Buller has done us the favour of lending us his opera

box. This was an advantage to us, for we have hitherto only been when invited by other people, as we cannot attempt any expense at present, having the full expense of the hotel staring us in the face, which is nearly 10*l.* a week; and the furnishing, *i. e.* necessary furnishing of our house, which has, like all in this part of the world, nothing but the bare walls. Colonel and Mrs. Dawkins, who have received letters from Sir R. and Lady Stopford in our favour, have been exceedingly kind, and have been of the greatest use in advising us. Mrs. Dawkins is daughter of Sir Howard Douglas, and knows Corfu well, having lived here so many years. She tells us that in the summer we *must* get a carriage, as carriage hire is enormous; and it is impossible to exist without it during the excessive heat.

Pray thank Gertrude for her kind letter, which I would answer by this packet, but, having no time, will write to her by the next. You must have had plenty to do during the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to Plymouth in the way of solemnities to receive him. With love to all, believe me

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“PS.—Lily sends her love to you. She is

now nearly recovered from her accident, but cannot walk much."

[Received 10th June, 1846.]

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"Santa Maura, May 26, 1846.

"Many thanks for your kind letter, to which I fear the sudden arrival and departure of the steamer will hardly give me time to reply by more than a few lines.

"I will write more at leisure by the next packet, and answer all the questions relative to the company which you have asked me. Here I have them entirely under my command. If they go on doing as well as at present they will do.

"I am glad you have made Lord Ellenborough's acquaintance.

"People seem to think that the victory of Sobraon was, as you say, a very *near* thing. Colonel Hamilton Smith wrote to me the other day, criticising the strategical operations severely, and, I think, justly. He gives more praise, evidently, to the troops than to the General, *i. e.* Sir Hugh Gough (now Lord Gough).

"Lord Hardinge he praises, but seems to think that his plans were spoiled by the interference of the civil authorities, who attempted to influence

military operations. It is very clear that the army was not collected in sufficient force at the proper point, viz. the Sutledge.

“There is a curious order of the Governor-General’s, saying that, ‘as obedience is the first duty of a soldier, the troops who remained in their cantonments are to be given the same allowance of batta as those in the field.

“I see this month’s ‘Gazette’ gives great changes. My friend Bonham gets the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the 10th Hussars; Doyle, the 1st West India Regiment, as Lieut.-Colonel; Travers, Wodehouse, and Fleming, their companies in the 24th. Poor Sir William MacGregor, whom I knew in Syria, and who came to see me at Plymouth, died the other day. He was a most agreeable person, and a great friend of mine. He was Captain in the 92nd Highlanders.

“I have no news to tell you from this place. To our surprise, Henry arrived here the other day, on his way home by Trieste. Finding we had left Corfu, he came down here; but there is so little to offer in the way of amusement, that I should think he will not pay us a long visit. We rode the other day to the top of Mount Skyros, a high mountain in this island, whence we had a most beautiful view. We were obliged to ride mules—the road being even worse than some of

those in Syria, and the precipices very awkward to look at. Lily was of the party, and surprised every one by her nerve in riding along the edges of places where a slip might have been attended with serious consequences. When at the top, the view extended over several neighbouring islands like a map; and we could even see, completely over them, the blue sea which separated them from each other.

“Ithaca lay quite in view, but more to our right. Lily arrived as far as one summit, but, as she was tired, the rest of the party pushed on to the other, where even a better view was obtained, bringing in Cephalonia.

“You may imagine that we had enough work for one day, when I tell you that we started at ten o’clock in the morning, and did not get back to the fort till one o’clock next morning; having been in the saddle the greater part of the time, up tremendously steep passes, with scarcely any path at all, and the sun very hot all the way. It was dark as we returned; but the mules went well, and there were no accidents, save from their vicious tempers. I was kicked *twice*, and my two subalterns *once* each: luckily nobody seriously hurt. Lily fortunately rode a quiet ‘monture.’ We dined at a convent, about a quarter of a mile from the top, and had a sort of bivouac supper there

coming back. I think I have told you all that I have time to write now. Lily sends you her love, and will write soon. She was very tired, as you may imagine, but is getting over her fatigues. I fear that this climate will be very hot when the summer comes on ; and our little rooms are not very well built to keep away heat. Henry sends his love. He says that he wrote to Gertrude before leaving Naples. He has come round by Malta hither.

“ With love to all, believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ *Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B.,
Devonport.*”

[Received 9th January, 1847.]

“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Cape of Good Hope,
“ Oct. 27, 1846.

“ Being much pressed for time at the last, when leaving Gibraltar, I was only able to write you a very short letter ; and, as that was in the midst of considerable interruption, I cannot remember whether I gave you much account of our proceedings there. We sailed the same evening that we were embarked, being towed

nearly as far as Cape Spartel by the 'Phoenix' steamer (the same that I remember making so pleasant a voyage in to Syria).

"We were then abandoned to our fate. Sir Robert Wilson, who had superintended our embarkation, came on board, previous to our departure, to wish us a good voyage. I hope, whatever I may have omitted in my last letter, that I mentioned how kind he was to us, for nothing could be more attentive and kind than his conduct. Our voyage has been, though not a rapid one, very favourable. We passed the Canaries about six days after leaving Gibraltar, running between them and the coast of Africa; then passing the Cape Verd Islands, about a week afterwards (out of sight, however), we crossed the line on the 30th September. Our course then lay towards South America, in order to get the advantage of the trade winds, which set in a north-easterly direction. After steering in this manner for about 10 degrees south of the line, we altered our course on the 3rd of October, and, crossing the Tropic of Capricorn on the 9th, made the Cape at about 5 o'clock this morning.

"The men have been very healthy during our voyage; and, in fact, all of us have been in very good health. The incidents of the voyage have

been but few. A couple of sharks followed us for some distance, and one (a very large fellow) carried off 14 lbs. of salt pork, which had been hung over the side, belonging to the men. Many attempts were made to hook him; but, having breakfasted so well, he could not be prevailed upon to dine. A younger one followed us some distance, but was equally cautious, though not equally fortunate in plundering. Some grampus (and, I heard, some whales) were also seen; and within a week since two albatrosses were shot; luckily, they did not give us bad luck, like the 'Ancient Mariner.' One was a very fine bird, measuring 10 feet from tip to tip when his wings were spread. The other, though nearly as large, was not as well marked. Both were brought on board. We have seen no land since the Canaries, and you may imagine that its appearance, at last, is a welcome sight. We are now beating into Table Bay, the wind being contrary; and it is at present uncertain whether we shall be able to anchor there to-night or to-morrow morning, for the Table Mountain, a high bluff mass, which gives the Bay its name, has got what the sailors call the 'table-cloth' on, *i. e.* a mass of fleecy clouds round the summit, and until this clears away the wind is likely to remain adverse. However, in order to prevent leaving all the

writing to the last, I have written this account of our proceedings hitherto. Two or three ships are now beating in before us ; but we cannot tell whether the ' Equestrian,' our head-quarter transport, is one of them. We have seen nothing of her during the voyage, but one day a vessel was seen in the distance which the Captain thought was her ; too far off, however, to make any signal out. I suppose a few hours will now decide whether we are to land at Cape Town or to run on about six hundred miles to Algoa Bay, for the purpose of moving up the frontier ; our probable destination will then be Graham's Town. In the former case we shall be pretty well put up ; in the latter, I suspect we shall have rough work of it. I shall be able to tell you more when we are actually at anchor. If the Kaffir war is over we shall probably be at Cape Town. All our arms, accoutrements, &c., are in good order, so we shall disembark quite fit for service. The men say they want a few days on shore to refit, after this long voyage, and they will march *anywhere* after that. I hope we shall manage to keep them steady at first landing ; but I fear the temptation will be great, after so long a voyage as this (for you will recollect they had a week's steam voyage from Corfu to Gibraltar to begin with). Horsford has worked them rather too much

during the voyage, giving them general parade in heavy marching order every week, which, as they had no convenient place to clean their things, turned them *very sulky* (and as they had never been accustomed to it on board former transports under Colonel Hope or Saumarez); so much so, that even their accustomed songs and dancing of an evening were discontinued, and they have been for some time gloomy and dispirited. Whether this may have some effect on their conduct ashore remains to be seen. However, we have had only one grave offence on board, and that (I am sorry to say) will be a case of reduction to the ranks of one of the colour sergeants—the crime *drunkenness*. Horsford has lately discontinued his marching order parades, but the mischief was done. To all of us he has been very quiet in the way of duties. I think, however, that the approach to land is beginning to raise the spirits of the men a little. I shall, having now exhausted the subject of the voyage, wait a little while to conclude my letter with what will probably be the most important news.

“ A few hours will bring us in. You will be glad to hear that Lily does not look the worse for her voyage. She has, however, been troubled very much latterly with cough, which at times is so violent as to disturb her at night a good

deal. The coldness of the new climate, which as we get further south becomes colder, after passing the line, may perhaps account for the return of it, as, during some months in the Mediterranean, she had, as I hoped, quite got rid of it. I have been, as usual, quite well, and I think all the better for the sea air. Still I shall not be sorry to land, for two months' voyage is enough to tire one out.

“Cape Town, Oct. 31, 1846.

“We arrived in the course of the day after I began my letter, and I lost no time in going on shore with Horsford in order to hear what was to be our destination, as well as the real state of affairs. Not meeting Horsford on his return from the Commandant's (Colonel Piper, of the Engineers), I called on the Government Secretary (Mr. Montagu), who was exceedingly obliging, and gave me all the information I required. Sir P. Maitland is at Graham's Town, on the frontier, where the whole disposable force is now assembled. The Kaffir war is only temporarily abated, in consequence of the want of supplies compelling the troops to fall back.

“The Governor has given his ultimatum to the Chiefs to lay down their arms and restore the cattle. They have answered that the cattle are all dead, and that they never heard of such a

thing as laying down their arms. So all remains at present in suspense, until the arrival of fresh troops and supplies.

“ We have landed all our heavy baggage, and the wives of the soldiers, who are put up in barracks here. We then proceed, on Tuesday morning, to Algoa Bay, where we land and march on Graham’s Town. As we shall probably be some days on our route, camp equipage is supplied to us. Our right wing and head-quarters in the ‘ Equestrian ’ have not yet been heard of ; nor have any other transports arrived at Cape Town, except a wing of the 6th Foot, who move upon Algoa Bay and Graham’s Town with us. No heavy baggage is to be allowed, except what the bullock waggons can take. Our march is through the bush, and almost an enemy’s country, as the Kaffirs hover on the flanks and rear of the columns, and sometimes cut off stragglers, giving no quarter to any one. Lily and one sergeant’s wife, who is her maid, are the only women who come with us, and they only go as far as Graham’s Town, where Mrs. Somerset and two or three other ladies are now living. We shall receive our further orders from Sir P. Maitland on our arrival at Graham’s Town. Rations are given to every officer’s wife at Graham’s Town ; but the scarcity is very great of all comforts there. I have explained all that she

will have to undergo to Lily, but she is not frightened by it, and is determined to go as far as Graham's Town, which, Mr. Montagu tells me, is perfectly safe as long as she moves with the troops ; but that she must not be allowed to proceed or follow the march a mile without a strong armed escort. I have been at very great expense in preparing for our campaign. It is impossible to do duty on foot, as the marches are tremendously severe. Rivers have to be forded, and almost impracticable tracts of bush to be marched through ; and then, as you know, the going round picquets and patrolling after going into camp or bivouac would use up anybody's strength, and render him inefficient as an officer, if he was not mounted at some time during the day. I have, therefore (forage being allowed for two horses), determined on buying a horse here that I know to be tolerable, and running my chance of picking up something at Port Elizabeth, where we land. I have purchased a good side-saddle for Lily, whom I shall, however, persuade to keep in the waggon as long as possible ; and have fitted up another saddle for myself, with holsters, valise, and a sabretache that will either fasten to the saddle or to a belt. Our regulation sword being quite useless for active service, I have purchased an old one, like the one we used to have for the

men in the 15th, sabre fashion, with a strong iron scabbard and broad blade. Having no holster pistols, I bought a pair here, I think very good and cheap—7*l.*, with case and implements complete. Lily has laid in a stock of provisions for Graham's Town, such as rice, sugar, tea, coffee, preserved meats, portable soup, &c., for otherwise we should be ruined in pocket and starved in stomach at the frontier.

“ Only five engineer and artillery officers, and a few of the sappers and artillery, are left as garrison in this town, all the rest being on the frontier. The militia, harassed by the severe work they have had to undergo, have got so troublesome that the Governor has been obliged to disband them ; and, indeed, he cannot *ration* them. The troops give up their present clothing, &c., at Graham's Town, and are there equipped in frocks and leather trowsers for the bush, leaving their packs, &c., behind. I hear, from the authority of an officer who returned a short time ago, that the troops are often sent with provisions for five days, and remain out in the bush *ten* ! Some engagements have taken place, but as yet only four officers have been killed : Bambrick, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, is one of them. The Kaffirs now will not meet our troops in the open field, but fire on them from the bush, and retire too quickly to be

overtaken. They are, luckily, said to be very bad shots. Sir P. Maitland had an opportunity of attacking them, not long ago, in the open plain, but his 'feelings of Christian forbearance' are said to have prevented his availing himself of the moment. He is hand and glove with the missionaries on the frontier, and I heard that these very men are said to have supplied the Kaffirs with arms, while professing to be loyal to Government. I tell you these little bits of scandal as I pick them up, not vouching for the truth of them until I see something of affairs myself. Still they are current in Cape Town; and as we can only judge of matters on the frontier by this sort of gossip, and by the Graham's Town papers, perhaps it is as well to write them down, in lack of better information.

"I had the greatest difficulty in raising any money here, none of the banks choosing to cash a bill on England; but Mr. Montagu very kindly gave me an introduction to Messrs. Thomson and Watson, who are bankers and merchants here. Mr. Watson has been most kind. He cashed a bill on Cox for 100*l.*, dated 29th October, and payable thirty days after sight, and has also promised me letters of credit on his correspondent at Port Elizabeth, who will give me a letter for Graham's Town, to

enable me to get anything on the frontier. Money is very scarce, the Commissariat getting hold of all the specie they can for the chest. I fear that the expenses will not be covered by this draft, and that before leaving this place I must again draw some money. I have to pay more than 40*l.* to the Captain of the transport, which he wishes me to do before we leave Cape Town. The armourer sergeant, foreseeing that when once in the field all damages of arms will become no longer chargeable, has brought his bill against the company, 26*l.*, to be paid by me before we land at Algoa Bay. This is pleasant; and, coming just when one wants money, is particularly convenient! So much for ——'s kind representation to the War Office of our contingent being *more than enough!* I only know that I did not touch one farthing of my August contingent, which is, as you know, 7*l.* a month, the whole being swallowed up for repairs of stocks, arms, and browning of barrels, besides paying the company. My two last months cannot be made out until headquarters arrive, and I shall probably see nothing of this money for some time to come; so that we are expected to pay out of our own pockets previous to receiving the contingents. Once in the field, all damages of arms are paid by Government.

“Since writing this I have heard further par-

ticulars relative to the state of the frontier. I have seen a Captain Wilder, of the E. I. C. cavalry, who is now here purchasing horses for the 10th Hussars, and who is celebrated as a judge of a horse. I got recommended to me a man of the name of Melville, who has furnished some very good horses to Messrs. Thomson and Watson, and who bears the good character of giving always *good* horses for the money you give him. He brought me a rough-looking animal, rather out of condition, but sound and good-tempered, and of good paces. Captain Wilder, to whom I was referred, told me he has had the horse with his party up the country, that he was sound, quiet, and worked well, doing sometimes fifty and sixty miles a day over very rough country, and he strongly recommended me to buy him, which I have done,—the price 25*l*. He is an ugly beast, and lops his ears, but he does not want courage, and is perfectly quiet, and I think he will do very well. You may be rather entertained by the advice Captain Wilder gave me as to horses in this country. He says that, if the horse had not been already shod, he should have advised me *not* to shoe him at all; but if he wears his shoes out, or loses a shoe, his hind shoes should be taken off, and he should be kept well shod before, as little grooming as possible, and

just his allowance of ration forage and no more. They hobble the horses here by fastening the head to the knee, and they are then turned loose to graze. By the bye the horses here are liable to a swelling like a *wen*, which comes behind the elbow, but does not interfere with their action. My horse has this, and Captain Wilder told me that it is best to leave it alone, and it will go down of itself; but if I particularly wish to get rid of it, to rub in a little turpentine; still it was far better to do nothing, as (except the appearance) it was no injury. He added that he had never seen it in any other country but this, and believed it was indigenous here. I have found a very nice horse for Lily, which she will try this afternoon, and it will also do to carry me. He is rather a pretty chesnut horse, strong, very well broke, and very good-tempered, and *warranted sound*. I have since found out that the country waggon has hardly any springs, so that it would be impossible for her to travel over rough ground in it, and therefore a horse is indispensable. I am in hopes that the Captain of the transport may be induced to take him for her to Algoa Bay. He is a stallion, which is certainly a defect, but he is good-tempered; and as his forage will not be very considerable (poor brute!), and his work hard, he will, I think, suit her. His price is 30*l*.

“*Nov. 3rd.*—Lily has been so much pleased with the chesnut horse, and it would be so utterly impossible for her to accompany us without one, that I have bought him as well as the other. The Captain of our transport has (after some difficulty at first) made arrangements for taking all our horses (nine in number) on board, where they are stowed away in the fore-hold, which has been prepared for their reception. I have been obliged to take all manner of things with my horses, as nothing can be bought up on the frontier except at a ruinous expense. I have also taken forage for twelve days, as well as the rest of our officers, for the authorities, with their usual liberality, have struck off the forage allowance to all but the horses of field-officers, in consequence of its scarcity, and our poor brutes will have to put up with all sorts of trash which we can get to fill their stomachs. By Captain Wilder’s advice I shall let them feed as usual (if they will) on board ship, and put them upon a smaller allowance of corn on shore, where (poor devils!) they are accustomed to hardship. I have taken two spare sets of shoes, with nails, which I carry in leather shoe-cases, made to fasten to the saddle, and have got Lily’s horse a pair of knee-caps, as he has been more accustomed to smooth roads and good feeding than mine, who, though awkward

in appearance, is said to be an excellent working horse, especially upon small feeding. What with saddling, forage, arms, &c., the outlay has been very considerable, so much so that I have, as indeed I partly anticipated, more than doubled the amount of my first draft. On the other hand, nobody has started for the frontier without a horse, for it is literally impossible to do the work on foot.

“ I hear Sir P. Maitland has shifted his quarters from Graham’s Town to Buffalo River, *i. e.* to William’s Town, whither we expect to follow on our arrival at Graham’s Town. Our camp equipage is now issued to us, and we sail at eight or nine o’clock to-morrow morning. By the way, besides other inconveniences, I have been obliged to change 70*l.* on account of the company (paid to me in dollars at Corfu), for which I can only get 67*l.*, owing to the loss of 2*d.* on each dollar on turning it into British money. This I defray, as it would not be fair that the men should lose their money, when the fault is on the part of the Government.

“ Although I am very sorry to be obliged to draw so very largely all at once, yet I think that, considering the emergency of the case, and going on active and hard service in a country where nothing is to be procured, and with the

field commissariat in very bad order, I am justified in supplying myself with everything beforehand. Should I find it impossible to feed the horses in any way, I can always sell them well at Graham's Town, where the cavalry, being many of them dismounted, would be glad to give at all events troop price for a horse that was sound and fit for work. I shall leave *no bills owing here*, for up the country I can always draw through Messrs. Thomson and Watson's agent at Port Elizabeth, and we shall have little or no use for ready money when once in the bush. Captain Wilder says, 'The war is only beginning,' and 'il y aura des chapeaux à vendre,' most certainly, if we do not soon bring the tribes to terms.

"The 7th Dragoon Guards have lost nearly all their baggage. It seems very strange that we should hear nothing of our right wing and headquarters, who sailed the same day that we did from Gibraltar, and are not yet arrived. The horses were safely embarked to-day, and I hope, if our passage is quick to Algoa Bay, they will arrive safe. They are there landed in surf-boats, as anything else would be dashed to pieces there; and when the boat is well run into the sand they are hoisted into the water, and half swimming half walking they are dragged by a rope on shore. We are likely to encamp for a day at Port

Elizabeth before marching on to Graham's Town. It is said there is one point on the line of march where the Kaffirs sometimes attack the convoys, but I believe that otherwise there will not be much danger. However, as the head-quarters and right wing of the 6th are going with us, I do not think the Kaffirs will venture an attack.

“*Nov. 4th.*—We are now all on board, and shall be off in an hour. The men seem in better spirits. There has been one man *punished* for insubordinate conduct, but otherwise all are behaving well. Lest I should forget, I sent a large *atlas* of mine in a box from Corfu, directed to your care at Devonport. Would you be so kind as to take care of it? I have written to Messrs. Cox by this packet to mention the number of bills I have drawn, and to request they will attend to them. Would you also write to them on the subject? We shall be off so soon that I must now wish you ‘Good bye.’ I will write again when I can, and Lily says she will do so from Graham's Town. She sends you her best love.

“Believe me ever,

“My dear Father,

“Your most affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“PS.—Give my love to my mother and Ger-

trude, and tell Henry, if you see him, I will write soon. By the way, I owe a letter to aunt Caroline, which I will write when I can get time to do so, pray tell her, with my love.

*“Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray,
Government House, Devonport.”*

[Received 3rd Feb. 1847.]

“MY DEAR FATHER, “Graham’s Town, Nov. 24, 1846.

“I seize the first opportunity of quiet in the course of a hard march to the scene of action here, to write to you a few lines to tell you how we get on. We march at five o’clock to-morrow morning to join your old friend and subaltern, Henry Somerset, who has already commenced the campaign, and is about to bring Pato, one of the most reculant of the Kaffir chiefs, to action. I am almost afraid we shall be late, for a wing of the 6th Regiment is before us, and Colonel Somerset is anxious to begin the business as soon as he receives any reinforcements. After my last letter we were embarked for the purpose of proceeding to Algoa Bay, and landed safely at Port Elizabeth, none of the horses, you will be glad to hear, suffering by the mode of conveyance or the landing. As the surf is very dangerous, we had some difficulty in landing them, and they were

hoisted out of the surf-boats by a lever, which dragged them along the edge of the boats in a dreadful manner, but luckily none were injured. We encamped outside Port Elizabeth, and after nearly a couple of days' delay, on account of not having landed the ammunition and obtained the waggon, we marched late in the afternoon of the 16th, and encamped a few miles from the town in a fine open grass country, not far from the sea. We crossed the Swart Kops (Black-heads) River, and after passing through some scattered bush country, in a hot and toilsome march of nearly fifteen miles, encamped at an open piece of ground on a hill skirted by bush, called 'Grass Ridge.' Marched early next morning, and halted to rest for a few hours at a farmhouse inn on the other side of Sunday's River, which we crossed. The celebrated Adow Bush, which commences high up the country, and stretches down to the sea, nearly touches this point; and as the Kaffirs were said to be in it, though only in straggling parties, we were obliged to be on our guard. We left our halting-place, and encamped for the night about eight miles farther, in a beautiful spot surrounded by bush, but perfectly open in itself. The hills commanded it on every side, but we were not molested, and at four o'clock next day continued our march over a wide open grass country (after

moving about a mile further out of the edge of the bush), that reminded me of the Curragh of Kildare, only that the turf was not so favourable for galloping. We made unintentionally a longer march than was expected this day; the ground being favourable, and the oxen knocking up, we encamped near a farm about four miles from Bushman's River, having passed over nearly all the vast grass-land called the Quagga Flats. Next morning we again started early, and, crossing Bushman's River, moved through a beautiful country covered with bush, and halted to breakfast at a high open spot, about six miles from our starting-point. We again moved and encamped near Assegai Bush River, where the country is wide and open. We marched early, and reached a fine open slope, partly clothed with bush, in the course of which march we crossed a beautiful country, very much diversified with bush. We had halted to breakfast on the road. This last camp was within nine miles of Graham's Town, but the oxen were so knocked up that the conductor of the waggons refused to move on the next day (Sunday), and we halted there for a day. The 6th Foot (right wing) had landed at Port Elizabeth about the same time we did, but, being the senior regiment, took their privilege and landed before us. They had marched a day before

us, and arrived at Graham's Town on the Sunday, though I fully expected we should have overtaken and outmarched them. The Monday morning we marched early in the day, and after marching up Howison's Post, a tremendously rough road up a steep pass in the hills, we came down upon Graham's Town by a very steep hill, down which I was obliged to lead my horse, and most of the other horses had to go round in order to avoid. Our marching has been very severe work, and after the men had been so long on board ship they knocked up all the sooner. Still their spirit has carried them on, and we shall to-morrow leave only two or three behind us really used up. You will be surprised to hear that poor dear Lily rode the whole distance with us, starting often before four o'clock in the morning, and riding under a broiling sun a great part of the day, and sleeping in a tent at night. I am now obliged to leave her at Graham's Town, as after reaching Colonel S.'s camp, near Waterloo Bay, we shall be obliged to leave our tents behind us, and bivouac. Provisions also are often scarce, as Colonel Somerset sometimes marches with only the biscuit for so many days, trusting to what they shoot on the march for meat. I have managed to get Lily a nice little house, for about five pounds a month (and taken by the month), in Graham's Town,

where she will, I trust, be as comfortable as this wretched town will allow of. Everything is ruinously expensive.

“The house Lily has taken is unfurnished, and nearly the only one to be had, as the people coming in from the country have occupied everything since the war. Mrs. Somerset called on us yesterday, and was very kind. She says it is impossible for Lily to go into barracks. I shall not take more than ten pounds with me to the frontier, as there will be little to expend money in except *provisions*, which are very dear, with the exception of ration meat.

“Messrs. Blaine have arranged with me to furnish Lily with what money she may require during my absence on service, which I do not think will be for a very long time. She is (poor little thing!) very unhappy, being left without a single person near her except her own maid, and not knowing any one but Mrs. Somerset in the place, and Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Colonel Mitchell, of the 6th, with whom we made acquaintance on the march from Port Elizabeth. Mrs. Somerset is a very nice person, who, I am in hopes, will be very kind and of great assistance to Lily in her difficulties. An officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, Mr. Salis, has taken charge of her horse for the time; and as the house has a single or

double stall stable in the back yard, I am in hopes she will get him put up comfortably. Forage here is very expensive; but as there is nothing like a carriage to be got in Graham's Town, a horse is her only chance of exercise, for walking, especially alone, is for a lady impossible, as the black people insult them in every way, the women especially.

"You will be pleased to hear the chesnut horse has turned out very well. He carried Lily very quietly all the march, and I hope will continue to do so. She has christened him 'Macomo,' after the celebrated Kaffir chief.

"Pray write as soon as you have an opportunity, and especially to Lily, as I cannot now receive a letter for some time, being up the country.

"We move in the direction of Waterloo Bay. I shall soon be living cheaply enough, 'au clair de la lune,' but in the towns everything is now ruinously expensive, furniture, even of the commonest sort, being exactly double what it is in England.

"I have no time to say more, for it is now eleven o'clock at night, and I must be up before four to-morrow morning.

"I am now getting quite used to early rising, the 'Réveillée' being my signal for rising. Poor

Lily has also been obliged to do the same, and I wonder how she has lasted through the fatigues. We had an alarm of Kaffirs one night, and one company was under arms before the mistake was discovered.

“Pray give my best love to my mother, Gertrude, and Henry, and tell them I will write when I can.

“And believe me,

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“*Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

[Received 14th March, 1847.]

“Camp, 10 miles from Kei River,
“MY DEAR FATHER, “Dec. 25 (Christmas Day), 1846.

“I hope (to begin with) that you have had a merrier Christmas than we have. Poor Lily is alone at Graham’s Town, and I am just come in from a march which began at five o’clock this morning.

“Our course since I last wrote to you has been as follows:—

“We left Graham's Town on the 25th of November, and reached the mouth of the Great Fish River in two days. This we crossed; the men and waggons in rafts, and swimming the horses and oxen.

“We had hoped to join Colonel Somerset at Waterloo Bay (the mouth of the Fish River), where he had been encamped for some time. On arriving, however, we found he had moved forward across the Keiskamma; and we accordingly followed by a lateral movement, ascending the left bank of Fish River, as we had previously descended the right bank.

“We reached Fort Peddie in two days from Waterloo Bay, and on the second day after leaving that post joined Colonel Somerset's camp on the Chalumna River, crossing the Keiskamma *en route*. I dined with Colonel Somerset the day we reached camp, and he was most kind, and seemed glad to see me out in this country. On the 3rd of December we marched (the whole division) from Chalumna River, and encamped about five miles towards the Buffalo River. On the 4th we reached Buffalo River, where we remained until the 20th of December, not, however, idle all the time, for on the 8th a large patrol of cavalry and infantry went out to clear the banks of the river as far as the mouth: two of our com-

panies went with this detachment. They returned on the 11th, having taken four hundred cattle and shot fifteen Kaffirs.

“ On the 12th, head-quarters and right wing of Rifle Brigade joined the camp, which then consisted of the following troops :—

CAVALRY.

Three squadrons Cape Mounted Rifles.

One troop 7th Dragoon Guards.

Four guns Royal Artillery.

Two squadrons Mounted Burghers.

INFANTRY.

73rd Regiment.

Rifle Brigade, right wing and Head-quarters.

6th Regiment.

Fingoe Corps.

The whole force being nearly 2500 men.

“ During our stay at Buffalo River the Kaffir chief Umhala brought in a great number of his tribe to register their names as subjects of the British Government, and delivered up their arms. Umhala has now submitted, and is treated as friendly to us.

“ Another patrol of cavalry went out towards Chalumna River, and brought in 250 head of cattle, and shot some Kaffirs. These belonged to Pato's tribe, who still holds out, and against whom our present campaign is directed.

“On the 19th Colonel Somerset asked me if I could get leave to serve on his staff as A.D.C. ; and on my saying that I believed there would be no difficulty, he wrote to Major Egerton on the subject, who made no objection. I accordingly have acted as his A.D.C. ever since, which, as there is a good deal to be seen, is a great advantage, as I am constantly with him instead of marching with my own company.

“We left Buffalo River camp on the 21st of the month, and, crossing the Buffalo, moved to the Kahoon River, where we encamped. Umhala joined us with about thirty mounted men of his tribe, and rode with us as far as Kahoon River. We were a long time waiting for the waggons (of which an immense train follow us), and some were not in before nightfall.

“Another patrol of cavalry and infantry were detached the same day, previous to leaving Buffalo ; and these did not join us until very late at our camp on the Kahoon : they had very hard work, and took nothing.

“We moved the next day at two o'clock P.M. across the Kahoon in three columns. Cavalry and guns by a ford (or drift as it is called here) on the left, and Rifles on the right by another with water above their knees. Colonel Somerset and I rode across an intermediate one, and he then

sent me back across it to bring the infantry column through that one. I arrived too late for the Rifle Brigade; but led back the 73rd and 6th, and took them across it. After marching through an open country we reached the Gonaber, or Bramble River, remarkable from the precipices covered with bush which form its banks. We encamped in an open valley close to the river; and Colonel S. and I rode down to a drift lower down the stream, in order to see whether it was practicable.

“He found it a good deal enclosed with bush, and sent me with some Burghers to clear the way a little. He afterwards superintended some alterations himself, and as it was very late we rode back to camp. Next morning at four o’clock we marched.

“Colonel S. sent me to conduct the cavalry across the river, but the drift was so slippery that Napier, who commanded them, was obliged to dismount and lead the horses over; there were a good many falls, and Colonel S. came down to superintend the passage.

“The infantry got across by a more rocky place where the stream was narrow; but we had to get the guns over by a still lower drift, and even there it was wonderful there were not more accidents.

“ I was much amused at the way Colonel S. objurgated the drivers of the waggons when it came to their turn, and, as it was in *Dutch*, the effect was very fine.

“ We reached the Kalogha River by noon, and halted on the same side of it, intending to cross in the afternoon. But so heavy a rain came on, and the hill the waggons had to come down was so steep, that they could not come up, and the passage was put off, and the camp formed.

“ Some awful accidents took place with the waggons. The pole and fore wheels of one broke off when going down hill, and the waggon turned completely head over heels.

“ On the first day's march from Buffalo a waggon that carried ammunition upset, and was three-quarters of an hour in the water ; but the tumbles on this day were terrific, and we were obliged to leave about thirty at the top of the hill, and send one hundred men up to guard them for the night.

“ We crossed the river at three o'clock P.M. next day (yesterday), and formed our camp on the other side. This passage was very successful, and it was lucky we did not move further, for so heavy a thunderstorm came on that we should have been wet through.

“ This morning we marched at five o'clock up a ridge of heights and over a magnificent plain country, which is, however, more a 'plateau' than a flat, and stands very high. The march of the column across it was a fine sight.

“ We halted at ten o'clock for two hours, and then moved on to this place, which is in the fork of two streams at the edge of the plain. It is not far from the Umsinga River, and, as I have called it, about ten miles from the Kei (as the crow flies).

“ This will be a permanent camp (I believe), as it is impossible to overtake and engage the Kaffirs if the waggoners are with you, as they are seen from an amazing distance, and their slowness of movement prevents anything like rapid operations. The length of our column, waggoners and all, is more than four miles. As the country is extremely undulating, you may imagine at what a distance our march can be distinguished.

“ We are now close to a valley where Pato is supposed to be with his cattle. He tried to cross the Kei, but Kreli, whose country is there, refused to allow him. He is thus thrown back upon us.

“ Our column was moved upwards from the sea-coast, while the Governor, from his camp at Block Drift, has moved a column consisting of the 73rd Regiment, commanded by Colonel John-

stone (a son-in-law of Colonel Somerset's), and the Hottentot levy, to King William's Town, so as to cut Pato off from the mountains.

“ 26th Dec.—Since writing this I have been with Colonel Somerset and twenty of the Cape Mounted Rifles a long ride towards the Kei. We started at eight o'clock this morning, and have only come into camp at four o'clock P.M.

“ We rode first towards a ruined fort called Warden's Post, which was established during the last war. On reaching this we halted, and Colonel S. looked for some time with his glass without discovering Kaffirs or cattle.

“ We could see the hills beyond the Kei, but the ground rose and fell in such a succession of precipitous banks and high ridges that thousands might be concealed without the possibility of seeing them.

“ There was a more elevated point of an intervening ridge which I pointed out to Colonel S. as a place whence a view might be obtained of the valley of the river itself, and he sent Bisset, the D. Q. M. General, with six men, to look from there at the opposite banks.

“ We waited with the rest of the men some time at a short distance to the rear, but considerably in advance of the post where we first halted.

“ Bisset soon returned. He had seen all the hills the other side of the Kei covered with cattle, and a very few left on this bank.

“ The river is in a perfect flood and consequently impassable. If Pato is on this bank he will be hemmed in, but he has probably gone across with all his people, which will protract the war. We shall now possibly move down to the mouth of the river and clear out the valley this side of any Kaffirs who may be there.

“ On leaving the place when we had reconnoitred, we took another course to fall in with the Governor, whom we expected to join us to-day by the road from King William's Town.

“ After riding over the country for several miles we saw his column of waggons on an open green slope at a distance. We soon came up to them, and found the Governor had ridden out to the flank with a troop of Dragoon-Guards to reconnoitre.

“ The waggons halted, and the Governor soon after returned. Colonel Richardson, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and two troops of the regiment, the Hottentot levy, and some men of the 90th, were all the troops that were with the column when we met it. Colonel S. introduced me to the General, who was accompanied by his son and Colonel Cloete, the Q. M. General.

“ Sir P. Maitland was dressed in a pea-jacket, staff trowsers, and brass spurs, and a broad-brimmed white hat. He is in figure, and the way he sits on horseback, very like the present Lord Cathcart, so much so, that, had his back been turned, I should, if I had not known that he could not be out here, have spoken to him as Lord C. He seems a gentlemanlike, civil person, and is for his age remarkably active.

“ In showing him the way back to our camp, at a turn in the path he cut across with the troop of Dragoon Guards, while Colonel S. and I rode with the patrol the other way, making an angle.

“ Suddenly he started off at such a pace that Colonel S. and I had to gallop at the top of our horses' speed to overtake him, as Colonel S. said it would never do for the General to reach his camp before him.

“ He has now pitched his tent in the midst of our camp.

“ Now, having given you all the details of our campaign up to this day, perhaps you would like to hear something of the way in which we carry on business.

“ Our camp always is formed in a hollow square, each side being one hundred and fifty paces.

“ As we are at present arranged, the Cape Mounted Rifles form the front; the Artillery,

wing of the 6th, and troop of Dragoon Guards the right face; the Rifle Brigade the left; and the 73rd Regiment the rear. The Burghers camp in a separate square 'en échelon' to ours, so that if the camp were attacked the front would be clear.

“The waggons of each corps form a barricade, twelve paces in front of their respective corps; so that we have a regular square of waggons round us.

“Except the Cape Corps and cavalry and artillery, each regiment forms two lines of tents; the officers forming a third in rear.

“The angles of the camp are a little open, to admit of moving in and out of camp.

“The troops the Governor brought form a separate camp on the other side of the valley, on a slope a few hundred yards from us.

“This has been our form of encampment all the way, and is Colonel Somerset's usual practice in all his Kaffir campaigns.

“Our order of march has hitherto been—first the Cape Mounted Rifles, then four guns, followed by the troop of Dragoon Guards and two squadrons of Burghers, then the 6th Regiment, 73rd Regiment, and Rifle Brigade in succession, the waggons coming after in a long file, and guarded by a company of infantry and detached men from each corps.

“The Fingoes generally close the march of the infantry, armed with assegais, muskets, and shields, and with little other clothing but blankets and karosses, wearing old hats, and in some cases shakos.

“Since writing the above, I have been on another patrol with Colonel Somerset and the Governor, beyond Warden’s Post, this morning (Sunday).

“Bisset, with another party of forty men, crossed the Kei with water only up to the girths, so the river is evidently falling.

“We march with 2000 men from this camp to-morrow, which remains standing with about 800 men to guard it.

“We take our tents and provisions for six days, and work down this bank towards the mouth of the river, where we probably form a camp, and then cross it without any waggons at all, and try up again.

“A certain force will watch the drift near Warden’s Post, and prevent the Kaffirs from slipping back again, which they will probably try to do. Thus hemmed in, they will be obliged to fight.

“I have now told you all the news. Colonel Somerset begs to be very kindly remembered to you. He has grown so much older in appear-

ance you would hardly know him. His hair is quite grey, and he wears large grey moustache and whiskers, which make him look not unlike the pictures of Blucher. He is very active, and, being short, is easily mounted. His horses are small, but all in the Hussar style, and he is always in the saddle.

“Nothing can exceed his kindness to me. He has got me appointed to his staff, and has lent me one of his own horses, a very nice little stallion, who carries me famously, and has also given me over a spare troop horse, and permission to draw forage for him. So I take the field with three horses, and have nothing to pay for the keep of any, as each officer of infantry is allowed forage for one horse, the troop horse draws his own forage, and Colonel Somerset feeds his stallion. The allowance of corn is very small, only three pounds a day, but all horses here graze, and the pasture is so rich that it helps them a good deal.

“The way they go on with horses here would surprise you in England. After a march of several miles, when the oxen halt to ‘outspan,’ as it is called, and graze, the cavalry ‘off-saddle,’ blanket and all. The horses are then knee-haltered with a strap of leather to graze, with a guard to watch them. They are allowed to water

and roll as much as they like, and in about two or three hours they are called in, saddled, and the rest of the march is finished.

“On arriving in camp, ‘off-saddle’ again, and another graze and water.

“No fear seems to be had of sore backs, though the saddles are taken off while the horses are quite hot. I generally have my horse’s back rubbed for a few minutes to dry it, but it is not usual to do so.

“In the course of our patrol yesterday we ‘off-saddled.’

“No hind shoes are worn, and my troop horse has no shoes at all.

“A number of spare troop horses accompany the Cape Mounted Rifles; and if a horse gets a sore back he is turned loose, and driven with the spare horses, until he is all right again. Of course these are rather frisky when put back in the ranks. Mine is said to be got by ‘Tranby,’ and is, though out of condition, a very nice horse. I arrange so as to ride each once in three days. As my riding is hard, having to carry orders and go on ‘reconnoissances,’ it gives each horse two days’ rest to get right; and at the least one day.

“Colonel S. takes great care of me, and insists on my lying down and resting after we

come in. My tent is pitched close to his, and I breakfast with him, Bisset, and Napier (son of Sir G. Napier), who commands the Cape Mounted Rifles, while Colonel S. commands the division, and dine with them also, as it would not be convenient to dine with our own people now that I am attached to head-quarters, as they are over the other side of the camp, and I have a waggon to carry all my things, and this goes with Colonel Somerset's, so that we get put up nearly the first.

"I have not had to draw any money of late, but must soon draw a little for house expenses at Graham's Town, where poor Lily is left alone. I was very sorry to have been obliged to draw so much at first starting; but it was unavoidable, as I could not have taken the field without. If you knew what a thoroughly wild country this is, and the enormous price of everything, you would be surprised.

"Colonel Somerset says you should come out here as Governor, as the country would delight you from being so good a riding country. It is certainly the finest I ever saw, and one may gallop for miles without a check.

"I shall hope to hear from you soon.

"Captain Burnaby, who commands the Artillery here, lent me two Devonport papers: one

mentioned the Queen's visit, and the other that of the Duke and Lord Anglesey. I should have liked to have been there for the latter.

"I hope that you will be what is called clerically translated, when the Devonport command ceases, to some other appointment. I must conclude in haste, for the post is ready, with love to all.

"Ever your affectionate Son,

"ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

"Captain Burnaby wishes to be remembered to Colonel Rudyard. Remember me kindly to Colonel Hamilton Smith, and tell him I have a letter on the stocks for him. Remember me to all old friends at Devonport.

"PS. Give my love to Gertrude, and Henry when you write to him.

"*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray.*"

[Received 31st March, 1847.]

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"Camp at the Komga River,

"January 15, 1847.

"I think, in my last letter, I gave you an account of our proceedings as far as the junction of our division with Sir P. Maitland. We have since carried out our campaign beyond the

Kei, and may be said to have returned yesterday. The troops having marched, with only the men's tents and light baggage, as far as the lower Kei Drift (a day or so after my last letter), we left the main body of waggons and tents under Colonel Vandermeulen, of the 73rd, in the spot I last wrote from.

“The plan of operations was then organized as follows :—Colonel Somerset, with two squadrons of C. M. Rifles, a squadron of Dragoon Guards, Hogg's Hottentot Levy, and Gibson's company of Rifle Brigade, was to cross the lower drift over the Kei ; and, after exploring the coast, to bring up their right shoulders and move up the river upon Butterworth, where Pato was reported to be with his cattle.

“Sir P. Maitland, with one squadron of 7th Dragoon Guards, and the 6th, 73rd, and Rifle Brigades, was to escort back the light baggage and tents to the old camp, which he was then to place in a favourable situation ; and then, crossing by the drift near Warden's Post, attack Pato in front. The light mule-waggons and artillery were to accompany the Governor's column. There being some doubt as to the intelligence of Pato's movements, Napier, with a cavalry patrol, to which the Rifle Brigade was afterwards added, crossed the Kei by the lower drift, and took

some cattle near the coast; while the infantry and Dragoon Guards, preceded by a squadron of C. M. Rifles, moved down the opposite bank towards the mouth of the river, where the C. M. Rifles shot some Kaffirs and took their cattle. Colonel Somerset took the command of this last column, under the Governor's superintendence; and we had some fun in capturing the cattle. We returned to the camp at the lower drift, and were, a day afterwards, joined by Napier, who brought a very considerable quantity of cattle over with him. One of our poor fellows (Okey, of Horsford's company) was shot through the head, and another man wounded in the thigh, by the Kaffirs, who hung on the rear of Napier's troops while they crossed the river. Several Kaffirs were shot by our men.

“On the 31st December the projected movement took place. The Governor, taking with him the troops originally arranged for him, returned to the main camp. Colonel Somerset, the next day (New-year's Day), crossed the Kei, with his column, unmolested. I, of course, accompanied him. We found one poor Rifleman lying, stripped, under a tree, much torn by the birds and beasts; and he was buried by some of the Provisionals under my direction—Colonel S. having sent me down to see it done.

“I was fortunate in getting back scot-free ; for Colonel S., seeing me going down alone, stopped me, and sent some men to escort me to the spot. Having seen the arrangements made, I returned, and was afterwards told that a Kaffir had been seen and shot by the Provisionals, lurking in the bush close by. Had I gone down alone, he would perhaps have given me an assegai. We moved to a camp a short distance from the other side of the drift ; and Gibson, seeing eight Kaffirs dogging the Provisional cavalry, detached some men, who shot them *all* in a pit, where they had concealed themselves. The men were very savage, crying, at each shot, ‘There ’s for poor Okey!’ * Another Kaffir was shot this night, by a sentry, trying to force his way into our bivouac with an assegai in his hand. So much for New-year’s Day in Kaffirland ! We next morning moved to a spot near the Kogha River, under the shoulder of some hills, and quite in sight of the sea. Colonel S. rode, with Napier and myself, and some Mounted Rifles, to reconnoitre the country ; and, seeing a large tract of bush running on some hills at a right angle with the sea, determined to explore it—moving the infantry upon it in the morning, and the cavalry taking a circuit so as to turn it between its left and the coast. At three in the morning next day we made our move-

ment, taking some cattle near the coast, which delayed us, and obliged us to return in a parallel direction, instead of turning the bush according to the original plan.

“It was late in the evening before the infantry returned, having been a long distance, and being much knocked up. We formed our bivouac round the cattle we had captured, and passed the night unmolested, except by rain, which fell heavily. Next day, the 4th, we moved upon Butterworth, through a drizzling rain, which soon after changed to thick fog.

“We found the spoor of cattle coming down the road, which here runs towards Butterworth, and, soon after, cattle were visible in the kloofs or deep ravines to our right. Colonel S. told me, as we rode together at the head of the advanced guards, that he thought these were Pato's cattle coming from the Governor's column, which must have crossed the Kei. I said—‘Perhaps we may run upon him in this fog.’ About ten minutes afterwards three Kaffirs came down the road, not twenty paces from us; the rain, which drifted in their faces, preventing them from seeing us as soon as we did them. The Colonel called out—‘There they are.’ I was a second before I could undo my holster, and they rushed away to our right.

“I galloped forward and fired a shot at them,

but missed, from the thickness of the fog. Soon after, the column halted, and, the fog rising a little, we could see better under it. Colonel Somerset rode with me to reconnoitre, and soon after Napier reported that, in moving to the front with some flankers, he had fallen in with some mounted Kaffirs, who crossed his front at a gallop. The Colonel now spread out the cavalry, retaining only the squadron of dragoons, which he afterwards divided by *troops*, in order to cover more ground. We were trotting with Major Gibson, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a few orderlies in advance; and, on turning the shoulder of a hill, at the corner of a bush that covered it, fell in with about a dozen mounted Kaffirs, who scurried away up the hill; some, however, trying to make for the kloof below on the right. I galloped up this to head them; and, by dint of Somerset hallooing at his men, a few shots were fired at them on the hill—which fire they returned. A dismounted Kaffir came down the hill towards me, making for the kloof. I snapped my pistol five times at him, but, being wet, it did not go off, and he walked into the bush. Colonel S. fired his at those on the hill. A bullet whizzed so close to me, that I thought it touched my clothes; but whether fired by the Kaffirs or by the Cape Corps in pursuit of them I cannot

tell. Soon after the fog cleared away, and we could see quantities of cattle and Kaffirs in the kloofs, who were too safely placed to get at them. Some cattle were, however, taken; and the horses being all knocked up, Colonel S. bivouacked near the place for the night with the captured cattle. Next morning we marched to Butterworth, where we met Sir P. Maitland, who, with his column, had arrived there the evening before. On our way we crossed a splendid plain, extending between the Goa, or Butterworth River, where Pato had been, and the kloofs to which he escaped from us the day before. To show the value of time in war, the halt of two hours to breakfast, which we made on the morning of the 4th, prevented us from falling in with Pato on the open plain, where we should have cut up all his people and taken most of his cattle—the ground admitting of moving 20,000 cavalry. Sir P. Maitland asked us to breakfast at his waggon, where we fed most heartily. In the course of the day the mail arrived with the news of Sir P. Maitland's recall, and Sir Henry Pottinger's appointment; and in the morning of the 7th the Governor left us, being escorted by Colonel Somerset and several officers commanding corps on his way. I was of the party. Before leaving he published a general order, thanking

the troops for their conduct during the war, and congratulating them upon the speedy conclusion of their labours. He also thanked, by name, many officers; and requested that Colonel Somerset would further write to him a report of the last operations, naming such officers of his division as he had not had time to mention in general orders. Sir P. Maitland also said that he would use all his influence to obtain brevet-rank for such officers as were mentioned. Since the General's departure Colonel Somerset has taken command of the whole army on the frontier, and, as Sir H. Pottinger has only a civil appointment, I hope he will retain it.

“ On the 8th we marched towards the upper Kei Drift, and bivouacked at the Dabagus, a stream running at right angles to the Kei. Next morning, finding that a considerable quantity of cattle were in the plains between it and the Somo (a river which runs parallel to it in a northerly direction), we made a patrol of nearly all our force, and captured a large number, shooting several Kaffirs. We camped that night near the Sorno, where the rain detained us a day; and on the 11th we moved to a spot on the heights, about seven miles from the Kei, called the Springs, where we bivouacked for the night. On the next day we moved down to the Kei Drift, but the

river was so swollen by the rains that it was impassable.

“On our way down we received the melancholy news of poor Gibson and Howell, of our regiment, and Mr. Chetwynd, of the 73rd (son of Lord Chetwynd), having been massacred by the Kaffirs the afternoon of the preceding day. The event happened as follows :—Captain Fraser, of the 73rd, with a detachment composed of 73rd, 6th, and Rifles, had been sent down to the drift for the purpose of guarding such of the Commissariat waggons as might cross to us (for we were getting hard up for supplies), and also reporting on the state of the drift. This officer, finding his detachment was short of meat, sent a small party of the different regiments, under Gibson, to get cattle from some of the neighbouring Kaffir kraals. Poor Howell (our assistant surgeon) volunteered to go with them for the sake of a ride. The sergeant of the 6th’s statement was that the officers, accompanied by four mounted Hottentots, left him in charge of the party and rode on in front; that he saw them driving some cattle out of a kloof or ravine near the kraals; all at once about one hundred Kaffirs rushed out and surrounded them; that a sharp firing took place; and that, on hurrying up to the place about a mile and a half distant, they only found two horses lying dead, one of which was identified as poor

Chetwynd's, and three Kaffirs also killed, but no trace of the officers. As it was growing dusk, and the Kaffirs were hallooing and throwing assegais and stones, and apparently in great numbers, he had retired quietly with his party, and got them safe off to the bivouac. Colonel Somerset sent one hundred men, under Captain Bringham, of the 90th, to search for them the day before yesterday, and they found the bodies of the poor fellows lying all together, stripped and very much torn by the vultures. They seemed to have been killed by gunshot wounds, though they had also been much stabbed with assegais. They were brought back to the infantry camp, which was nearer than the drift, and then buried in one grave. It seems, from the account of two of the Hottentots who escaped, that they tried to ride through the Kaffirs, but that two of the horses being wounded they dismounted, and were then surrounded and slain, their ammunition also running short. You cannot think what a gloom this tragical event has thrown over our people, and we cannot help thinking the campaign a disastrous one, as the capture of ten thousand cattle does not compensate for the loss of three British officers. Poor Gibson's papers were in to sell out; and being married to Miss Blakeney, daughter of the resident at Paxo, his intention was to return and settle at Corfu. He has one

little boy, and poor Mrs. Gibson must by this time be expecting his return. Poor Howell I knew very well at Santa Maura, where he was with the detachment as medical officer. He was one of the most amiable people possible, and simple and unaffected and gentlemanlike in his manner. He was also very attentive, and to his exertions I think the health of the detachment was a great deal indebted. I used to see a great deal of him there, for, being very well informed, he was often our companion in little parties over into Greece, &c., and was always a great friend of ours. I am extremely sorry for this unfortunate and melancholy event. Chetwynd I did not know, but hear he was a most amiable person.

“Yesterday morning we crossed the Kei with the cavalry, but, as the current was tremendous, the guns, infantry, and cattle still remain on the other side. One troop sergeant-major of the 7th Dragoon Guards and two Cape Mounted Riflemen were drowned, horses and all. Colonel Somerset, myself, and two or three orderlies, crossed the first, and by the exertions of keeping our horses' heads to the stream, and keeping well together, we got over safely. Bisset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, acting D. Q. M. General, had previously crossed and directed us in our passage, but we were very nearly swamped by getting too low down. The water was considerably over my

knees on horseback ; my horse was twice (I think) off his feet. We moved on here to the main camp, which is pitched near a river called the Komga, which flows into the Kei on this side. The doctor of the Cape Mounted Rifles was upset in crossing the Kei, horse and all, and escaped by swimming ashore. I think I saw at one time half a dozen men and horses tumbling about in the stream. The cavalry remain at a height on this side of the Kei, waiting for the infantry and guns to cross. The reason we are in camp here is that there is so much organization of commissariat (and troops) required that Colonel Somerset has been obliged to come to this camp (head-quarters) for the purpose of organizing the details of the army. The river has risen three feet since last night, so there is a prospect of the infantry remaining on the other side for some days longer. They will not starve *actually*, having all the cattle with them ; but they have neither biscuit, coffee, nor rice, and must live entirely upon meat. I fear that they have also no salt.

“It seems probable that nothing more will be done for some time, except clearing the Kaffirs away from this side of the river, to which some of them have managed to cross. I am not sorry the expedition is over, for we have had very hard work, not very good

food, and constant rainy weather. I see by the papers that the poor Duke of Athol is dead, and Glenlyon succeeding to the title. After the melancholy state in which the late Duke had been, one must consider it a release, and I hope the new Duke will bear his honours well. Lily writes me word that she saw in one of the papers that Government House had been broken into and many things stolen. I hope they were not valuable. I have not received any letters from England since the one I got at Gibraltar. . . .

“I sincerely wish you a happy new year, and many returns of it, though it has begun to me in rather a wet and uncomfortable manner. The post is starting, so I must conclude, with best love to all.

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“*Major-Gen. the Hon. Henry Murray.*”

[Received 1st May, 1847.]

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“Camp on the Tamagha,

“Feb. 20, 1847.

“I was delighted to hear from you in the two letters whose dates I am not able to refer to, not having them by me at present (the one giving an account of the visit of the Duke and Lord

Anglesey ; and the other mentioning, among other things, the appointment of Captain Maxwell as your Brigade Major). I am very glad to hear that it is Maxwell, whom I knew so well at Malta, who has got this appointment. I well remember both Mrs. Maxwell and him, and hope you will remember me to them when you have an opportunity. Affairs here are at present at a standstill, until Sir George Berkeley and Sir H. Pottinger arrive from Cape Town. As they sailed on the 11th, they must, I should think, have by this time, at all events, reached Algoa Bay. Colonel Somerset has broken up the large camps, and the forces are now occupying a chain of smaller posts, commencing at King William's Town and continuing to the Keiskamma, and thus, by Fort Peddie, continuing the communication with those on the Fish River. As Charles Somerset has now joined his father, my office of acting aide-de-camp is at an end ; and I have rejoined my company, which, with another, occupies this camp, together with some of the 73rd, some Provisionals and Burghers (the whole commanded by Major Pinckney, of the 73rd) ; forming an intermediate post between King William's Town and the Keiskamma.

“Colonel Somerset very kindly gave me leave, just previous to the breaking up of the camp, to go

in to Graham's Town, where I found poor Lily suffering very much from her cough, which has lately become so violent as to prevent her sleeping at night, and seems to baffle all medical advice. Colonel Buller arrived at Graham's Town while I was there, and —— applied to Colonel Somerset, officially, for me to join forthwith. Colonel Somerset said it was a hard case, and advised me to apply to Colonel Buller for leave; and, as he was calling at our house at the time, sat with Lily while I went up to try what I could effect. On my mentioning the fact of my having served through the whole business, and being present on nearly every occasion in which anything had been done, Colonel Buller told me that, 'as I had been *on the staff*, that went for nothing.' On my pressing the point, however, he granted me *two* or *three* days' more leave. Finding that the climate of Graham's Town was seriously injuring Lily's health, and that she very much wished to come to the frontier with me, I made arrangements (assisted, most kindly, by Colonel Somerset with his advice) for her to ride up to Fort Peddie with me, and there remain until Sir G. Berkeley's arrival, when the permanent posts will be established, and the future plan of operations determined. In coming from the camp into Graham's Town, I had ridden from Fort Peddie by Waterloo

Bay to Graham's Town in one day (75 miles), having previously ridden from beyond King William's Town to Peddie a day before, and having been detained at Peddie one day by the want of an escort. This time we were (of course) obliged to go more quietly, and took five days, including one day's halt, from Graham's Town to Fort Peddie. On our way we had to pass several rather dangerous passes, where the Kaffirs sometimes lie in wait for passengers; one, particularly, possessing a bad reputation, called Blue Krantz, where the post had been stopped two days before we set out on our journey. Poor, dear Lily went through the whole journey with excellent spirits; although the last day, from Waterloo Bay to Fort Peddie, fatigued her a good deal (25 miles). We did not start quite early enough in the morning, and the sun was very hot during the first part of our journey. At Newtondale (a post on the road, half way) we stopped during the greatest heat of the day, and had luncheon in a most excellent Kaffir hut belonging to Captain Biddulph, of the Provisionals, which was exceedingly cool, clean, and comfortable. The floors and sides of these huts are smeared with a sort of prepared clay, which becomes as smooth as a polished board; but soft, and not drying into dust, if properly done over (this it requires once a week).

“On our arrival at Fort Peddie we found Colonel Somerset’s quarters ready for us, and his orderly, Corporal ——, ready to act as our servant. As the waggon which brought our things had not arrived, and my leave was up the next day, I was obliged to come on here and leave poor Lily in a very unsettled state. As there are no quarters at Fort Peddie to spare—and in case Colonel Somerset came in we do not wish to keep him out of his quarters—I have arranged about the building of two Kaffir huts, opening one into another, which, with a marquee which Colonel Somerset has kindly obtained for us, will make a very tolerable *séjour* for a time, until matters are arranged and it is known for certain whether the war is to be continued, or what is to be considered the end of it. The advices that come to England are incorrect if they say things are going on well. The Kaffirs are now at the very threshold of the colony, well armed, and in no degree dismayed by the result of the last expedition across the Kei. A Kaffir woman told the Somersets the other day, at their house near Graham’s Town, that Pato had declared that he wanted a new tobacco-bag, but that he would not get one until he had got Colonel Somerset’s skin to make it of. They have lost very few men; and I think, on

the whole, our loss has been, if not more numerous, at least more severe.

“Our little camp here is on the left of the road to King William’s Town, opposite to a high hill clothed with thick bush. It stands itself on the slope of a hill, just above the small river called the Tamagha, and a small patch of thorn-bush runs up to within pistol-shot of the corner near my tent, the further side from the road. Kaffirs, calling themselves friendly, are constantly with our people, and surrounding the camp. They bring milk, wood, and water to us, and also a curious kind of berries which form a blue dye with everything they*

but are sweet and good to eat, not unlike a black currant in flavour. Still, I am obliged to caution the men about not going far without arms, as Pato’s Kaffirs may very easily mix with those about us, unknown to us, and the first notice will be somebody being murdered.

“I had to cross Line Drift, over the Keiskamma River, the day (or rather night) before yesterday ; my escort being six C. M. Rifles. There are more than four miles of bush down to the drift on one side, and about a mile and a half, or two miles, on the other ; and just before coming down to the drift it was so dark, from the bush growing over our heads and the lateness

* Here the MS. is torn.

of the hour, that I could not see the man in front of me, though his horse was actually touching mine. It is strange that the Kaffirs do not oftener cut us off than they do. Luckily, they have a great dread of the Cape Corps, and have had one or two good hard beatings from them when they have tried night attacks. A detachment, under a Captain of the 73rd, consisting of some of every corps in camp, is gone this morning to Line Drift for the purpose of clearing away the bush immediately adjoining the drift itself. They have sent my subaltern with the detachment of the Rifle Brigade, which leaves me here in solitude ; for, of the other company, one is ill, and the other lives pretty much by himself.

“ Nobody seems to have an idea of what will be done : as Colonel Somerset told me that he could not even guess at the plan intended to be followed out, I hardly think any one else will. I think that the authorities at home have treated Colonel Somerset very hardly. He has now been thirty years out here, serving very often in the field, and always with distinction. No man can spare himself less, or work more conscientiously than he does. He thoroughly understands the Kaffirs, their character, mode of warfare, and country ; and no man can be better qualified for carrying on a war against them. Still he is always passed over, and his friends in England

seem not disposed to support him. He is too straightforward, too plainspoken, and too blunt to make many friends ; and the last two Governors have decidedly set their faces against him. I am sure you will agree with me in lamenting that he should have again met with disappointment, for the report was quite general here that he was to be given the rank of Major-General on the frontier, and command the troops. As far as I am concerned, I can hardly speak in sufficient terms of his kindness to me from the moment of my arrival up to this time. Mrs. Somerset has been very kind to Lily during her lonely residence at Graham's Town ; and had I not come in on leave, she was to have stayed at Oatlands with them for a fortnight or so. Colonel Somerset had given me leave before he gave *himself* leave to go in ; and when he was there we used to see him nearly every day, for, as the Brigade Office was next door to our house, he used often to come in and sit with us, and seem quite at home in the arm-chair there. He is (like every one else, I suppose) heartily tired of the war, which seems, in fact, only beginning. It is a most thankless office to fight an enemy so wary, so savage, and so well protected by natural obstacles, as the Kaffirs. I have often talked over the subject with Colonel S., and he seems to think that even

15,000 or 20,000 British troops would not bring the war to a termination ; and if strong measures are *not* adopted, who will be safe in the colony ? Nearly 300 Kaffirs tried to pass the Fish River not more than a week ago ; and the cattle were carried off from Newtondale the day before Lily and I rode through. Crossing the Kei will hardly (I should think) be again attempted this year ; but if it is, I do not see that we shall be a bit nearer the end of our work. A similar difficulty will most likely occur to what did last time, and the troops will be starving for want of supplies, if the river rises suddenly, as it did when I last wrote to you. The winter will be soon coming on, and that will make matters still more difficult, and the hardships greater. And yet there are numbers of people in England who consider a Kaffir war nothing. —— created considerable mirth in the Brigade Office by saying that the bush should be burnt. Unfortunately for his plan, it will not burn, being so full of sap that a fire is put out by the nature of the plants themselves. Besides, even if a little were burnt, the tracts of bush are so extensive that it would be like a drop in the ocean.

“ British troops, most especially the infantry, seem to be of little use in the country, except as a ‘ nucleus ’ for the rest of the natives and

Burghers to fall back upon if repulsed. There is no disguising the fact that we make poor hands at bush-fighting. The Hottentot levies are all disbanded by Sir P. Maitland, and we cannot get them again to serve. They are the only infantry who work really well in the bush, and, being accustomed to the country, they will outmarch our infantry by miles and miles. But they, too, like every one else, have had a sickener, and will not serve for some time. I hear they are sending more troops from England; but it would be far preferable if they would raise some corps of Hottentot infantry (Fencibles if they like), and keep them permanently here for the defence of the colony. As far as I am concerned, I shall not regret anything that takes me out of the business soon. One gets no credit at home for anything done, and one may be said to be in hourly danger, for there is not a bush on the side of the road whence one's 'quietus' may not come at any time. My only surprise is, the providential escapes we have all had, for, if the Kaffirs only knew their strength a little more, they might do incalculable harm. I am, and have often been, uneasy about poor Colonel Somerset, notwithstanding his great experience and knowledge of the country, for he often rides almost unattended, and the country is most villanously well calculated for ambuscade.

Still, I believe they dread him so much that the very sight of him would put them to flight. They know his white moustaches in a minute, and have often been overheard saying to one another when standing near him, ‘How that old rascal has made us run in the bush!’ This must amuse you after having known him as a young officer. By the way, he told me to remember him most kindly to you. He pays you the bad compliment of thinking me very like you, and says our voices are so much alike that he often gets me to say something and shuts his eyes to try and fancy he is talking to you. He says it brings back old times to him. This he told Lily the other day. —— and he do not as yet agree very well, for Colonel Somerset was much annoyed and displeased at the grumbling and general conduct of our men across the Kei, and (I believe), on ——’s arrival, gave him his opinion pretty roundly. The other has taken it amiss, and almost told the men that he does not consider they have been fairly dealt with. He is furious against ——; and I must say that, had the men been properly held together, there would have been less blame attached to the battalion.

“This post is very tiresome, for we have not even the excitement of a patrol, and with no books, heavy rain, and no amusements,

time hangs rather heavily. Drawing is one's only resource, and writing letters. I hear some fresh captains have been ordered out from the depôt, and on their arrival shall put in my claim for leave to return to England, which I am now second in turn for doing. People are all trying to get out of this business, which makes it difficult for any one to do so. However, by that time Sir Henry Pottinger and Sir G. Berkeley will have tried their measures, and many things may happen. We may perhaps be across the Kei again, though I confess I have no anxiety to do so. The expenses of this warfare are tremendous; and provisions, forage, &c., are all raised in price accordingly. Colonel Somerset has strongly recommended me to get a packhorse and saddle, and also to get a field tent, which I have accordingly done; for now I am no longer with him, he cannot manage to help me with horses, &c., as he formerly did. All these I consider necessary expenses, but they are great ones. I have had also to get a good double-barrelled gun; for now that I am likely to work in the bush I must equip myself for it, and a sword is of no use in this sort of warfare, while pistols only do well on horseback. I have even known Colonel Somerset take his gun in his hand when there was a chance of fighting. Another expense is the breakage of arms in the

company, and I shall have soon to pay an account for 50 broken stocks during the last patrol.

“*Feb. 23rd, 1847.*—I am glad to see that the brevet has not reached you this time, which would, perhaps, under the circumstances, have been what is called gaining a loss. The promotion of three field-m Marshals must be looked upon as a favourable event by all the general officers; as, after Marshal Grosvenor’s promotion, I should think every General may look forward to attaining that high rank, if he only lives long enough. I believe Marshal Grosvenor, though a very meritorious officer, has never commanded any army, although he may a brigade upon service. Sir George Nugent commanded, I think, in the West Indies; and Colonel Hamilton Smith served on his staff there. It is remarkable that his brother rose to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, and it is a rare instance of good fortune in one family that one should reach the highest rank in the navy and the other in the army. Lord Anglesey you must be glad to see created a field-marshal. It is something, in these hard times, to see a cavalry officer in the highest rank in the service. I do not know how you will consider it, but it seems to me that the names of poor Lords Cathcart and Lynedoch are (like the busts of Brutus and Cassius at Junia’s funeral)

the more remembered for *not* standing in their proper places—both so eminently distinguished by rank and services, both having commanded armies, and both having been suffered to die without receiving their proper rank. I shall never look at the field-m Marshals' list without thinking of them. My arrival, yesterday, at 27 (to fall to minor considerations) reminds me that I ought to be more looking out for promotion than I am. If you remember the immense time that you were a field officer previous to getting any higher rank, you will, I am sure, agree with me that it is of importance to attain that rank while one is young. After that the brevets will always carry one on; but previous to it one may be said to have obtained nothing. I have had such annoyance in various ways, from having missed the opportunity of purchasing when I did, and having now Horsford and Rooper my seniors, who purchased over my head at that time, that I am anxious never to lose time again if possible. Do you think it would be possible to obtain an unattached majority? It will be a very long time before I could get a regimental one. Perhaps the being on active service, and having been twice mentioned in Colonel Somerset's reports (*i.e.* once thanked in orders and once in the report), might be a favourable opportunity for attempting to get it. Colonel Somerset has

spoken, I hear, most kindly about me to Sir Peregrine Maitland, and the latter mentioned to Mrs. Somerset, on his way through Graham's Town, that I was one of those officers who had been most favourably reported to him, so perhaps on Sir Peregrine's arrival in England he may mention me at the Horse Guards.

“ I am glad to hear you like the 5th, ‘the Gosling Fusiliers’ as they are commonly called in the service, from the colour of their facings. I had heard of the celebrated ‘Wilhelmstahl’ snuff-box, presented by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and am glad to find that they still possess it.

“ Not having any more news to add, I fear I must now conclude. I am much surprised to see the name of Frederick Cathcart* omitted in the list of Colonels promoted to be general officers. The list I saw was in the newspaper. Can he have sold out? I should hardly think he was a likely person to do so, especially being so near his rank. I hope it has been only a newspaper omission. I was very much shocked by seeing poor Augusta Cathcart's death accidentally in the newspaper. I knew that she was in delicate health, but had no idea that her illness was likely to end so suddenly and so fatally. She was poor Lord Cathcart's favourite daughter, and has been the first to follow him. Her death

* Colonel the Hon. F. Macadam Cathcart.

must have been a great blow to all the family. She was one of the kindest and most agreeable people I ever knew, and I sincerely regret the loss of so kind a friend and relation. I have written to Cathcart by this post. You will be very sorry to hear that Lily heard from Mrs. Somerset the other day, mentioning the death of poor Sir Walter Scott, who expired at Cape Town on his way home from India. Lady Scott was inconsolable, and could not be prevailed upon to land. It seems (poor fellow!) he had been in a very precarious state for some time, but poor Lady Scott still was sanguine, and probably trusted to his strength of constitution to carry him through it, and also to the benefit of the sea voyage. He was always a very great friend of mine, and I am very sorry to hear of his death. The Horse Guards have dealt rather hardly with him, and had they been less exacting in their terms he might now have been alive. But they insisted on his remaining longer in India than he originally intended.

“I have had three days’ leave to go in to Fort Peddie, and bring Lily with me back to the post, which is as safe, though perhaps not so comfortable, as Fort Peddie. Until the arrival of Sir G. Berkeley nothing can be known of further operations, but I do not think we shall again cross the Kei. I hope sincerely that you

will manage to effect some arrangement which will take us away from this country. I found Lily suffering dreadfully from cough, but I think change of air will do her no harm. On the contrary, I think the Tamagha, being higher ground, will possibly have purer air. Still the general climate is very trying, and we have all the seasons in one day. I have employed the Fingoes to build me a hut, which I hope to find nearly finished on my return. The party employed at Line Drift has cleared it well, and the thick overhanging bush is now cut away. I consider the post tolerably safe, but I shall not be sorry if we are allowed soon to come in to Fort Peddie. Every one is heartily sick of the Kaffir war, and if I do not lose promotion by it I should be very glad to return to England. I found Lily in her marquee at Fort Peddie. It is a very nice one, and perfectly new. Still I do not like her living under canvas just at the breaking up of the season, and trust that something may soon happen to withdraw us from this country, which is indeed a wilderness. I should think that the purchase of the unattached majority was the only certain way. There is nothing extraordinary in making the application for one, as Napier applied almost immediately upon getting his company.

“I will now conclude this long letter ; and
with love to my mother and Gertrude,

“Believe me

“Ever your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“Lily begs that you will let her sister know
that she is pretty well, as it is of no use alarming
them by saying how she really suffers. She is
very anxious to return to Europe, and sends you
her best love.”

[Received 26th June, 1847.]

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“Fort Peddie, April 8th, 1847.

“I was delighted yesterday to receive
your letter with the postscript, dated 8th February ;
you will by this time have received several
letters both from Lily and myself, giving various
accounts of what has taken place subsequent to
the date of your letter. The troops occupied a
chain of permanent posts for some little while,
during which time we occupied a Kaffir hut,
built by some of my old friends among the Fin-
goes who had known me when on Colonel Somer-
set's Staff, across the Kei. My company was,
with Rooper's, detached to the Tamacha, a small

river which falls into the Keiskamma above Line Drift. Dear Lily, who has been the greatest possible comfort, and whose energy of character has been the admiration of every one, rode up with me from Graham's Town to this place, and thence—after my going to see what kind of post it was and returning to fetch her—to the Tamacha (where as I before said we lived in the hut and a marquee which Colonel Somerset's kindness had obtained for Lily), and we passed our month very pleasantly.

“On Sir George Berkeley's arrival a plan was put into execution which had previously (strange to say) occurred to me as a means of clearing the country between Buffalo River and the Keiskamma. In pursuance of this, our two companies were recalled from the Tamacha to Fort Peddie. Lily accompanied us on horseback on the march, through one of the severest showers of pelting rain I ever marched in. We crossed Line Drift both going and coming back with great success, one of my men leading Lily's horse by the bridle. After reaching the Guanga, the scene of Colonel Somerset's brilliant affair last June, I got leave from Rooper, and galloped forward with Lily into Fort Peddie, with only my groom as an escort, who mounted my packhorse, and with his rifle escorted us in. On arriving

here, Colonel Somerset kindly insisted on Lily resting in his marquee until her own could be pitched; and as she was dreadfully tired and troubled with a bad headache, I was in hopes that while we were outside she would sleep; but, as ill-luck would have it, the Fingoes were to perform their war-dance before Sir Henry Pottinger, who had arrived here, and was to be present on the occasion. It was an interesting sight. They first formed up in a single rank on the high ground above Fort Peddie, and then led off in a single file from the right (in a sort of 'mark time' kind of step) along their front, until they reached Colonel S.'s marquee, churning all the time to themselves a sort of tune which seemed more like the expression of anger among a large crowd than any musical note. Suddenly the leading file, who was probably a 'brave' of some sort, gave a loud whistle, and the whole, breaking their ranks, rushed into the camp in all directions, yelling, brandishing their assegais, and performing a sham advance and retreat alternately, as if attacking the place. After this they formed into a large circle (facing inwards) and performed the war-dance to a monotonous kind of tune, sung by all in concert. At intervals there was a tremendous yell, which effectually broke poor Lily's slumbers, and then

they relapsed into the same sort of churning monotonous air as before. In the evening I dined with Colonel Somérsset, Charles S., Armstrong (who is now acting as Colonel S.'s aide-de-camp), and Burnaby of the Artillery. Next morning the Cape Corps were out at a field-day, and I walked up with Lily (who was better) to see it. Colonel S. trotted the regiment past for Lily's especial benefit (for he was on the point of sending them home), and, considering that some horses had not yet been in the ranks before, they did remarkably well. There was a little flying off from the outward flanks of troops while wheeling, but that was to be expected. The next day there was a grand inspection of the troops who were to go with Sir George Berkeley on the patrol to Buffalo River, as well as all the troops at Fort Peddie (two squadrons Cape Mounted Rifles; two companies 6th Regiment; three companies Rifle Brigade; four squadrons Mounted Burghers; and two guns Royal Artillery). Sir George Berkeley inspected them, the troops being drawn up in contiguous open columns—the cavalry by troops, and the infantry by companies; the guns on right flank of infantry. Sir Henry Pottinger and his Staff were present, and accompanied Sir George Berkeley down the line. The troops then marched past, and the Rifle Brigade got the greatest

possible credit for the beautiful manner in which they marched past; Colonel Michel of the 6th, who commanded the parade, exclaiming to Horsford, who commanded us, 'I never saw anything more beautiful than the way your people marched!'

. Sir George Berkeley, whom I called upon in the afternoon of next day, was most kind. He said he was very glad to make my acquaintance, and that you were one of his oldest friends. I afterwards heard that he had mentioned me in terms of commendation. He gave me a sort of sketch of what he meant to do, which has since been carried out. Colonel Somerset, during the time the troops remained here, came almost every evening to sit with us in our marquee, and played his guitar, which he does most famously, for Lily's amusement. My company was left here, as Sir G. Berkeley wanted to take a company of the 6th in order to give Rumley the command of the expedition, and Horsford insisted on taking his own, which as commanding officer he was, of course, able to carry out.

"The whole force (accompanied by the Fingoes) marched two days after the inspection. I rode out about four miles with them '*en route*,' my company remaining with two companies of the 6th under Colonel Michel at Fort Peddie.

"When I took leave of Sir G. Berkeley, he said, 'Murray, we shall either have great success, or do nothing at all.' I wished him success and rode back to Fort Peddie. I rode Lily's horse, which was much admired all along the column. He is really very handsome, but requires keeping up to his bit in order to get into form properly. Lily rides him better than anybody else, and I am ashamed to say that he gave me a 'spill' one day, owing to my foolishly leaning forward (while passaging him very much against his inclination), in order to see that he crossed his fore-legs properly. He gave a sudden and violent plunge, and I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; though it was no fall, as I held him while on the ground, in spite of his efforts to break away. He gave Lily two little tumbles in going over a fence, for he has an awkward twist in his action in making these bounds which unsettles one very much if one is not prepared for it. I rode him once over a fence, and should hardly have stuck on but by taking my feet out of the stirrups and leaning well back. Lily never will allow him to be exercised, as she prides herself on being able to ride him when he is quite fresh. It is true that he is fond of her, and will be more obedient to her than any one else. She is very much improved, and the riding-master of the Cape Corps, who broke her horse,

told some one that she reminded him of Miss Quentin in her seat and hand on horseback.

“My company has remained here ever since the patrol went out, which consisted of two companies Rifle Brigade, one squadron Cape Mounted Rifles, two guns Royal Artillery, and the Burghers and Fingoes. This force is now occupying a ridge this side of Buffalo River and running parallel to it. The company of the 6th having only been taken to give an excuse for Major Rumley taking command of the troops (under Sir G. Berkeley and Colonel Somerset), and he having been appointed to the command of the district of Bathurst in the Colony, orders have now been sent for my company to join the camp, and replace the 6th company of the 6th, which comes in to Fort Peddie. Colonel Somerset wrote to me to say that he was glad of the change, and that, if Lily came with me, as she had originally said she would, he would make every arrangement to provide for her safety and comfort. Since this letter, however, a Major of the 73rd has been wounded close to the camp, and two Burghers have been cut to pieces by the Kaffirs.

“Sir Henry Pottinger, who has been staying here (making Fort Peddie his head-quarters), has been very kind to us. We dine with him several days in the week, and (since I have been under

orders to go to the camp) we have had a running invitation to come every day. He tried for a long time to persuade Lily that she ought not to go on to the camp, and this morning wrote me a very long note, giving all the reasons against it, and urging the danger to which she would be exposed; finally hinting that it would be considered so foolish a proceeding that Sir G. Berkeley would probably order her to return. Under these circumstances she has given up the idea of going, from which I had at first endeavoured to dissuade her, but in vain. He has given us the use of his marquee, besides the one Colonel Somerset obtained for us, so that with these and my bell-tent our camp has a very comfortable appearance. I move up to the camp with the next waggons that proceed thither; the order having come for my company to move up by escorts, and for the company of the 6th to return in a similar way. I have waited until the last escort, which will probably be in a day or two. As you have asked for an account of my operations in the field, on a separate sheet I have written down the general plan.

“The operations were to be as follows. Sir G. Berkeley with the patrol, consisting of two companies Rifle Brigade, one company 6th regiment, two guns, one squadron Cape Mounted Rifles,

three or four squadrons Burghers, and the Fingoes, were to move from Fort Peddie by Lower Wesleyville Drift upon Wesleyville, where the Kaffirs were supposed to be assembled with their cattle, &c., in some force. Thence, after clearing the country between the Keiskamma and Chalumna rivers, the patrol was to move to Buffalo Mouth and establish a post there.

“Napier in the mean time was to march from King William’s Town with the Kat River Hottentots and some of the Cape Corps, and proceed by a road running parallel to the Buffalo River and reaching the mouth; thus acting upon the right flank and rear of the enemy, should they resist the force moving upon them in front.

“This plan has been carried out with success thus far.

“The patrol left Fort Peddie on the 25th of March, and Napier marched from King William’s Town the day before, which had been originally the day fixed; but the torrents of rain which fell delayed Sir G. Berkeley until the 25th. On the 28th Colonel Somerset wrote to me from Wesleyville, saying that he had made a good clearing of the country between the Keiskamma and Chalumna rivers, but found few Kaffirs occupying the country: he took, however, 200 head of cattle. Armstrong, his aide-de-camp, rode down a Kaffir

messenger and took his horse, but the fellow was a lad and had no information to give. I since saw in the despatch that Colonel S. had, in order to effect this, worked in three columns, one along the coast, and the other two higher up. After these operations a camp was formed about seven miles this side of Buffalo Mouth, to which on the 29th I proceeded with 16 waggons laden with biscuit, and an escort of 37 men, part Rifles and part 6th Regiment.

“As the waggons did not start until very late in the afternoon of that day, we only reached a spot just above the Upper Wesleyville Drift, where we had to halt for the night, this side of the Keiskamma. The waggons drew up in a circle, and we bivouacked inside. The next day we crossed the drift, and proceeded, by the same route which we marched in December last when about to join Colonel S., to the old camp on the Chalumna River, where we halted for the night, forming our camp, or rather park, on the same spot as the old camp. No casualty of any kind happened *en route*, though the road passes through very awkward bush, except the breaking down of a waggon while working up the hill the other side of the drift. We shifted the load, however, into the other waggons, and proceeded to the Chalumna. As the waggon conductor wished to

start early, I marched at five A.M. from Chalumna, by moonlight, and reached a spot beyond Colonel S.'s first camp from Chalumna in last December; and soon after fell into the King William's Town road, on which Napier's spoor was visible,—many horses' feet, and also steps of marching infantry, being visible in the mud. A little beyond this I perceived a large body of horsemen moving along the top of a flat open ridge upon which we were moving, and coming to meet us. As the Kaffirs have many mounted men, I rode forward with a man of the Cape Corps, who acted as a sort of orderly *en route*, and found that they were the Mounted Burghers, more than sixty in number, and sent by Colonel Somerset to meet the convoy, and take orders from the officer commanding. They consisted of Uitenhage and Albany men, and told me that the rear of the column had been attacked by Kaffirs the day before, but that the Rifles had beaten them off. A little further on I found eighty more of the Mounted Burgher force, that had been sent to reinforce the others. We were now proceeding through the country in which the Kaffirs were in force, and I thought it prudent to 'clear for action.' As the whole force of mounted men consisted of three mounted companies, all well armed, under three field commandants, I arranged

them as follows:—The Albany company formed the advanced guard, sending forward a few in advance as *éclaireurs*. Then came the fifteen waggons, occupying a considerable extent of ground, in single file, each waggon having eight in hand: two men of the escort sat in each waggon, with their arms, and in some three or four. The Uitenhagers formed the rear-guard, and the other company, mostly Kat River men, was divided in half, on each flank of the column, sending out flankers to skirt the bush on each side.

“I hope you approve of my disposition. Whenever the column came to a defile the advanced guard passed it, and then halted and occupied the opposite side, watching the bush until all the waggons were through, when the rear-guard followed, and the whole resumed their march. I am sorry to say the Kaffirs left us quite unmolested, though some were seen and fired at by some of the flankers. You will see that, had they attacked either flank singly, I could at once have brought more than two-thirds of my force to bear; and had the front and rear been attacked, a simple movement would have brought the flankers to support the point menaced, while the rear-guard would still protect the waggons.

“As usually happens, however, when one is well

prepared, no attempt was made. We arrived at the camp late in the evening, passing through the pass where the Kaffirs had attacked the waggons the day before. The first person I met on my arrival was Colonel Somerset, who made me come and dress in his tent, and I dined with him and Armstrong that evening. Sir G. Berkeley rode in just after my arrival; and, as I had despatches from Sir H. Pottinger to him, I went to meet him at once. He was most kind, and in great glee at having had a brush with the Kaffirs, one of whom, he told me, took a regular 'pot shot' at Seymour, who had with Sir G. Berkeley ridden up to the edge of the bush to look down into the valley of the river. The only person who did not seem to see the joke was Seymour himself.

"I slept in camp that night, and next morning returned at twelve o'clock with my waggons, accompanied by Major Rumley, of the 6th, who had got an appointment to command at Bathurst. In the morning the Kaffirs made an attack upon the cattle grazing near the camp, and I was fool enough to take a long run with my double-barrelled gun to get a shot, in which hope I was deceived, as the Kaffirs ran off before I arrived, and I had only to walk back again. The Fingoes, Burghers, and Cape Corps went out and

scoured the country near where the waggons were to move back. I saw Need, who had been commanding the rear-guard when the Kaffirs attacked the waggons the day before. He told me the Kaffirs were in great force, and showed themselves very boldly. On the way back we had no casualty of any sort. The Burghers have deserted since my return to a very great amount. This impedes operations, as Sir G. Berkeley cannot move forward with the small force he has. There are no means of stopping these men: the Governor's proclamation only called them out for a month, and they are actually leaving before that period is out. Since my return an attack was made by the Kaffirs on Field Commandant Muller's party of Burghers, who were escorting waggons through a thick bush from one post to another. Seven Burghers were sent from another camp to see what was the matter. They were suddenly attacked by nearly two hundred Kaffirs, who, taking advantage of two having dismounted, fell on them and cut these two literally to pieces. The other five escaped. Major Smith, of the 73rd, was shot in the shoulder close to one of the camps. The troops now occupy a chain of camps every five miles along the Goolah ridge. I hear for my satisfaction that the waggons I took are the only convoy

that has arrived without being fired upon ; with one exception, on which occasion Horsford's Rifles lined the pass by which they were to come. I hope our present march may be prosperous, and, as we have eighty men and only six waggons, I do not expect a breeze. The mouth of Buffalo River is to be made into a harbour if possible, and there will be a depôt formed there. This will facilitate a forward movement, but as yet the ship with the supplies has not been able to run in. A steamer would, however, get in easily, but there is none to send.

“ I hope when I next write I shall have more prosperous news to relate, but at present matters are going on so slowly that the war will take a very long time before it is even in any progress towards conclusion.

“ Ever yours affectionately,

“ A. S. M.”

[Received 1st Dec. 1847.]

“ Goolah Ridge Camp, August 31st, 1847.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ Finished 2nd September.

“ I had deferred writing for some time in hopes of operations being renewed, and therefore

subjects of more interest occurring to make my letter worth the trouble of reading.

“Matters, however, have remained much as they were when I last wrote, except that the posts which I mentioned to you as being held by camps only, have since, by the construction of permanent huts or sheds for the men and stables for the horses, been rendered durable.

“About two months since I was sent with my company to this post, which was formerly where Mr. Need, of our regiment, had, if you remember, a small camp to keep up the communication with Fort Peddie and King William’s Town. The Kaffirs having, however, made a sharp attack upon Bisset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles (D. Q. M. General), and a party of ten men, who were proceeding from the Colonel’s camp to King William’s Town, it was *at last* considered necessary to strengthen this camp, which, being almost the centre of the Buffalo line of posts, was certainly an important one.

“Bisset’s affair was a sharp one, and he and his men had a narrow escape. About a mile from this post, and in sight of it, a point of bush runs out so as almost to touch the road, where it passes over a small rocky eminence. This bush is very extensive in the opposite direction, stretching nearly down to the River Buffalo. The

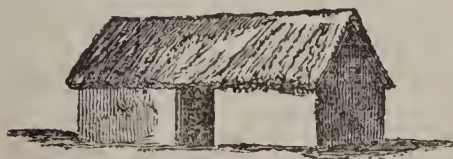
Kaffirs (who always look out for a safe retreat) occupied the point of bush close to the road; and as Bisset's waggon, containing his baggage, passed, they opened a fire upon it. Bisset and his men dismounted and lay down behind some rocks on the opposite side of the road to the Kaffirs, separated from them only by the road itself; and, as the ground sloped down suddenly behind him, he was enabled to put his horses in security a few yards in rear. The two parties then fired at one another for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, when the Kaffirs, seeing a reinforcement coming from this post, which Need (hearing and seeing the firing) had despatched to Bisset's assistance, suddenly fled down the bush towards the river, losing two or three killed and some wounded.

“Bisset was thanked in orders by Sir G. Berkeley for his conduct, which certainly was very gallant; but it was fortunate the affair occurred so near the post, as he and his men would otherwise have been cut off when their ammunition was exhausted, the Kaffirs being nearly one hundred strong.

“Nothing of moment has occurred on the Buffalo line since this little affair, except an attack, made by a large party of Kaffirs in broad daylight, upon the post-riders between this and Chalumna. The post, consisting of four Cape Mounted Rifles, were

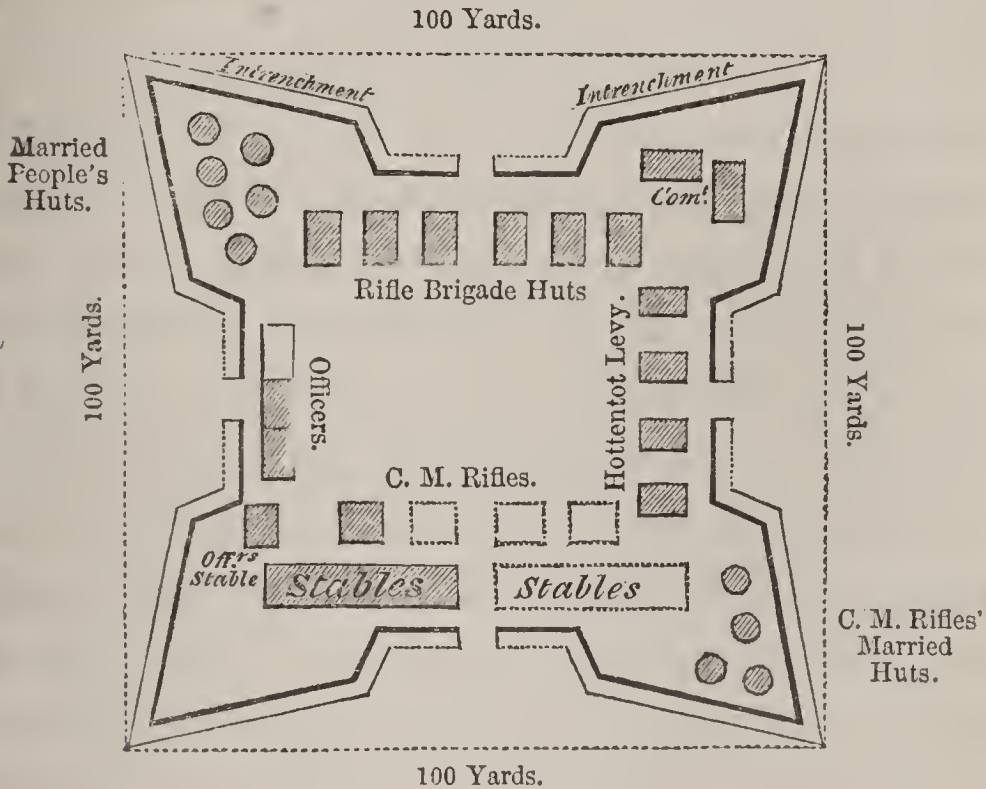
riding through a small grove of thorns close to where the Fort Peddie road joins that which comes from King William's Town, when the Kaffirs attacked them, wounding one horse mortally and another severely. Notwithstanding this, the Cape Corps, having discharged their eight barrels into the Kaffirs, galloped in safe; the horse that was mortally wounded fortunately carried his master into this post, and died about an hour after. He was shot through the lower part of the stomach. The other horse, though struck in the leg, also came in; but had either horse fallen, the riders must have been massacred. It was fortunate for me that I was not of the party, for only about three days before the occurrence I rode in (having been on leave to Fort Peddie) with the same number of men *by night*, one man leading a horse. Luckily the Kaffirs were not out that evening. It is worth remarking that I have heard all the old Cape Corps soldiers say that they prefer riding express or post in *the night*, as the Kaffirs are seldom out in force at that time, and they cannot see you coming for so great a distance as in the daytime. After these two occurrences my company was ordered up here, and we encamped the first night in an open space within a few hundred yards of the scene of Bisset's affair, and next morning came on to this camp.

Need went to join the Colonel's camp at Goolah Heights, and I was left in charge here, with my own company (about eighty strong), twenty Cape Mounted Rifles, and seventy-five Fingoes, to which were soon after added thirty-one of the Hottentot levy. Having got the order to make a permanent post, I laid out the ground according to the little sketch I have enclosed, and built a stable for the Cape Corps horses, and huts for our men and the Hottentots, the whole to be surrounded by an entrenchment, making it in the form of a square fort, flanked by four bastions. The huts, stables, &c., are all built of 'wattle and daub,' as it is called in England, and thatched, with the exception of the Kaffir round huts in the bastions, which are occupied by the married people of the Rifle Brigade and Cape Mounted Rifles. The regulation size of the men's large huts is 20 feet by 10, and 18 feet high in the angle of the shed. The entrenchment is traced upon regular principles, and consists of a parapet faced on



both sides with turf, and a ditch. The unfinished huts and stables are marked in blank. The Cape Corps stable is made like a half shed, and will hold nearly 30 horses. When the corresponding one is completed there will be enough stabling for a troop. As I had the whole of the

planning and marking out of this post, I rather take an interest in these details, and have troubled you



Sketch of Post at Goolah Ridge.*



Profile of Stable.

with them. When the Engineers were here they much approved of my fortification. I was getting on flourishingly when Captain Bringhurst, of the

* This sketch is not drawn by scale, and, therefore, only shows the disposition of the post. The size may be judged by the fact that the distance between the points of the bastions is 100 yards on each face.

90th (whom you must remember at Dover), came up, and, being senior, took command here. This happened about a fortnight since, in consequence of an outbreak in the Amatola mountains, where Sandilli, the Kaffir chief of the mountain tribes, had refused to give up some goats which had been traced to his kraal, or punish the thief. A party was sent, under Captain Moultrie, of the 45th (celebrated for his sporting adventures at the Cape, and a great shooter of lions, &c.), to make Sandilli prisoner. It seems the plan was only known to Moultrie and one other person, and *it is said* that these two were so anxious to take Sandilli or shoot him themselves, that it was one cause of the failure of the project. A skirmish ensued, during which Sandilli walked through the circle of troops which had been formed round the kraal, and escaped. Some cattle were, however, taken, and brought in to Block Drift to the post there, but not without loss. Mr. Russell, who commanded the Kaffir police (a newly raised force which has been found to answer), stopped a few minutes to water his horse at a brook. A Kaffir fired from the bush and shot him through the lungs, and he died just as they came in to Block Drift. His men, I hear, behaved very well, and were most useful in bringing him off. Since this occurrence, which happened in June last (not

many days before the 18th), a sort of armed neutrality seems to be the order of the day. . Pato, after a great deal of humbug about coming in, sent his brother-in-law instead, and an old firelock (which he said was his) in token of submission, but this was (of course) not received. However, he has withdrawn the men who remained on this side the Buffalo, and there has been no more skirmishing for some time. The 90th (who had reached Cape Town on their way to England) were stopped, and recalled to take up the line of posts on this frontier in case of our moving against Sandilli. This occasioned Brighthurst's arrival here; and while we have so many additional hands at the post, he is anxious to complete the works round it. I have laid down the lines, and he is hastening their execution as much as possible; as he justly says that, if we move with the Fingoes and Hottentots, he will be left with a handful of men, and it is as well to make the place as strong as possible. One bastion is completed, and three others are commenced, for the curtains, not being so important, are left to the last. Terms have been offered to Sandilli, but his answer is said not to be satisfactory, so I suppose we shall soon be hard at it again with him.

Lily was so ill at Fort Peddie that her doctor (Dr. Murtagh, of the 6th) insisted upon

her giving up the thoughts of remaining in a tent any longer. Our house at Graham's Town had been given up, and there was no other to be obtained, so I was in a difficulty, when Sir Henry Pottinger (whom we had made great acquaintance with at Peddie) very kindly put his house at Graham's Town at our disposal, which enabled me to send her in. Since this the whole of the Staff, and the Governor, and General commanding have gone into Graham's Town. I got leave for ten days to go into Graham's Town the other day, and did the whole distance between this and Graham's Town (eighty-five miles) in one day, starting at five o'clock in the morning, and before daylight, from this, and only stopping one hour at Fort Peddie. I reached Graham's Town at eleven o'clock at night; Sir Henry Pottinger having sent both his horses to meet me at Trumpeter's Drift and Governor's Kop. As Lily has a wing of the Governor's house at her disposal, I stayed there during all the period of my leave, and nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the Governor to us while staying there; indeed, he seems to have established himself (like the Chancellor) *in loco parentis*. We saw a good deal of Sir George Berkeley and his daughter Mrs. Rumley (whom you remember at Brighton as Miss Berkeley), who very often dined at Govern-

ment House. Sir George very kindly extended my leave (unasked) to the 20th of this month, so that I have only just returned to the frontier. . . .

“ The report on the frontier is that we are to march against Sandilli in about a month's time, or possibly less. The Kaffirs are all well armed and prepared for resistance in that part of the country, having already sent their cattle out of the Amatola; and as the country is very difficult, and the Kaffirs numerous and the most warlike of all tribes, ‘il y aura des chapeaux à vendre.’ I hope it may have the effect of settling the business. Sir Henry Pottinger very wisely keeps all his projects quiet, so that until the movement takes place no one will have the slightest idea of what is going to be done. Indeed I doubt that any one except the Governor himself knows what is really going to take place. Our numbers are certainly not large, nor shall we have assembled any force as large as that which was collected at the Buffalo camp in December last. Your old friend Sir G. Berkeley, though a most excellent kind-hearted person, seems to me rather put out by the novelty of the warfare here, and I do not think he has quite seized the spirit of it as yet. The great difficulty is to know what to aim at, as the Kaffirs have neither towns, positions, nor anything tangible to attack. From being

naked, and accustomed to the difficulties of the country, they can always outmarch our troops, and, except by *chance*, there is no opportunity of getting at them. When once advanced into their country, not a man can go with safety unarmed three hundred yards from the camp, and it is upon parties which may be detached and weak in numbers that the blows will fall heaviest. Witness the case of poor Gibson, Howell, and Chetwynd.

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I have *had* the very unpleasant duty of going into a bush after Kaffirs, and I know that the very slightest article of equipment (even necessary) may hamper you extremely. Overhead the bushes cross their boughs, so that in many parts it is almost dark (especially in the afternoon), and long strings of creepers, joining from one to the other, trip you up almost at every step. Imagine men sent into these encumbered with shakos, knapsacks, &c. &c. Meantime the Kaffir, perfectly stripped, with only his musket, powder-horn, and assegai (or javelin), can move at any rate through the bush and lie in wait to fire at any point he chooses. They often lie as close as possible, allowing you to pass them, and then taking their opportunity to fire at you, or throw their assegais when your back is turned.

“*Sept. 2.*—We have heard the news that San-

dilli has rejected the Governor's terms, and he is accordingly *outlawed* by proclamation and declared a rebel. All the Burghers are called upon to join in invading the Amatola, with permission to capture all his cattle, such as they take becoming without further ceremony their own *bonâ fide* property.

“There will be, I expect, a great number of volunteers, and a scene of ‘take, burn, and destroy,’ such as the Kaffirs have not seen for some time. It is, however, just possible that Sandilli will give in, but I should think his terms would be much harder than they have hitherto been, even under such circumstances. As a copy of the proclamation has just reached me, I enclose it to you,* as you will be glad to see the way in which these people are dealt with, and it seems to me one of the clearest and best written I have read for some time. It states the question exactly as it stands, for it should be remembered that this very Sandilli was one of those chiefs who had made terms with Sir Peregrine Maitland, registering his people (a great farce, by the way), and appearing to be well disposed to remain under the protection of the British Government.

“While we were hunting Pato over the Kei, he remained quiet, but it seems he was only

* See p. 224.

waiting for a pretext to break out afresh. At our first camp after the return (not to say retreat) over the Kei, I remember Colonel Somerset writing to Sir P. Maitland (who was then leaving the colony), to say that he had heard that the Gaikas were not, as it had been supposed, *disarmed*, but that they possessed arms, and were evidently only waiting for an opportunity to give trouble.

“Colonel Somerset passed through this post to-day on his way to the camp at Goolah Heights. The forward movement is expected to take place early in this month, Sir G. Berkeley being expected to leave Graham’s Town on the 11th. So we shall soon be at it again. When I next write, perhaps there will be more that is interesting to write about.—Lily has lent me her pretty little chesnut horse ‘Macomo,’ and he is now with me here on the frontier, but I do not think I shall take him on in the forward movement, as his feet are not in very good order, and he would lose the beautiful condition he is now in, and possibly be knocked up with having to rough it out in these wet, rainy nights. Besides, the Amatola is a great place for losing horses. At the beginning of this war Colonel Somerset told me that he lost a very fine black charger in an action in the Amatola. He had got on another horse and left

the charger with his orderly. The Kaffirs shot the orderly and took the horse, and Sandilli kept him until a short time before this last outbreak, when Colonel Somerset managed to exchange a number of cows for him.

“Many thanks for the maps which you were so good as to send, although they are not correct (I am sorry to say), for in England they are in a state of the most deplorable ignorance relative to the geography of this part of the world. . . . Our Engineer officers had not, when Sir G. Berkeley arrived, a single *sketch* to put in his hands that could be relied upon. There is now a very good sketch of the Buffalo line, executed by Lieut. Jervis of the Engineers, and Captain Macdonell of our regiment. Captain Owen of the Engineers tells me he has also a tolerably correct sketch of the Amatola. So we shall work upon better maps this time. If I have time before the mail is made up, I will write to my mother by this post, and thank her for the number of useful things which she has been kind enough to send to Lily and myself. We are both anxious to hear from you, as I have no letter in answer to one which I wrote on the other side of the Kei to you, and one which I also wrote from the Komga camp, after we had returned across it.

“I also wrote a long account to Henry and

Colonel Hamilton Smith, and have never heard from either since. I trust none of my letters have failed in coming to hand, as, although I have my journal to fall back on, I had mentioned several things which were more vividly in my recollection then, and which I should be sorry that you had not received. This letter will arrive safely, as Sir Henry Pottinger has kindly promised to send it in the Colonial Office Bag, so that the security of its passage is certain. Pray have always a letter in the post-office; for even supposing there should be no post at the moment, they will send it by the first vessel going out to the Cape.

“ You have not given me any answer about what I asked you respecting an unattached majority. If promotion goes on at the rate it is at present, I shall soon be first for the regimental majority, and at all events it is best to be prepared. The only thing to be considered is, whether it would not be preferable to obtain the same rank ‘unattached’ if possible, as there are then more opportunities of holding situations, especially *staff-situations*, which regimental field-officer’s rank deprives you of. There is a case in point here.

“ Sir G. Berkeley would be very glad to keep Major Rumley, of the 6th, on his staff, but he,

being an effective field-officer of a regiment, is prevented from holding any staff-appointment, which he would much prefer to his present situation. The expense is the same in point of money, and the unattached officer only gets half pay, it is true, but the moving about with a regiment is much more expensive upon full pay than holding a staff-situation at home or abroad would be. Besides, if on the unattached list, there is always the opportunity of being employed on particular service, which ensures the brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy as soon as that service is performed, and (as has been the case out here) a staff-appointment during the period of that service. The Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General out here were both officers on the unattached list, coming out on particular service—Colonel Mackinnon and Major Storks.

“I hope you will write as soon as possible, and let me know what you mean to do about my promotion. I have now been nearly a year in the field (since last November), and all that time, with the exception of the very small period of leave that I have had, have been *under canvas* (fair weather and foul).

“Probably, by the time I hear from you again, I shall have had another taste of rough work, and, should I come happily through it, I think it

will nearly be time for something to be done in the way of promotion. Luckily, from my constitution not being a bad one, I have only had one illness all the time, which was a most violent cold and cough while in command of this post, so bad that Somerset shook his head at it, and said I ought to have leave to go in and get well. However, as I was then in command here, Sir G. Berkeley said he would not give leave, as the post was too important to be left with a subaltern. —Since my return from leave my hut has been progressing, and I am now living with my subaltern (Nicholl) in his hut, which is a good-sized one; but these comforts will all cease as soon as the forward movement takes place, and tents (or nothing) will be the order of the day.

“This, if you come to consider it, is rather hard work for so many months. Part of this time we have been actually on service, and over that least pleasant of all rivers, the Kei—all this time in a savage country. Perhaps the Horse-Guards might be more inclined to grant an unattached majority under the circumstances of being on service. At all events it is worth trying for.

“I do not think, on the score of finance, that you will find my account overdrawn at Messrs. Cox’s, but things are very expensive,

and, from the difficulty of procuring the common comforts and conveniences of life, they are sold at extravagant prices in this rascally colony. On the frontier the only people whom you can purchase them from are the ‘Winklers,’ a sort of suttlers, who hire a waggon and load it with things which, when they reach camp, they sell at extravagant prices.

“I will write to my mother if this mail will allow me time to do so. Pray tell her so, with my love.—Also to Gertrude and Henry.—With love to all,

“Believe me, my dear Father,

“Ever your most affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“PS. Pray give my love to aunt Caroline* when you write next to her. You will be glad to hear that I found Lily very much improved in health and spirits when I saw her in Graham’s Town. She had been so ill while living in her marquee, that I am very glad she escaped the winter under canvas.”

* Lady Caroline Murray, daughter of the second Earl of Mansfield.

PROCLAMATION by his Excellency Major-General the Right Honourable Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., G.C.B., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Her Majesty's High Commissioner, &c. &c. &c.

WHEREAS the Gaika Kaffir Chief Sandilli was, in June last, called upon by my authority, and in conformity with the engagements entered into by him, in common with all the other Kaffir chiefs, to deliver up a thief who had stolen thirteen goats from the Settlement of Stockenström (Kat River), and of whom he (Sandilli) denied all knowledge, at a moment when it was positively ascertained that not only had he the culprit in his power, but that he had plundered him, and other (innocent) persons belonging to the same kraal, of the whole of their property, on the plea of punishing them for the said theft.

And whereas I deemed it to be my duty to direct that Sandilli should be called on to make atonement for the said breach of his engagements, in not delivering up the thief, as well as for his subsequent measures, which, instead of checking plunder and theft along the Colonial Border, were, in my estimation, eminently calculated to encourage excesses of that nature, by allowing thieves and marauders to escape, whilst he (Sandilli) benefited and enriched himself by confiscating their property, and that of other persons, against whom, in this instance, there was not even a pretence for a charge.

And whereas Sandilli not only declined to make the atonement required of him, but sanctioned and encouraged his followers to repel by force of arms the detachment which had been sent to enforce my demand, by which violent proceeding two of Her Majesty's subjects were killed and several wounded; and Sandilli obviously

thereby placed himself in the light of a Rebel to the Queen's authority, and set at nought the paramount power which he had acknowledged, and under the protection of which he had, on certain defined terms, been admitted.

And whereas the Commissioner for the Gaika tribes has been, since the above-described event, in frequent communication, under my instructions, with Sandilli, with the object of inducing him to make reparation, so far as that was possible, for his rebellious and violent course, but without success.

And whereas, to evince my deep anxiety to avoid a recommencement of hostilities, and to preserve and encourage feelings of good order and friendliness on both sides of the Frontier, and amongst all classes of people, I lately directed it to be intimated to Sandilli, that if he would, even at that moment, give in two hundred stand of arms, and seize and deliver up the thief who had been the cause of this discussion, I would pardon, on the Queen's behalf, all that had passed, and would allow matters to revert to their previous friendly footing, which intimation Sandilli has totally disregarded, and is further understood to have adopted steps to defend his country, and to set Her Majesty's authority at defiance.

And whereas I,—taking into my deep and lengthened consideration that such contumacious and headstrong behaviour cannot be longer overlooked without endangering the general peace and tranquillity of the whole Colony, and particularly both sides of the Frontier, by disturbing the system which I have been for months past most anxiously and sedulously endeavouring to introduce and perfect; and moreover reflecting, that, where people dwell (as is the case with some of the co-

lonists and a part of the Gaika Kaffir tribes) on either side of an imaginary line of demarcation, it is alone by mutual rigid adherence to their engagements, by the strictest observance of good faith, and by crime being speedily and effectually punished, that the success of the desired system can be possibly secured, or even anticipated,—have determined, in the Queen's name, and in virtue of the powers confided to me as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, to have recourse to the only method that now remains to call Sandilli to account for his contumacy, and to vindicate the offended dignity and honour of the British Government.

I do therefore hereby proclaim the said Gaika Kaffir Chief Sandilli to be a REBEL, and denounce him as no longer under the protection of Her Majesty's Government; and I do further hereby invite and call on all classes and conditions of persons residing in this Colony to be aiding and abetting in carrying my intended measures against the said Rebel Chief into effect, by assembling in commandos, to be headed by leaders appointed by themselves, at Shiloh, on the day of the ensuing month of September, and thence to enter, supported by Her Majesty's regular troops and the Colonial native levies, the country of the said Sandilli.

And I do hereby further proclaim and promise, as an inducement to all persons to come forward, that all cattle and other booty captured by such commandos, belonging to or found within the country of the said Sandilli, or any others who may take part with him, shall become the *bonâ fide* property of, and be retained by, the captors; and that no claim shall hereafter be made on the part of Government, or on any other pretence, for an account of, or the restoration or relinquishment of cattle or other property so captured.

And I do hereby further proclaim that all the other Gaika, T'Slambie, and Tambookie Kaffir Chiefs, the Bushman Madoor, and their followers, who have declared their wish and intention to remain neutral, and to abide by their engagements during the approaching hostilities, are, and shall be understood and taken to be, under the protection of the Queen of England, so long as they shall act upon and be guided by the above-mentioned declaration; and I do strictly, solemnly, and unqualifiedly enjoin and command all persons bearing allegiance to Her Majesty to refrain from molesting such neutral (or friendly) Kaffirs, and to consider the protection of them and their lives and property to be a paramount duty.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Dated at Graham's Town this 27th day of August, 1847.

HENRY POTTINGER.

“ King William's Town, Kaffirland,
“ MY DEAR FATHER, “ Feb. 16th, 1848.

“ The bearer, Quartermaster Sergeant Hewison, has been *twenty* years in our battalion. His character has always been most excellent, but his constitution is unfortunately breaking up. He was, when I first knew him, Colour Sergeant in poor Fry's company, and has since been in his present situation. If you can manage anything for him (for he has only one year more to serve, and is expecting to obtain his discharge), I should be delighted to hear of his holding any good

situation which would not be too laborious for him, for this last campaign in Kaffirland has very much injured his health. His character is most excellent in the regiment. I have no time to say more on other subjects, and will write by the post to you ; but, as Sergeant Hewison leaves early to-morrow morning, I could not allow him to leave for England without writing a line in his favour to you.

“ Believe me

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ PS.—Hewison goes at present to be Quartermaster Sergeant of the depôt, but he will go as soon as his time is up.

“ *Major-General the Hon. H. Murray, C.B.,
Government House, Devonport.*”

[Received 1st June, 1848.]

“ King William’s Town,

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ March 16th, 1848.

“ The report of your being appointed to the Colonelcy of the 7th Dragoon Guards has just reached us, and I lose no time in writing to congratulate you. Perhaps a light cavalry regiment would have been more what you would have wished, but the Dragoon Guards are considered a greater compliment, as it passes you over all other cavalry

regiments in the service, and places you nearer the Household Troops, which is always considered an honour. The regiment has just left this station on its way to England, and there has been but one opinion of its gallantry and efficiency during the whole of this war. Indeed, from the nature of the service, the men have been more employed on the duties of light troops than from their original organisation would have been expected, and they have always behaved with distinction. Nothing could exceed the zeal of the men upon every occasion. In saying this I am only repeating the opinion of those who have commanded during this war, and I well remember Colonel Somerset giving the highest possible character of the regiment in general.

“ Since Sir Henry Pottinger’s departure we have been living at this station, which, by a general order of Sir Harry Smith, is to be considered a permanent quarter. Sir Henry had very kindly given us the use of his cottage at Fort Peddie, which was extremely comfortable.

“ Sir Harry Smith, on my application, ordered a marquee to be given to us out of the Commissariat store; we have accordingly been living in a small wattle and daub hut, and the marquee, while our house is building. A short time after this arrangement there was very severe weather,

and the floods of rain were so tremendous that the Buffalo River swelled and washed away a house built near its banks, drowning the man who occupied it. The hut was not waterproof, and the marquee was completely wet through, and the greater part of the boxes, with the things they contained, spoiled by the water. We were, consequently, obliged to live entirely in the hut, notwithstanding the numerous leaks in it, and this state of affairs lasted for four days. Our hut (which, by the way, was lent us by my subaltern Nicholl) is not quite large enough for a two-stall stable, with a mud floor to it, and as I said before *not* waterproof. I am happy to say that Lily's health has not suffered from all these hardships as much as might have been expected, but the winter is now coming on, and the nights are very cold, and sleeping under canvas will soon be very severe. Our house is in progress, and from the difficulty of waggon hire, and the high price of work here, it will be a considerable expense, but being built of rough stone, with a good thatched roof, I am in hopes it will at least keep out wind and weather. It consists of only two rooms and a fireplace, and the men of my company have worked well at it, but the numberless fatigues, duties, and parades render the progress very slow. There are not quite *four* companies of the regiment here; and as

they have to work at the public buildings, such as the commanding officer's quarters, and various buildings in process of formation under the Engineer department, and to do their guards and parades and regimental fatigues, you may imagine how little time there is for private work. Colonel Buller has been very civil. . . . His house is built for him by the Engineer department, but hitherto he has been in considerable discomfort, and was nearly washed out of his house during the rains. By Sir Harry Smith's general order officers are recommended to build houses at their own expense, but it adds that waggons will not be provided to assist them. Now, when all are in a tolerably forward state, the commissariat is ordered to supply waggons, tools, &c., on condition of the houses so built being government property, which offer has of course not been accepted by those whose houses are nearly finished, as they have already incurred most of the expense. . . . My cottage will cost about 120*l.*: but I am in hopes of receiving back about two-thirds of that from whoever may succeed me in it, the only stipulation being that all houses belonging to officers must be purchased by officers, the purchasers giving a fair price according to the original cost. . . .

“The new town of King William's Town is being laid out in streets, &c., but as yet only a few huts

or storehouses kept by winklers (*i.e.* shopkeepers, or suttlers) have been built.

“Sir Harry Smith has returned to Cape Town after a rapid excursion to Natal, in which he flatters himself that he has settled everything. The question, however, is rather a difficult one, and one may be permitted to doubt whether he can have had sufficient time to come to a right opinion of the bearings of the case. Sir Henry Pottinger said the Natal question would take some months of personal residence to enable *him* to form an opinion, and had he remained it was his intention to have gone to that part of the country, and remained there long enough to see the working of such measures as he would have adopted. Sir Harry Smith (when I dined with him) told me he meant to make a flying visit, travelling with Mr. Southey, his secretary (formerly an interpreter and guide), and his servant Harley (a man of my company), in a light cart or waggon, and seemed to think that the ‘Veni, vidi, vici’ system was to carry all before it. Great excitement seems to prevail in favour of Sir Harry Smith in the colony, and the last papers mention a proposal to erect an equestrian statue of him at Cape Town.

“The Kaffirs are comparatively quiet, peace having been proclaimed; but as they have been

all reinstated in their lands, they have not suffered much by the war.

“Pato was here yesterday, and sat with us some time, but there is an abstracted look about him, and a restlessness of manner, that I think remarkable, and foreboding no good. I asked him about events that had happened over the Kei, and especially the time when he so nearly fell into Colonel Somerset’s hands, when I was with him. He denied everything, but I think was afraid that I might make him prisoner if he acknowledged it. I do not think the Kaffirs will remain quiet long, and I hope we shall be out of the country before they break out afresh, but there really seems little chance of it.

“Captain Hogg, of your regiment, has been about the most useful person on this frontier: I believe he is either going to leave the service or try to get an unattached majority. He commanded a corps of Hottentot infantry, which has been most useful in this war: in fact, most of the successes of the last campaign are attributable to the captures of cattle made by that corps. There is no news of any sort or kind, except what I have told you. . . . Nothing can be more wretched than living in this . . . country. Everything is most preposterously expensive; and when one considers the comforts and advantages one might enjoy in any civilised

country for the same or even a smaller amount, it is really mortifying to reflect that we are paying all this money and wanting half the necessaries of life. We are now *pro tempore* at peace; and were there any means of escaping a longer residence here, *now* would be the time to make use of them. But it is absurd to suppose that, with the troops weakened to the degree they soon will be, we shall remain long at peace: the Boers on the N.E. boundary are already beginning to give trouble, while the Kaffirs are still robbing and murdering in the colony. A farmer, of the name of Ingram, was murdered by Kaffirs near Graham's Town, about a fortnight since, on his own estate. This shows how *tranquil* they are disposed to be. We are now in the very heart of Kaffirland, with Kaffirs all round us, and any signal of war would surround us with enemies. . . . I would gladly seize any means of returning to Europe, but while belonging to this battalion there is no chance of it.

“ You have never given me any answer to the repeated questions I have made in my letters regarding my promotion. There appears to be no present chance of it in this regiment, as, from your having permitted two officers to purchase over my head, and both being here present with the battalion, they will, of

course, seize any step that goes in the regiment before me. Government does not seem to intend that the slightest reward in the shape of promotion by brevet should be given to officers, and it is sickening to serve in such a country for nothing. In all your experience of the service I do not hesitate to say that you could not have gone through a year of such hardship as the last has been to us. If any claim would be allowed to promotion to unattached rank, I should think that it would in this case. It is remarkable that my company, from having been the only one of the battalion which crossed the Kei the second time, is the only one to which a large share of prize money has been awarded. Of course, I mean only *the men*, who have mostly about 2*l.* 10*s.* each from the sale of the captured cattle. Every one in the regiment...is...disgusted with the country, which is, indeed, a savage one. Lily sends her love to you and all at Government House; and believe me, my dear Father,

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ I am very sorry to hear so bad an account of poor uncle George,* and hope that he may improve

* The late Lieut.-General the Hon. George Murray. He was a good Greek scholar, very amiable, clever, and amusing, and a great favourite in his own family.

in health. At first I had my doubts whether some mistake had not been made, and that he might have obtained the 7th Dragoon Guards, so seldom is a regiment so high up in the List given at first to a major-general. Pray give my love to all at home.

“Gertrude tells me that she has lost a very nice companion in Mrs. Maxwell, and I am very sorry to hear it, for it is a great thing for her to have some agreeable person to go out with if my mother happens not to be well. The Gazette containing your appointment to the 7th Dragoon Guards has only just reached us, but I am glad to see that there was no mistake in the report. Gertrude’s letter reached me to-day, and I have enclosed a few lines in answer, not having time to write a long one.

“You will probably see your regiment soon after its return. It is, I think, a beautiful corps as far as the men are concerned, and they were in this country very well mounted. Their horses have, however, been left in the colony, and mostly distributed to the Cape Corps. Many of the men also have obtained their transfer to that regiment.

“PS. I was glad to hear my old horse was doing so well, and that you rode him now and then at parade.”

“ King William’s Town,

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ May 15th, 1848.

“ You will be glad to hear that our house is so nearly finished that we expect to occupy it in the course of next week. The continued obstacles that have been thrown in the way of its completion,—partly from the enormous expense of materials and waggon hire, and partly by the hindrance of, who took away the only carpenter I had to work for me, saying that ‘a major was to be considered before a captain’ (on the principle of Michael Cassio, I suppose, ‘that a lieutenant was to be saved before an ancient’),—have at length been overcome, and I trust that Lily’s health will now improve as soon as she is relieved from the discomfort of passing these cold nights under canvas. Few people have borne the hardships she has submitted to; and, certainly, none could be more cheerful under them.

“ We rode into Graham’s Town on a fortnight’s leave last month, in order to settle some things previous to our house being finished; and also to get the comfort of being, for even a short time, under a roof. We were unfortunate in the weather at first starting, a heavy storm in the mountains having swollen the rivers, and rendered the drifts

almost impassable. We crossed the Buffalo in a boat which has been lately established here, swimming the horses over; but, on arriving at Line Drift, on the Keiskamma, we found Horsford and Cornwall, who had preceded us one day, unable to cross the drift, and the river coming down like a mill-stream. It was too late to return, and we were obliged to light a fire and bivouac for the night under a tree, the top of which, having been bent over by recent floods, formed a species of hut. In the middle of the night our temporary shelter caught fire, from some old dried leaves and weeds which remained in the boughs igniting, and we were obliged to turn out for about half an hour until these had burnt out. Luckily the branches did not catch, and we were enabled to return and sleep there until morning. Some of the Cape Mounted Rifles came down next day, and swam across with a rope, which they made fast to both banks, and, by their assistance, Horsford, being mounted on a very good horse, was led across the river. Lily was anxious to attempt the passage, but I felt too nervous about her safety to allow it. To understand the danger it is as well to explain the means of crossing.

“A strong cavesson of leather is put on the horse's head, and the reins either taken over by

the man who leads, or knotted on the neck. Two men, stripped to their shirts and up to their waists in water, hold on to the rope that crosses from bank to bank, and lead the horse by the cavesson. The current running strong, the horse hangs back down stream, and works against the current with his head to it. Should the cavesson (or rein, as it is called) break, nothing can save your being carried, horse and all, down the river; and as long as you and the horse do not part company, there is a bare possibility of your coming out, having been dashed almost to pieces by the rocks and trees which hang over the banks. But this even must be a providential escape. Should you, however, by the horse's falling, or any other accident, slip off, nothing can save you. I, therefore, could not allow Lily to cross at the time Horsford succeeded, and in consequence we had to pass another night in bivouac under our old shelter. Early the next morning the men of the Cape Corps came down, but, although the river had fallen a little, the current was tremendous. However, the men, who were old soldiers, and had known us both before, swore that the 'Mrs.' should be taken over safe, and that they would answer for it with their lives. So we attempted the passage, and got safe across. Each of us had to be led over in the same manner, for

the men would not allow us to use our reins. I have crossed the Kei when it was not pleasant, but I hardly think it was such nervous work as this. The current was stronger than the day before, and made the horses disposed to hang back, but they all performed the 'trajet' well. We reached Fort Peddie to breakfast; and as Lily was anxious to get to Graham's Town, where she could repose in some degree of comfort after her fatigues and hardships, we continued our ride, and reached Graham's Town at night—fifty-seven miles in the course of a day!

“ Since writing the last sheet we have had the pleasure of receiving your letters of the 15th and 29th of January. I am very glad that your regiment was given in so flattering a manner, and hope it is only an earnest of more marks of favour from the same quarter. You will by this time have received my letters written on hearing of your appointment. Your regiment is much altered from what it was on leaving England. It was then considered *heavy* and *slow*, but the constant work in the field in this country has rendered the men intelligent; and if Colonel Gibson keeps up the spirit that seemed to me to exist among the men, it will be one of the best in the service, and quite equal to any duties of light troops that it might be called upon to perform

upon an emergency. I fear many of the smartest men have exchanged to the Cape Mounted Rifles, but still there must be some of the old soldiers in the ranks that would soon break in the young ones to their duty, and teach them a little more than seems generally taught in heavy dragoon regiments. Some of the officers, too, are quite up to their duties in the field. Darell was distinguished at the Guanga, and had both himself and his horse wounded. Hogg has made himself quite a reputation in this country as a commander of light troops. Butler was several times in action, and on the occasion of the attack made upon the 7th Dragoon Guards at Trumpeter's, where they were obliged to dismount two-thirds of the men and skirmish in the bush, his conduct was so conspicuous, that the men of his troop came when the day was over to say how much they felt his judgment and conduct had contributed to their security under such difficulties.

“I thought you would like to hear what I had been able to hear and see with regard to the regiment of which you have got the command.

“I am sorry you are disappointed that I was not with Colonel Buller in the Keiskamma Hock.

“It may read well in the newspapers that Sandilli surrendered to him, but, in fact, he surrendered to Bisset, of the Cape Corps, who rode

out to meet him, and brought him into Graham's Town. He passed one night in camp at the Keiskamma Hock, and this was all they saw of him. Besides, the patrols from the General's camp had quite as much, if not more, skirmishing with the Kaffirs than those from Buller's camp, and they had the additional comfort of tents during the wet weather. Indeed, it was rather as a mark of favour that Sir George obtained the arrangement of keeping my company with him; and being the only part of the Rifle Brigade that made the second march across the Kei, it is the only company that came in for a share of prize-money from the captured cattle. I also, by this means, commanded on several occasions upon which doing so was an advantage, and I know that Sir George has kindly mentioned my name several times in his despatches home. So that I do not, *in the least*, regret that I was not with the party at the Keiskamma Hock; who, after Sandilli's surrender, were kept in perfect idleness until the conclusion of the war.

“To return to your letters. Sir Henry Pottinger having gone to Madras, I am sorry that I cannot add your thanks to mine for his great kindness to Lily and myself, but I will mention them to him when I write. He is not, however, a person who likes to be thanked, although his

continual kindness and attention to Lily and me has made us bankrupt of acknowledgments. . . .

“I am disgusted with this country. While the war lasted there was some interest and excitement, but nobody who has not experienced it can tell how desolate a station is in a savage country, with no society, and, until the last few days, not even a house to live in. On our return from Graham’s Town, which was accomplished with comparative ease, the rivers having fallen, we found our cottage in a fair way of completion. To understand what we call a house in Kaffirland you must imagine a long barn-shaped building, containing one fireplace and chimney, and covered with thatch, about the size and length of your court-martial room, divided into two by a partition wall, and forming two rooms, the inner of which is again divided by a temporary partition. The thatched roof is carried several feet over the front of the house, and supported by poles, thus forming a sort of verandah. A door opens from each room into the verandah, and there is another door at the back.

“We have been put to great expense from the hire of waggons, &c. : for had I availed myself of the Government waggons they would have seized upon the house as theirs. There are small glass windows in one room about the size of the case-

ments in a farm-house, and in the bed-room we have only canvas stretched over frames, as glass would raise the expense too much.

“Nothing can exceed the inordinate expense of this colony; and although we have done our *best*, I am well aware that the bills I have had to give on England are very large.

“The building of this house has cost 120*l.*; and when you consider that it is nothing more than a large stone barn, divided into two by a stone partition,—that the ceiling is coarse canvas stretched,—and that the windows of one room are also canvas,—it will give you an idea of the amazing expense of labour, even when the workmen are soldiers of one’s own regiment.

“One thing at least I am glad of, and that is that it is durably built, and from having a plank floor we are not living upon damp earth, as is the case in most other huts.

“Lily has shown capital management, and turned boxes, &c., to account in furnishing the room, covering them with some of the old Mediterranean things, &c., and turning old curtains into coverings so as to look neat and tidy. The skin karosses which formed part of our camp furniture answer as rugs, so that the room looks better than it really is.

“Major Beckwith has built a wattle and daub

house, hoping that it would cost him less, but he has found it (as we told him) a failure, for it has cost him exactly the same as our stone building; and should there be floods during the winter, which is now coming on, his walls will be washed away in many places. Unluckily for us, we were kept so long under canvas that all the things we brought with us have been more or less damaged by the wet weather, and we have had to replace some things that were irretrievably spoiled. An excellent mattress was totally spoiled, the covering having rotted and been torn by rats, which infest most of the tents here. Our clothes have also been spoiled by mildew, so that we have been put to expense of every description. However, I hope our hardships are over for a time, and (if we are not again moved) that we may enjoy some rest after them.

“Colonel Buller and Captain Horsford are going on leave to England.

“I am very glad that you wrote to Admiral Dacres. Every one seems to like him, and he has already shown his feeling in our favour.

“I have said nothing in this letter as yet about future prospects, because from a passage in your letter I am in hopes that when you get up to town you will see what can be done in the way of promotion for me. I confess that,

taking into consideration the wretched country in which the regiment is stationed, I would willingly exchange into another that offered more advantages. It will not do, however, to lose promotion, as *that* should be the first consideration in any arrangement made When I consider the length of time I have been in the infantry, I doubt whether the Horse Guards will ever remember the promise which both poor Lord Hill and Lord FitzRoy made—that I should be brought back to cavalry at some future opportunity. If I am to wait many years more for promotion, I would rather do so as a captain of cavalry. If, on the other hand, they would allow me to purchase an unattached majority, I might afterwards exchange into cavalry; but all things should be well understood before any arrangement is made, otherwise the sanction of the authorities might be wanting at the last moment. One thing is quite certain,—nothing is to be gained by staying here. Poor Sir George Berkeley always said he wondered at our being allowed to remain here so long, when there was literally nothing to be gained by it.

“We have heard upon pretty certain authority that nothing is to be done in the way of rewards for those concerned in the Kaffir war.

“My mother, who is not quite ‘*au fait*’ of the

true state of the case, compares it to India (a very different station in every respect), and seems sanguine in her expectations in consequence. But there is no doubt that this colony is widely different. There have been too few actions of magnitude, and the uncertainty of the movements of the Kaffirs has prevented the weight of the struggle from falling equally upon all engaged in the war; and it would be a difficult thing to find out who were actually *engaged* and who were not. I do not mean to say that all who have served will not be favourably considered, and that it will not always count as service in the field, but there will be no brevets given to any one.

“We are now in perfect quiet as far as hostilities with the Kaffirs are concerned, and the Kaffir Police (a corps raised by Sir Henry Pottinger), composed of Kaffirs, takes the duty of patrolling the country and bringing back all cattle stolen by the Kaffirs from the colony.

“The Kaffirs themselves seem quiet enough, and bring wood, milk, and pumpkins into the post, which they sell for sixpence or threepence, or some tobacco, according as you like to pay them.

“My mother in her letter recommends me to try and go on to India, upon either Sir George Berkeley’s or Sir Henry Pottinger’s staff. Sir George has his staff quite full, and I do not think

that in any other case it would be desirable at present, especially as in order to hold any situation paid by the Company you must exchange into a regiment serving in India, and consequently give up promotion. At all events there is much that requires consideration.

“I am glad to hear you have had something to do with the subject which engrosses every one—the defences of the country. If you look at some of the old letter-books in the Brigade Office, you will find a curious, and I think ingenious, letter to Lord George Lennox on the same subject. I believe the writer is General Simcoe, who was celebrated for his services in America; but I only gather this from some points in the letter.

“Colonel Oldfield has a copy of General Lloyd’s book on the defence of England, which I procured for him, and which I have no doubt he would lend you; and coming from such high authority, you would find many suggestions useful.

“A district in England is now become a more important command than it was, and you will I am sure be interested in the subject from the great importance of it. There is no doubt that the subject has been too much allowed to drop into oblivion, and the very small number of troops in each district makes every movement on the defensive a very crippled one. Should there

ever be a sudden war with France, a day would bring 20,000 men, forming the permanent garrison of Paris, to Boulogne, and what have you to concentrate against them? One comfort is that the Western District is not so likely to be threatened as any point nearer London; but it might be a question for you to decide what you could do if your communication with London and the south-east counties was cut off, which any force landing intermediately and establishing itself would soon do. Of course all disposable troops would be drawn off to cover London; in which case, the hills near Reigate, and perhaps even Wimbledon, might become the positions of defence taken up. But you and the Western district would be left to your own inventions, *minus* your ordinary line of communications. Of course my suppositions extend to the fact of a large force having established their landing. Although, as I say, the fact of their going so far from London as to land in the Western district is improbable, it should still be remembered that King William III.'s point of landing was Torbay, and that you have only the regiment of cavalry at Exeter holding the whole of Devonshire and Somersetshire (where the Duke of Monmouth landed), which has not a single soldier, unless Colonel Tynte and his yeomanry rank as such.

“Excuse my having given you such a dose of difficulties ; but there they are, and I leave them for your consideration.

“By-the-bye, as we are on military subjects, an officer now in the Cape Corps and formerly in the Prussian service, has written to Prussia to procure me the new military game, illustrative of all the movements of troops, which are moved upon plans of fields of battle according to a certain rule, each move being subject to certain rules. This he has told them to send directed to your care at Devonport, where it would be taken care of for me. It is universally studied in Prussia, and the King has made a present of a box of pieces and board of plans to every regiment in his service for the use of the officers. If any parcel answering to this description comes to you directed for me, would you kindly take charge of it ? It will probably be sent through the Prussian Embassy.

“I have no time to write more, for I am anxious to save this post.

“Lily sends her best love to you ; and with kind love to all at home,

“Believe me ever, my dear Father,

“Your affectionate Son,

“ARTHUR S. MURRAY.”

[Received 25th October, 1848.]

“ King William’s Town,

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ 30th July, 1848.

“ I am just on the eve of marching to Colesberg, and proceed near six hundred miles in the interior of the country.

“ Poor dear Lily is obliged to remain behind at King William’s Town, as they will not allow her to accompany the troops.

“ The cause of the march is that the Dutch Boers, headed by the noted Pretorius (the same who headed a rebellion at Natal formerly, when they very nearly destroyed a company of the 27th), have again broken out and occupied the country beyond the Orange River, having given Major Warden and the detachment he commands twenty-four hours’ notice to quit the country, which they have done.

“ An express arrived the night before last from Cape Town, having been ordered to ride with the utmost haste, by which orders were received to march two companies of the Rifle Brigade from this place; two companies 45th Regiment from Fort Hare; two companies 91st Regiment, four troops of the Cape Mounted Rifles and two guns, and a detachment of Sappers and Miners; the whole to unite at Colesberg, marching by dif-

ferent routes until they join on the Colesberg road.

“This force is to be under Colonel Buller’s command, who is to wait at Colesberg for Sir Harry Smith’s orders. Colonel Buller’s and Captain Horsford’s leave has been cancelled.

“Major Beckwith goes up with our two companies (mine and Hardinge’s), and, on joining the rest of the troops, is to command the infantry.

“Two companies of the Rifle Brigade and a detachment of another remain here under Horsford’s command.

“It will take very nearly a month for us to arrive at Colesberg, marching every day except Sundays. The campaign will then begin beyond Colesberg; and as the Boers are all mounted, and have the power of moving several hundred miles beyond that into the interior, over vast plains where hardly any wood can be procured, our little force will have probably a severe campaign before it.

“Pretorius has a very considerable force assembled, 1200 mounted men; and, besides knowing the country well, is a well-educated and clever man. Sir Harry Smith has offered 1000*l.* reward for his apprehension.

“They have, of course, all sorts of reports; but one is that the Kaffir chief Moshesh, who lives

near the Orange River, is offended at Government having ordered his land to be surveyed, and is not likely to be friendly to us.

“It seems to me that our force is not sufficient; but we shall see. We have not more than six or seven hundred men in all, including cavalry and artillery.

“You must be aware of the prodigious expense which all these movements and changes oblige us to incur.

“Dear Lily remains in our house at this place, and I am happy to say has at least a good roof over her head; but this is all. She is left perfectly alone in a more desolate place than any she has before remained at. There is not a single person here whom she can make a companion of.

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“There is no communication with Colesberg under a month, so that, should any difficulty arise, I cannot hear of it for a considerable time. This is by no means a safe country, and the removal of the troops will encourage the Kaffirs to fresh insurrection; so that I cannot even say that I leave her in security.

“I have advised her, in case of any violent outbreak here, to go to Graham’s Town or to Buffalo Mouth, where she might, if the war comes to the worst, go by sea to Cape Town.

“But it is a most dreadful emergency to look forward to. The frontier will be very weak in point of troops, and matters might easily come to that pitch that the road to Graham’s Town would not be safe to travel. Above all, my absence will be most seriously inconvenient in case of any difficulty about money, for there is *no one* in England upon whom she can draw in case of emergency ; when I am six hundred miles away and exposed to daily and hourly risk, my note-of-hand will not be procurable.

“As I before wrote to you, this is *not a country* in which we ought to be left, if it can possibly be avoided. It is most expensive ; and the continued unsettled state of the frontiers renders every station insecure.

“I have not the slightest idea, nor I believe has any one else, of the probable duration of this new contest. Some say six months.

“Poor Lily is inconsolable. She had made up her mind to accompany us as far as Colesberg ; but Colonel Buller will not allow her to do so, urging with justice the amazing distance, the wildness of the country, and the utter impossibility of sending back or leaving any one with her in case of sickness.

“She has written to you by this post.

“I believe I mentioned in my last letter that

my last bill on Messrs. Cox was for 100*l.* at the commencement of this month. This was given to ——, and was payable at thirty days after sight.

“I am aware that it is absolutely necessary to avoid expense, but it is literally impossible to do so in this colony, where the common necessities of life are so dreadfully expensive. I hear that when we get up to Colesberg the charges are tremendous; and now that there is a field-force going up there, the farmers will try to make as much by them as possible. After Colesberg, there is a tract of country where there is no wood to be procured to light even a fire, unless you have the good luck to find dry dung of any sort which you can ignite! This promises well for a part of the country in which there is frost and snow during this season of the year.

“The greatest chance of the campaign being soon over is, that the Boers may form a sort of entrenched camp, or ‘loyer,’ as they call it; and if this is attacked and stormed, it is supposed that they may submit, but they are not likely to shut themselves up with all the country behind them.

“Lily tells me to say that she will write to you all the details she hears when we are up at Colesberg, and I hope you will write regularly to her.

Remember she has nobody near her, poor child ! that she can make a friend of.

“Poor Sir Henry Pottinger, the kindest friend I have ever met since leaving England, is now far away ; and we have no one in command of the troops like your good old friend Sir George Berkeley, who was one of the kindest and most gentlemanlike people I ever met with.

“In the present hurry of departure I have been obliged to pay the whole of the bills for the house at once. I have also had to draw money for the march, and shall have to give another bill on Messrs. Cox for 110*l.* as soon as the forms for so doing have been sent me by ——.

“These expenses are very great ; but I see no end to expense and inconvenience of every description as long as we remain in so miserable a country as this.

“The box which my mother kindly sent by the ‘Acheron’ is arrived, and I am much obliged for the things contained in it. I will write to her if possible by this post.

“The rainy season has just commenced and will probably last for six weeks. The Buffalo is swollen by the rains, and I rather doubt whether the drift will be practicable. I hear that Colonel Buller is anxious to try it, as the 45th have already marched from Fort Hare. At present we

are under orders to march to-morrow morning.
With best love from Lily,

“ Believe me, my dear Father,

“ Ever your affectionate Son,

“ ARTHUR S. MURRAY.

“ Give my love to my mother and Gertrude.
I hope —— is better.

“ You had better direct to King William's Town as before. Your letters will then be forwarded when there is an opportunity. There is no regular post (I believe) to Colesberg. The distance from hence to Colesberg is about three hundred miles, but we go far beyond it.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B.,
Government House, Devonport, Devon, England.*”

In all these details it may be observed how small a space is devoted to himself compared with the interest and anxieties which are attached to his wife's comfort and safety.

Although she encountered the hazards and fatigues of service in no common spirit of womanly resolution, yet from first to last how heavy a weight to her husband were the difficulties connected with her, compared with those of an officer campaigning as an unmarried man.

Wives, in their affection to their husbands, will not believe this ; they indulge romantic but sincere notions that their kind solicitude and ever ready attention can smooth all difficulties. But the plain, however unpleasing, truth is, that a wife's accompanying her husband on actual service adds a thousand times to any anxieties there may be in campaigning, and which may be borne by a single man not only with a tranquil mind but a light heart.

Every officer going on active service must have felt that, whatever animated view there may be in the prospect of such employment, there is a severe pang in taking leave of those to whom he is attached and whom he never may see again. But the pain of such separation is usually very much lightened by the certainty that the danger is to be exclusively his own—that those he leaves will be in safety and in comfort ; but it was not so in Kaffirland, a country of savages, and savages at war. If even in Christian communities war obliterates moral feelings, how much more so must it sharpen the cruelties of those who are entirely ignorant of the moral and religious obligation of mercy !

It was under these circumstances this young officer had to go forth to battle ; but according to the exigencies of the moment he did whatever was considerate to provide for the safety of his

wife; and those who may chance to read this Memoir will learn with satisfaction that the dangers which he apprehended for her in the event of his own death were happily averted by means that at that time he could not foresee.

In the most perplexing and trying difficulties, when all human effort must fail to insure extrication, hope need never be resigned, since a higher power than human reason must determine the event: in that Power we may confide, since the measure of evil or of good which it decrees must be the best.

In the common intercourse of life we are little disposed to credit the kind feelings that often surround us unnoticed and unperceived; but when a great affliction befalls us Providence seems to educe these feelings for our consolation; and so it proved when in that desolate situation Arthur's wife soon afterwards became a widow.

I did not read the foregoing letter without considerable anxiety, and I did not communicate it to my wife and daughter, who were neither of them well at the time, and always most warmly interested in Arthur's welfare.

I was engaged in the Brigade Office when my aide-de-camp, Captain Prothero,* came in and

* Now Lieut.-Col. Prothero, 3rd West York Militia.

mentioned that accounts had been received from the Cape of Good Hope, and that an action had been fought: he added, "Have you heard lately from Captain Murray?"

"Yes: I had a letter from him yesterday."

"It is said Captain Murray has been wounded."

I asked when the action had taken place.

"It was on the 29th of August."

"Where?"

The place was mentioned—beyond Colesberg. "Then," said I, "the detachment of the Rifle Brigade could hardly have had time to reach it. Is it said that Arthur was severely wounded?"

"Yes," answered Captain Prothero, "as badly as possible."

I doubted the fact of his having been engaged—the time seemed to me too short for the completion of the march to Colesberg; but then a misgiving came to my mind that the fact might be true, and I revolved in my thoughts how I best could assist him if badly wounded; when all at once the thought struck me, and I said, "He is not dead?"

The manner, if not the answer, spoke this but too truly.

The communication could not have been made more kindly or more considerately. I went into the next room to calculate with the Brigade

Major the time required for the march to Colesberg. Alas ! it was quite possible. But I determined not to break the matter to his mother and sister until I could ascertain the fact to a certainty, and I wrote to Lord FitzRoy Somerset.

In the mean time I had to maintain at home a calmness I surely did not feel.

To look on those for whom we have regard, and to know that there is a heavy stroke of grief fast coming on them of which they are as yet unconscious, involves the pain with which we contemplate the certain victims of a mortal malady, as it steals on them unperceived, and feel that it soon will be our duty to tell them that they are on the brink of the grave.

On the night of the 29th August, 1848, I was at a ball at Plymouth, interested and amused with observing the gay revolving groups of dancers, when a friend remarked to me, of a fine young officer, that he was said to be like my son Arthur : the last accounts I had had from the Cape of Good Hope were encouraging, so that to think of him was a pleasing vein of thought, that blended cheerfully with the well-lighted ball-room, the music, and the dress which enlivened the scene.

Yet at that *moment*, in a distant colony, my son was on his bed of death !

When this coincidence, at the same instant, of amusement at home and of sadness abroad, became subsequently known to me, I felt pain, as if it argued a want of feeling on my part ;—but reflection gave me a different view. If we find ourselves disposed to be anxious as to events we cannot control, we should consider that we are left happily ignorant of the future, that we may innocently enjoy the present hour, when no foresight of ours can avert the ills that are to come, and that can come only through a Providence which knoweth what is best, and to which we may always confide the unseen issues of life without fear and anxiety.

My wife and daughter were overwhelmed by the loss of Arthur, their favourite and their pride ; but I never witnessed more devoted attachment, more pious fortitude, or more humble resignation than theirs.



It may be thought that a sense of obligation would readily find words to express itself, but experience will refute the opinion ; one never finds oneself so silently thankless as when the heart is overflowing with gratitude. From the highest in the land to the lowest in position, all tendered to us that ready sympathy which contributes to console and alleviate. But in the greater calamities of life it is only the Power which

creates the pain that can allay the suffering. Yet, when I hear the heartlessness of the world talked of, I must say that I should lose my memory to coincide in that condemnation, or to forget the many proofs I received in contradiction of it upon the occasion of this heartbreaking loss.



[Copied from the Graham's Town Journal.]

REFERENCES.

- I. Hills occupied by the rebels.
-  Advance of troops.
- A. Horse-kraal and gardens of Boomplaats.
-  Boors advancing from valley to turn the left flank of troops, and approach waggons.

[Received same day.]

[Private.]

“Horse Guards,

“October 27, 1848.

“MY DEAR GENERAL,

“I have received your letter of the 26th, and lament to say that I am not able to afford you any official information with respect to the painful subject to which it relates.

“The latest letters received from Sir Harry Smith are of the 23rd of August, six days before the action, the notice of which was published by the Colonial Secretary at the Cape Town about the 3rd September.

“The form in which the notice is published leaves no doubt of its authenticity, and it would be cruel to lead you to hope that the fatal intelligence, as regards your poor son, is otherwise than true.

“I had you in my mind when I perused the report in the 4th edition of the ‘Morning Chronicle’ the afternoon before the last, and my first intention was to send the paper to somebody at Devonport to communicate to you, but I felt upon reflection that bad news travels fast, and that in all probability the evening trains would have carried down the papers, and that my interference,

where I could say nothing that was not in print, would only be harassing to your feelings, without the possibility of diminishing your anxiety or relieving your anguish.

“I know not what to say to you in the shape of consolation; I have indeed none to offer to you except what may hereafter afford you some comfort, the conviction that poor Captain Murray has heroically fallen in the performance of his duty, and that due mention will be made of his exertions and devotion to the service in the despatches which may daily be expected.

“In the mean while it might be expedient to prepare Mrs. Murray and your daughter for this sad and awful blow by informing them that a report has reached you that your son has received a dangerous wound.

“Truly sympathizing in your affliction, I beg you to believe me

“Most faithfully yours,

“FITZROY SOMERSET.

“*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray,
Devonport.*”

[Received 8th Nov. 1848.]

“Horse Guards,

“Nov. 7th, 1848.

“MY DEAR GENERAL,

“I have received your letter of the 5th, and am very much obliged to you for entering so fully into the feelings which have pressed upon you since you learnt the sad tidings that have reached you from the Cape.

“I am glad to hear that poor Mrs. Murray submits to this heavy misfortune with resignation, and I would fain hope that after a time poor Miss Gertrude may follow her mother’s example and endeavour to relieve herself from the state of depression under which her mind is now labouring.

“Be assured you have all my best wishes, and believe me most faithfully yours,

“FITZROY SOMERSET.

“*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray,*

“*Devonport.*”

[Received 15th Nov. 1848.]

“SIR,

“Office of Ordnance, 13th Nov. 1848.

“Having submitted to the Master-General and Board of Ordnance your letter of the 6th

instant, requesting to be allowed to place a marble tablet in the chapel of the citadel of Plymouth, in memory of your late son, Captain A. S. Murray, and it having been ascertained that His Grace the Commander-in-Chief has no objection, under the circumstances stated in your letter, to a compliance with the above request, I have the honour, by the Master-General and Board's commands, to acquaint you that the same has been granted.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient,

“ humble servant,

“ A. BYHAM.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B.,
Devonport.*”

The Chaplain-General had the great kindness to write for me the following beautiful inscription, which is placed on the tablet in the chapel of the citadel of Plymouth, for at that moment my heart was too full to find expression.

ARTHUR STORMONT MURRAY,

AGED 28 YEARS,

SON OF MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE HENRY MURRAY,

AND

CAPTAIN IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE,

DIED A SOLDIER'S DEATH ON THE 30TH OF AUGUST, 1848,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF WOUNDS RECEIVED

THE PREVIOUS DAY

WHILE LEADING AN ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S POSITION

AT BLOEM PLAATS,

IN THE COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A CAREER WHICH GAVE PROMISE

TO HIS COUNTRY OF USEFULNESS, TO HIMSELF OF GLORY,

WAS THUS CUT SHORT.

BUT THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD AND BRAVE PERISHETH NOT,

AND THE FRUIT OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE

SHED EARLY ON EARTH

COMETH TO PERFECTION IN HEAVEN.

HIS PARENTS, MOURNING OVER THEIR OWN BEREAVEMENT,

YET NOT REBELLIOUS AGAINST DIVINE WILL,

CAUSED THIS TABLET

TO BE ERECTED.

[Received 25th Nov. 1848.]

“ Boem Plaatz, Cape of Good Hope,

“ DEAR SIR,

“ 30th August, 1848.

“ It is my melancholy duty to inform you that your son, Captain Murray, of the Rifles, died at half-past twelve this morning of wounds which he received in action with the enemy yesterday afternoon.

“ He fell bravely, cheering his company on to carry an eminence covered with rocks and large stones, which was occupied by the enemy in force, and the fire from which was galling the troops very much.

“ It may afford you some slight consolation to know that medical aid was at hand to afford your son immediate assistance, but his wounds were of too serious a nature to render it available. His left arm was shattered, and he received a second wound through the lower part of the spine, the ball passing through the belly and making its exit a little above the pubis.

“ It was his wish that I should communicate his death to you in the event of his wound proving fatal, and that I should write to Mrs. Murray, and send her a sealed paper which he left with me. I had his remains placed at the foot of a peach-tree in the orchard here ; and I made out

an inventory of the few effects he had with him, and sent them on to the camp in charge of his servant, a trustworthy man, in whom poor Captain Murray placed much confidence.

“I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

“JOHN HALL,

“*Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals.*

“*Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray,
Commanding Western District.*”

[Received 26th Nov. 1848.]

“Camp, Bethany, four days' march from the Orange River,

“MY DEAR SIR,

“August 30th, 1848.

“Having been on terms of great intimacy with your son, Captain Murray, since my arrival in the colony, I undertake the painful task of communicating to you the unhappy issue of our engagement that took place yesterday (our third day's march from the Orange River) with about 1000 rebel Boers. At about twelve o'clock our advanced guard was attacked and driven back upon the column. Poor Murray led the column with his company, which Sir H. Smith immediately ordered to the front in extended order, and, on our reaching the crest of a small hill on our right, it was assailed by a murderous fire. Poor

Murray was foremost sword in hand, and, being close by his side, I saw him severely wounded in the shoulder. I told some men to take him to the rear, but before he could dismount from his horse he received another wound in his back, passing right through his intestines.

“ I did not see him after, but our surgeon tells me he lingered in much pain till midnight, when death put an end to his sufferings. He was perfectly conscious of his state, and most *remarkably* calm throughout.

“ I trust you will excuse my having entered into detail, and can assure you his loss is *most deeply* felt by officers and men ; he was esteemed by *all*.

“ Our force consisted of about 800 men, and the affair lasted two hours. Eight officers were wounded, Colonel Buller severely ; 10 men killed, 42 wounded. The rebels had taken up a remarkably strong position, which accounts for this loss.*

“ Believe me, dear Sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ J. R. GLYN,

“ *Lieutenant Rifle Brigade.*

“ *Lieut.-General the Hon. H. Murray,*
Devonport, England.”

* Authenticated.

[Received 26th Nov. 1848.]

“Camp near Bethany, north of the Orange River,

“31st August, 1848.

“MY DEAR GENERAL MURRAY,

“To a soldier like yourself I need not say we are not permitted to regret the loss of a comrade who nobly and gallantly falls in the service of his country,—but human nature, more tolerant, allows the father to weep over the son.

“I do not write to offer consolation,—that can be derived alone from the Almighty; but to assure you your son fell as becomes the hero, and proved himself a most gallant and active officer—his loss deeply regretted by the men of his company.

“This outburst of rebels has caused as smart an affair as I ever witnessed. Your son led an attack as bold as it was successful under a storm of fire in a difficult position, but fell, an honour to his father and his country.

“God bless and support you, my dear General, is the prayer of

“Yours faithfully,

“H^r. SMITH.

“General Hon. H. Murray,
Commanding, Plymouth.”

[Received 26th Nov. 1848.]

“Graham’s Town, Cape of Good Hope,
“9th September, 1848.

“ It is my painful duty, my dear General, to give you and Mrs. Murray the afflicting intelligence of the death of your gallant son.

“ He was severely wounded in action with the troops against the rebel Boers on the 29th of August last, and he expired the same night.

“ I have no particulars of the affair from Sir Harry Smith; but it appears that the Boers had assembled in great force and attacked the troops, who were on the line of march, by a most crushing fire: the Rifles were brought up, and poor Arthur was wounded while gallantly leading on his men.

“ I cannot offer you consolation, my dear General, in this heavy affliction; the hand of the Almighty has fallen heavily upon you, but He will in His mercy temper this affliction to the bereaved parents.

“ As Colonel Buller was badly wounded, I have taken upon myself the painful task of communicating to you these sad tidings.

“ Mrs. Murray is with the head-quarters of the regiment at King William’s Town, to whom I have also communicated the sad loss.

“ My family deeply sympathize with you in your deep affliction.

“ I have requested my son-in-law to break this to you, and to soothe the feelings that must so severely agonise you upon this sad bereavement.

“ Believe me to be

“ Your most faithful and attached,

“ H. SOMERSET.

“ *Major-General the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B.,
Commanding, Devonport.*”

Amongst the many kind communications sent to me on the death of my son, none were more considerately so than the foregoing, and of none did I feel more deeply the obligation.

I may be excused for saying a few words of him from whom I received the kindness ; having lately read a sneer in a newspaper, usually respectable, which detracted from the service of Sir Henry Somerset as being of an “ aristocratic family.” Not to speak of other brave officers who are living to do honour to the name, I think that we may appeal to the memory of Lord Edward Somerset and of Lord Raglan, and assert that happy is the service that can boast of such soldiers, aristocratic though they are.

It happens to be known to me that in 1813, on the first occasion that Henry Somerset (then almost a lad, and mounted on a little brown mare scarcely more than a galloway) was ever engaged, he distinguished himself with the 10th Hussars in the charge at the successful affair at Morales.

He served through the Peninsular war from that period to its conclusion ; and also in the battle and through the campaign of Waterloo.

He then went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he continued with little intermission until he went to India.

Whilst at the Cape he maintained a high reputation as an active and brave officer, particularly experienced in the difficult warfare which was there carried on.

To every generous mind his being of a noble family, instead of detracting from his merit, adds to its lustre ; and we may be assured that, whilst members of the aristocracy attach a high value to the service of their country, and undergo in it dangers and hardships with as brave and untiring a spirit as any commoners, they will not, however misrepresented, forfeit the respect and gratitude which is due to them.

And now I claim to say a word or two more for Henry Somerset. He was a Lieutenant at one time under my command in the 18th Hussars,

and not only did he show a recollection of this in the very kind letter which he wrote to me, but from the moment my son arrived at the Cape he took a particular interest in him; and it is a great satisfaction to me to know that on active service, and immediately under the observation of Sir Henry Somerset, Arthur had the good fortune to obtain the approbation of this distinguished officer, who mentioned him favourably in his despatches.

“Devonport, 11th July, 1849.

“DEAR LORD JAMES MURRAY,

“After my son Arthur's death from wounds received in action at the Cape of Good Hope, a memorandum of his was found, mentioning some bequests to relations and friends, and one to yourself in the following words:—‘My small staff sword with steel scabbard to my cousin, Captain the Hon. James E. P. Murray, as a remembrance.’

“I send you the sword; and I think it will add to the interest you will be disposed to attach to it, that I have often seen him wear it, and I know that he entertained for you a great regard.

“I will not dwell on my misfortune in having lost him; but if anything can diminish the weight

of that loss, it is the acknowledged gallantry with which he fell.

“Your father and I were not only cousins but always friends, and when in the Prince of Wales’s regiment brother officers; and the occasion of this letter proves that our bond of relationship is not easily broken.

“Yours very faithfully,

“HENRY MURRAY.

“*Captain Lord James Murray.*”

“MY LORD DUKE, “Wimbledon, 30th January, 1855.

“I trust that your Grace will be disposed to consider favourably the application which I make for the grant of a medal for the Kaffir war to my deceased son, for good service in the field; and I hope that it will not weaken this ground in his behalf, if I add that I have myself a medal for the battle of Waterloo, in which I commanded the 18th Hussars.

“The services of my son, the late Captain Arthur Stormont Murray, of the Rifle Brigade, in the campaign at the Cape of Good Hope of 1847–8, entitled him to the medal for the Kaffir war; but his having been mortally wounded in leading an attack against the enemy’s position at

Boem Plaats, on the 29th August, 1848, and dying of his wounds next day, has negatived his claim to the medal, which is limited to surviving officers and soldiers.

“ It does seem hard that the reward of a previous service should, in this manner, be cancelled by the subsequent performance of a greater service, simply because that last service terminated fatally to the brave young officer who achieved it.

“ A medal is not a mere personal decoration—it is a record of the Sovereign’s gracious recognition of the valour and loyalty of a subject. Emanating from so high an authority, it not only distinguishes the individual on whom it is conferred, but carries with it a reflected honour to his family, in this instance the more precious from his meritorious death.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord Duke,

“ Your Grace’s most obedient humble servant,

“ HENRY MURRAY,

“ *Lieut.-General.*

“ *His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c. &c.,
Principal Secretary of State for War.*”

Captain Arthur Murray’s medal was not granted: he had earned it by previous service

in the Kaffir war, but forfeited it because he died of wounds received in action in leading an attack against the insurgent Boers.

The medal was only for survivors ; but no rule or regulation could deprive him of the affectionate sorrow of his company ; which, though a more ephemeral honour than a medal (since many of that brave company may, alas ! now have joined him by falling themselves in battle), is a more real distinction than would have been the posthumous medal which was refused him, not for the limit, but for the extent of his service.*

6th June, 1858. — In concluding a work of which no one can be more sensible than myself to the imperfection, I beg to offer a few words of excuse.

Whoever publishes a book places himself justly within the range of criticism ; there may be this

* Since that period the regulation has been changed, so as to harmonise better with the generous feelings of our gracious Sovereign ; and the grant of medals, &c., is not limited to survivors, but the near relatives of officers and soldiers are now allowed, under certain restrictions, to receive the decorations of the deceased. For this important melioration the service is in a great measure indebted to that brave officer and true friend of the army, the Duke of Richmond, who brought the subject under the consideration of the House of Lords.

reason or that for the imperfection of his work, but the public have full right to judge of its merits or demerits, and have but little to do with his excuses.

But I think that I am only assuming the candour which I have observed generally to prevail, that a fair excuse is received in a spirit of conciliation.

It may happen that a work is undertaken and that there may be good reasons for its being published, and yet that unforeseen circumstances have very seriously detracted from its merits and usefulness.

I find myself in this position, and have only to throw myself on the candour of my readers. Habituated to excellent health for many years, I found myself, after the commencement of this work, attacked with a serious illness, with which I have struggled, through constant and painful interruptions, to complete this work. I am really sorry that it has so many faults and imperfections; but these, under the circumstances, I could not help. But I do not think all the pains I have taken have been thrown away.

It is not every man's fortune to be illustrious, to have the means or opportunity of extending an enlarged influence of usefulness around him, or of raising an example worthy of imitation. But if

he has known the great and good, admired their virtues whilst living, and tried to follow their memory with an humble recollection of them, he has not wholly lived in vain—he has not buried the talent, or fraction of a talent, which the infinite wisdom of his Creator has allotted to him; it may have borne little fruit, but some fruit it has borne; and in however limited an extent it has been useful, it yet has been useful without his perceiving it. The seed which has taken but little root in his own meagre soil may have drifted, by some propitious breath of air, to land of nature's best favour: there the real object for which all talents are given will spring up in unexpected fertility—the happiness and welfare of mankind.

I do not pretend that Arthur was without fault; but I can truly say that his good qualities far outweighed those to which there was objection. Age and experience contribute much to the improvement of character where the original disposition has been good, and the growing improvement in him was evident on service, which called his latent energy into action.

Had time enabled him to develop the abilities with which Providence had so liberally endowed him, he might eventually have taken his place amongst the most celebrated. This consideration,

justified by his early promise, embittered his loss the more, when it was added to the many tender recollections which cling to the memory of a favourite son.

If, however, I have faithfully recorded his character, my object has been attained. In him I contributed to Her Majesty's service one likely to fulfil his duty with honour; and his history may, I hope, excite other youthful spirits to emulate his example with better fortune and the same loyalty.

A P P E N D I X.

[The following 'Historical Account of the Battle of Leipsic, fought on the 7th September, 1631,' is a contribution of Arthur's to the 'United Service Magazine.' I was not aware of his having written it until very lately; but it shows the bias of his mind to the higher transactions of war, and evinces considerable research and reflection.]

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC, FOUGHT ON THE 7TH SEPTEMBER, 1631.

THE following pages have been compiled with a view of giving a true and clear account of the causes which influenced the victory of Leipsic, a battle, of which the confused accounts given by historians have hitherto left but a very imperfect idea. The manœuvres of the Swedish army have been by most misunderstood, and the faults of the Imperial general proportionably exaggerated, in order to explain the result of the battle. After carefully comparing most of the historical accounts with the various plans existing of the action (some of them published shortly after the battle itself), and transferring the situations of the troops to an accurate survey of the ground, it is to be hoped that some of the obscurities of former narratives may be elucidated, and that a fragment of military history, so valuable to all professional readers, may at length be rendered of utility to those who seek in the actions of former great Commanders examples calculated to ensure future

success. Many excuses have to be made for irregularities of style; but if from these materials a correct account of events has been given, the object to which a few leisure hours have been devoted has been attained by the writer. Should this first attempt at military criticism prove successful, it is proposed to publish in succession a few detailed fragments of military history, choosing, in preference, those from which examples may be drawn for the guidance of those whom an active course of professional service has not prevented from studying their profession in theory as well as practice.

The great interests which were brought to arbitrement in the battle fought upon the plain of Breitenfeld, the high station and military talents of the two leaders, above all, the solemn cause for which the armies contended, has given it historically an importance which the lapse of more than two centuries has failed to eradicate. Even in the present time the German Protestant looks back with veneration to the period of that great struggle, which first established his religious liberty of conscience, and for ever broke down the barriers which bigotry and superstition had opposed to the progress of civilization and improvement.

By the military student, however, the battle of Leipsic must be regarded with additional interest. It most forcibly arrests his notice by the various improvements in the art of war, displayed equally in the tactical arrangement of troops and in the brilliant manœuvres by which the ultimate success of that victory was attained, which, forming in itself almost an epoch in the history of war, is nearly the first instance of a battle fought and won upon true military principles since the time of the Greeks and Romans.

Previous to entering upon the details of this memorable conflict, it may be proper to examine what was

the state of the art of war at the period of which we are speaking, and what the description of armies with which the struggle was actually made. Thus we shall be better enabled to judge of the real progress of improvement as shown in the events of the battle itself, and also of the disadvantages which the imperfect tactical knowledge of the age imposed upon the operations of the respective generals.

During the middle ages that science of war, possessed by the ancients in so eminent a degree, had been but little understood by their successors; yet they were almost the only models chosen for imitation, and the invention of gunpowder (great as its effects undoubtedly were) had only begun to modify some of the precepts which the Greek and Roman tacticians had handed down. The Swiss had, in a former period, by their brilliant victories, achieved by large masses of pikemen, broken the prestige which had so long existed in favour of the heavy-armed gens-d'armes, who, to the detriment of infantry, had been for many years the most important force in the composition of armies. But these heavy horsemen had, by a long series of defeats, been compelled to yield the palm to the dense masses of infantry by whom they had been so often conquered, and these in their turn exercised an influence over the military organization of European armies, bringing back the tactics of the ancient Macedonian phalanx, with nearly the same manœuvres and depth of formation. As the effects of musketry began, however, to be felt, it was soon discovered that the masses of pikemen had but a poor chance of success when opposed to men provided with fire-arms, who mowed down their serried ranks before the effect of their formidable charge could be felt. It was then imagined that the addition of a certain number of musketeers to each battalion of pike-

men would form the most perfect organization ; and by this attempt to combine the new force of fire with the ancient system of the phalanx, there resulted a kind of spurious tactics, not possessing the advantages of the modern system of discipline, and still less retaining those which that of the ancients possessed unopposed to the devastating effects of gunpowder. In nearly all the armies of Europe, therefore, regiments were composed of pikemen and musketeers, the tactical arrangement of which was such that the movements of the former were more clogged than assisted by those of the latter,* who, with the ponderous paraphernalia which they carried (of bandoleers, or charges of powder hanging by strings from their belts, fourgquettes, or forked rests upon which they leant their muskets to discharge them, matches and powder-horns), wearing only swords as weapons of defence in close action, were always a very unprotected force, and required the constant support and assistance of the pikemen when the armies came to close engagement. Then the latter, who were always protected by defensive armour, advanced to what is termed "push of pike," and with the shock of these the affair was decided.

The Imperial army had the advantage of possessing what were supposed to be the best troops of each description of force. The Spanish arquebusiers were the first of that arm who had, with sword and buckler, overthrown the Swiss pikemen at Ravenna, and the effect of their fire had laid low many a chivalrous member of the redoubted French gens-d'armes at Pavia. The German lanzknechts, on the other hand, were, after the Swiss, the most celebrated pikemen of their day, and had often turned the scale of victory upon many a hard-fought field. Even the Moslem sabres had turned back from the serried masses of these fierce spearmen, whose

* Vide Markham's 'Souldier's Accidence' (London, 1625), p. 3.

ranks formed a barrier impenetrable even to their fanatic courage. Thus the empire could, from the close unison which the sovereignty of Charles V. had formed between Germany and Spain, bring forth the best pikemen and musketeers of the day. The cavalry were mostly cuirassiers, or horse, wearing the complete armour of cuirass, gorget, thigh-pieces or cuisses, helmet, and gauntlet. Their weapons were horse-pistols, having barrels twenty-six inches in length and carrying bullets of thirty-six to the pound, and swords for close contest.* Mounted upon large and powerful horses, their usual mode of attack was to advance at a trot, and, after a volley from their pistols, to fall on sword in hand. Some horse regiments carried arquebuses or carbines, of three feet three inches in length, and carrying bullets of thirty-six to the pound, and differing little from the cuirassiers in their defensive armour, with the exception of the helmet, the visor or beaver of which was made to let down so as to enable the horseman to take a better aim. The wars in the Low Countries had brought the gens-d'armes into disuse, and the lance was no longer used as a weapon for the heavy cavalry. Maurice of Nassau had, during the course of that struggle, done so much with his cuirassiers or pistoliers, when opposed to the heavy lances, that the system of arming of the former was almost universally adopted, and the Imperialists boasted a superiority in their cuirassiers, who were (unlike those of our own day) armed from head to heel in defensive armour, nearly equal to that which their pikemen and arquebusiers were supposed to have attained over other infantry. Still the wars in the Netherlands had done much towards showing that the infantry of some other nations was fully equal to that of the Spaniards and Germans when opposed in a

* Vide Markham, pp. 41, 42, 43.

fair open field; but although the victory of Nieuport had strengthened this opinion, the course of these campaigns, in which the science of fortification was principally called forth, by the number of sieges undertaken, gave the idea that it was more by the study of fortified positions and choice of camps that the redoubted armies of Spain and the Empire were to be successfully opposed.

Besides the description of cavalry above mentioned there were also the dragoons, who were properly mounted infantry, and used for the purpose of obtaining possession of important posts, which, having mastered by the celerity of their march, they defended by dismounting, and acting on foot with their fire-arms. They were clothed in buff coats with deep skirts, and wore open head-pieces, or helmets, with cheeks, having for offensive weapons the dragon (a short musketoon, of sixteen inches in length and full musket-bore) and a sword. These were mounted upon smaller horses, but generally more active, than those of the heavy cavalry. In the Imperial service there were, in addition to the foregoing troops, the Croat light horse, who were, in fact, the same as the hussars, afterwards so celebrated in the Seven Years' War, composed of Hungarian and Croat peasants, dressed in their national costume, and armed with lances, sabres, and fire-arms, like the Turkish light horse, whom they resembled much in their tactics, charging irregularly *à la débâdée*, like the Cossacks of our own day. These horsemen, excellent as light troops, tarnished their laurels by a cruelty and love of plunder equalling that of the most barbarous of the Tartar tribes. Still, in a day when plunder was equally the vice of the general and the private, they were not, we presume, worse than their comrades of the regular service. The artillery of the period was much more subdivided

into different calibres than that of our own time. That which appears to have most prevailed in the Imperial service was heavy, and its disposition in action, when once established, could not be altered without considerable difficulty.

The superior officers in the establishment of an army of that period were but few in number. The Commander-in-Chief had under his orders a Lieutenant-General, who acted as second in command. The rank of Field-Marshal was not then, as now, the highest position, but the office, as the name implies, was that of arranging the army in order of battle—perhaps more resembling a combination of the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General of modern times. The Sergeant-Major della Battaglia appears to have had duties of a similar nature; but in some services his power was only exercised over the infantry.* The cavalry, infantry, and artillery had each a separate general officer to command them; and the Croats in the Imperial service had also a general of their own choice. The other officers of rank were the Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General, and Wachtmeister-General, whose duties do not seem to be exactly defined. Under these were the various colonels of the regiments; and it seems that officers of this rank were often intrusted with superior commands. Arnheim was promoted at once from the rank of colonel to that of field-marshal, for the purpose of commanding in Pomerania; and in the battle of which we are about to speak, we shall see colonels commanding divisions of the Swedish army.

The Imperial army appears to have been ill paid; in fact, the system of payment appears to have been to allow the colonels and other officers to enrich themselves by plunder and extortion in the various

* Vide Rohan, 'Parfait Capitaine,' chap. xvii.

countries in which they were quartered; and the provinces of the refractory princes of the Empire were thus frequently overrun with troops of the Imperial service, whose irregularities often drove the oppressed peasantry into open rebellion against the sovereign whose power and name were used to countenance such atrocities.

Having thus given a succinct description of the character and arms of the various troops, more especially those of the Imperial army, we shall briefly advert to their tactics and formation in the field.

The system hitherto used by the Imperialists was that which had been adopted during the wars of the Low Countries. The infantry were usually drawn up in large solid square bodies, consisting sometimes of one, sometimes of several regiments. These were denominated "Tertias," from the fact of their having originally formed a third of the infantry. The disposition of the pikemen and musketeers in each varied according to circumstances; but the pikemen usually occupied the centre, and the musketeers the flanks. Sometimes the two wings of musketeers were advanced until their rear ranks were on the same alignment as the front of the pikemen; on other occasions the musketeers were drawn up all round the square, of which the pikemen formed the centre. In this last case neither force could assist the other; for the musketeers, placed in the foremost ranks, prevented the pikemen from using their weapons, while they were themselves unable to stand the shock of either the cavalry or pikemen of the enemy. Sometimes these unwieldy masses were protected at the angles by small bodies of musketeers, of about fifty men each, who were placed upon the main body like bastions on a square fort in modern fortification, or, as the Chevalier de Folard amusingly observes, "pour servir de

satellites à ces Jupiters immobiles.”* In all these formations, when, as frequently happened, they were composed of several régiments, the pikemen and musketeers of the respective corps were united together, so that the troops of each arm were assembled without regard to their respective corps.

These masses were (as may be easily imagined) not sufficiently moveable to change their position with any degree of celerity, and their manœuvres were generally confined to the variation of the form of these large solid squares into the cross, the hollow square, and other similar formations. The numbers of which each regiment was composed varied of course according to the degree in which it was complete or reduced by service; but as we find that they sometimes amounted to two or three thousand men, we may suppose that the general average was considerable. Occasionally, as we shall see in the ensuing pages, two régiments were drawn up in the same battalion, when they were weak in numbers.† Thus, the modern reader of military history of this period must be cautious of taking modern terms of war as synonymous with their acceptation at that time. The cavalry were formed into large solid squadrons,‡, often each composed of an entire regiment, and carrying several standards, each troop, or, as it was originally termed, “cornet,” having one. The Imperial cuirassiers, being clothed in complete armour (like those who, under Sir Arthur Hasilrigge, acted so conspicuous a part in our own civil wars),§ had but little to fear from cavalry who were less well armed, except in the case of being dismounted, when the weight of their armour

* Folard, ‘Commentaires sur Polybe,’ vol. i.; ‘Traité de la Colonne.’

† Vide ‘Battle of Leipsic,’ *ut infra*.

‡ Vide Merian’s plan of the battles of Leipsic and Lutzen; Olaf Hanson’s plan of the battle of Leipsic.

§ Vide Clarendon, ‘History of the Rebellion.’

rendered them inactive. Their armour, though very complete, was only pistol-proof, as it was not considered probable that they would be engaged with troops armed with fire-arms of a heavier description. Their tactics (as above-mentioned) were to charge at a trot, and, after firing their pistols, to charge sword in hand. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the carabineers, they fired and wheeled about, and, after retiring a short distance, again wheeled up to give another volley.* This practice, from its similarity to a retreat, often created confusion in their own cavalry.

Such was the discipline in the field of the Imperial troops. They were, however, principally composed of veteran soldiers, and inured by constant service to every hardship; and although their irregular and rapacious conduct rendered them an object of dread in their various quarters, their gallantry and experience rendered them no less formidable as opponents in the field. The Imperial infantry (especially the Walloon regiments, who, being natives of the Low Countries, had, in the numerous campaigns of which that country had been the theatre, acquired many well-earned laurels under Alva, Spinola, and Alexander Farnese) bore a high character. The evil of camp followers, forming from their numbers almost a second army, prevailed to a great degree in the Imperial army, and probably added to the disorders committed by the soldiers by their rapacious and lawless excesses.

Among the other nations of Europe some improvements in tactics and discipline had already commenced. Already had Prince Maurice of Nassau introduced many considerable changes in those of both cavalry and infantry; and as English, French, and Swiss regiments had served under his banner in the gallant struggle of

* Vide 'Mémoires de Montecuculi;' Rohan, 'Parfait Capitaine.'

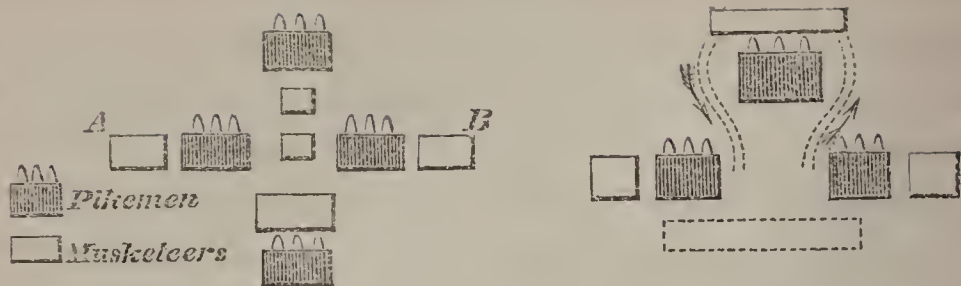
the United Provinces against the despotism of Spain, those officers who had fought under Maurice and his brother Henry as it were transplanted these improvements into their own countries upon their return. Thus we find that the tactics and discipline of the English were almost exactly copied from those of the troops of the Low Countries. The gallant Prince of Orange had modelled his improvements upon a close and judicious study of the ancients. Smaller battalions were formed, the centre of each of which was formed of pikemen, and the two wings of musketeers,—a disposition which subsisted in nearly all the armies of Europe until long afterwards, when the invention of the bayonet superseded the use of the pike in the infantry. Maurice had also materially altered the discipline of the cavalry. They were drawn up in small squadrons; the use of lances was abandoned, and that of fire-arms generally adopted. Taking the Romans for his model, he drew up his armies upon several lines, with intervals between the battalions and squadrons, and reduced the number of ranks in both. Still, though these changes were great, much yet remained to be done. The musketeers were very slow, and their ponderous and inconvenient equipment rendered their fire even slower than their movements. We read that their system was to fire by ranks at six deep, the front rank moving away by files from both flanks, after having made their discharge; thus giving room for the succeeding ones to fire, and make their retreat in succession for the purpose of loading. This must have been a very tedious manœuvre; and the use of rests, though it ensured steadiness of aim, must have been very cumbersome.

It was reserved for Gustavus Adolphus to raise the military art from the obscurity in which it had hitherto lain, and from which the improvements of Maurice had

only as yet partially withdrawn the veil. The great King of Sweden, upon his first landing in Germany, established his army upon principles of discipline and organization till then unknown in Europe. Aware that a plunderer makes generally but a poor figure in the day of battle, he attempted to put a stop to that system of marauding which was equally the vice of the highest and lowest ranks in an army at that period. The doctrine of the Imperialists had always been "a ragged soldier and a bright musket;" this proverb had been constantly in the mouth of their most celebrated general, Count Tilly, and little seemed to be cared for the clothing or comfort of the soldier in their service. Gustavus, on the other hand, by contracting with some of the principal towns of Germany for broad-cloth, kept his army well clothed, and, in some cases, in dresses of a uniform colour. Knowing that the little horses upon which his cavalry were mounted were already over-weighted, he disused much of the cumbrous armour worn by the Imperial cuirassiers, and ordered his horsemen to wear only the helmet, breast and back-plate, like the cuirassiers of our own day. Forming several regiments of dragoons, who were literally mounted infantry, he often, by the most unexpected and rapid marches, possessed himself of important posts, which the dragoons having obtained by the rapidity of their march, defended by dismounting and acting like other infantry. He often detached considerable bodies of musketeers from the regiments to which they belonged, termed, upon these occasions, "commanded musketeers," who were employed upon various enterprises, sometimes being employed in the occupation or attack of posts, sometimes in the assault of fortresses, and in the field often intermingled with the squadrons of cavalry. These were also considerably lightened in their equipment.

Gustavus was the first inventor of pouches (the cartridges having always been previously carried in bandoleers), and these were generally adopted by his musketeers. He also abolished (by a general order) the use of forked rests, to the use of which some of his officers were still inclined. The depth of files he (like Maurice) diminished to six deep, and, joining two regiments together, formed them into a brigade, which, when complete, originally consisted of 2016 men; but in some cases, when regiments were weak, three or more were formed into a brigade. These brigades were distinguished by the colour of their ensigns (some say of their uniforms), and, according to their first establishment, consisted of 864 pikemen and 1152 musketeers, formed, when drawn up in battle array, in the following manner:—One-fourth of the pikemen (216 men) was advanced to the front, having two other bodies of pikemen (each also one-fourth) drawn up in rear, at a short distance from it, with an interval between them, opposite which the advanced corps stood. In rear of this advanced corps, and occupying the interval above mentioned, were placed (in column) two bodies of musketeers (96 men each). On the right and left of the two bodies of pikemen formed in rear of the first stood two wings of musketeers (192 men each), forming the extreme flanks of the line. In rear of the centre of this line stood another body of 288 musketeers, and in rear of all was a battalion (in reserve), of which the remaining fourth of pikemen formed the centre, and two corps, of 144 musketeers each, the right and left wings. Thus the brigade, when drawn up, something resembled the form of a cross, according to the accompanying diagram.*

* Vide Lord Rea's 'Delineation of a Brigade of Swedish Infantry when complete;' Harte, vol. ii.



The colours were always with the pikemen, nor did the commanded musketeers ever carry them when detached. During the course of the king's campaigns the numbers of these brigades were considerably diminished; and it would appear that Gustavus, probably from want of numbers, curtailed the divisions in rear of the line A B, bringing the numbers of the brigade down to 1224 men, and thus making the disposition resemble a column supported by a line. It seems, too, that the three remaining corps of pikemen were afterwards reduced in numbers to 200 each, and the musketeers increased; for Sir James Turner, an experienced officer, who had served in the Swedish army, mentions a Swedish brigade as consisting of "1800 men, whereof 1200 were musketeers, and 600 were pikemen," saying at the same time that "many were fewer."* Probably previous to an action brigades were equalized for the purposes of manœuvre, and thus the numbers must have fluctuated very much. The evolutions of these bodies seem to have puzzled modern military readers; but it would appear, from Sir James Turner's account,† that detachments of musketeers continually advanced to the right of the advanced battalion of pikemen, and, having made their discharge, retired by the left of it, for the purpose of loading, their place being taken by others. "This continued till the pikemen came to push of pike with

* Vide 'Pallas Armata,' pp. 228, 229.

† Vide 'Pallas Armata,' *ut supra*.

the enemy, if both parties stayed so long, as seldom they did." Light field-pieces were also attached to the corps of pikemen. Indeed, the Swedish artillery seems generally to have been of a light calibre. The light field-pieces above mentioned were retained in the French service until the beginning of the late war, under the name of "*pièces Suédoises*." Gustavus had also adopted a light species of gun, covered with leather, which was extremely easy to move, and was often transported to different points of the line during an action. The troops of which the Swedish army was composed were of various nations—Swedes, English, Scotch, French, and Germans. But they were held together by the bonds of a system of discipline more perfect than had hitherto been known in any European army, and had the most implicit reliance on the talents and kindness of their royal leader, whose personal heroism imparted a general feeling of superiority to the troops under his command. Such was the discipline, and such the tactical arrangement, of the Imperial and Swedish armies; and as we are about to peruse the details of a battle which was to decide upon the respective merits of each, it may be advisable to give some idea of the character of the Commanders under whose guidance they were about to engage.

In the Imperial service the general whose reputation stood the highest, both for valour and military skill, was John Iserclaes, Count Tilly, an old Walloon officer, of great experience in war. He had been originally educated by the Jesuits; and although his love of military glory made him soon abandon the monastic seclusion of a churchman's life, yet his education left a spirit of bigotry and intolerance eminently qualifying him for the post of Generalissimo of the Army of the Catholic League, whose policy, during the course of that san-

guinary struggle known by the name of the Thirty Years' War, seemed to have for its object the total destruction of the reformed religion, and the extirpation from the soil of every believer in that faith, from the prince to the peasant. A life passed in the field had hardened the feelings of Tilly, and the cruel and barbarous character of the customs of war at that period had led him to consider everything justifiable against an enemy that was calculated to subdue and intimidate. Still a ray of the high-minded and chivalrous feeling that characterised the nobleman of the period shone forth through the dark and sanguinary clouds that obscured the character of the veteran general. The most implicit reliance could be placed upon his word, and the honour which had always characterised his conduct as an enemy drew forth from his noble opponent, Gustavus, the tear of sympathy when his gallant career closed at the passage of the Lech. "Alas !" said the king, "the honourable old Tilly is no more." As a general his career hitherto had been splendid. He had been present at, and victorious in, thirty-five actions. Having lived many years of his life with the Spaniards, he had adopted their manners and costume, with all the courtly punctilio that characterised the soldier Hidalgo of Old Castile.* The Maréchal de Grammont found him, when at the head of his army on a march, mounted on a little Croatian horse, dressed in a green satin doublet with slashed sleeves, and loose breeches of the same stuff, a small pointed hat, with a red ostrich plume in it, which reached down to his waist, wearing for offensive weapons his fighting sword, in a belt of two inches breadth fastened round his waist, with a single pistol in one of his holsters. Seeing the maréchal surprised at his strange appearance, he made him the following characteristic

* Vide Harte's 'History of Gustavus Adolphus,' Preliminary Essay, &c.

speech:—"Sir, perhaps you may find my accoutrements somewhat extraordinary, and not wholly reconcilable to the mode of France; nevertheless, 'tis my humour, and that is sufficient. I am persuaded, likewise, that my little hackney and solitary pistol surprise you as much as my habit; but that you may not entertain an unfavourable opinion of the Count de Tilly, to whom you have done the honour of paying a visit of curiosity, permit me to inform you that I have gained seven decisive battles without being obliged to discharge the pistol now under consideration; nor hath the little pad in question ever failed me, or hesitated in performing his duty." His whole appearance recalled the celebrated Duke of Alva, and his subsequent treatment of Magdeburg showed that he resembled him as much in character as in garb and exterior.

Such was the character and appearance of the Generalissimo of the Imperial troops. Next to him in rank, and almost equally high in reputation, was Godfrey Count Pappenheim, who seems to have been the "Marcellus" of the Imperial army. Daring, even to the verge of rashness, he was always favourable to whatever counsel tended to engagement, and a strenuous opponent of the less brilliant but safer system of occupying defensive positions, as a means of protracting the struggle. Still his military abilities were of the highest order; and if he attempted enterprises which seemed rash to ordinary minds, it was because he felt his own abilities equal to the emergencies of the task undertaken. He was said to have an affection for the arts and sciences, which the continual course of the wars which then desolated Germany did not give him time to cultivate.

Such were the principal commanders of the Imperial army. We have omitted Wallenstein, because at the

period of which we now speak his military career had not as yet reached sufficient eminence.

On the other side, Gustavus Adolphus stood superior to any general of his day, not only in the perfect knowledge of the tactical minutiae of his profession, but possessing the rare knowledge of strategy (then almost unknown), and whose far-seeing eye at once selected the decisive points of the theatre of war, which his talents as a tactician and engineer always made him master of. Young, ambitious, carelessly reckless of his own personal safety while he was careful of the lives of others, the King of Sweden was one of those perfect heroes who rarely adorn the page of history. As high-minded as he was highly-born, Gustavus rose immeasurably above the petty meannesses which have sullied the character of other great men, and seems to have excelled almost every hero of ancient or modern times in the blameless virtues of his private life. Naturally of a warm temperament, he never allowed his anger to master his better judgment, and, as a commander, he was as wary and cautious as he was personally intrepid as a soldier. The course of that great struggle known by the name of the 'Thirty Years' War had now continued for many years, success having principally attended the Imperial arms. Gustavus, having at length been induced to enter Germany for the purpose of aiding the Protestant cause, threw the weight of his powerful mind and military talents into the opposite scale. He soon became the most formidable adversary of the Emperor, and, enraged at the conduct of the Imperial general, Tilly, who, in the course of his campaign against him, had captured the town of New Brandenburg, and put the garrison, consisting principally of Scottish troops in Swedish pay, to the sword, Gustavus laid siege to Francfort on the Oder, which he obtained pos-

session of by storm after a short investment in April, 1631. Tilly, who had lain in the neighbourhood with his army, uncertain whether to raise the siege of Francfort or to invest Magdeburg, on the news of the capture of the former proceeded with the investment of the latter. Vain endeavours were made by the King of Sweden both with the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony to assist him in marching to the assistance of this great town, which, governed by a Protestant prince, and occupied by a Protestant garrison, was now threatened by the whole forces of the Catholic League, under their formidable commanders Tilly and Pappenheim.

Meantime the Protestant princes had, in the month of February, 1631, assembled at Leipsic, and drawn up a memorial to the Emperor, stating the grievances under which they suffered, and dwelling upon the extortions of the Imperial commanders in their territories. This assembly was dissolved in April, and the Elector of Saxony, though he favoured the Protestant interests, was so careful not to commit himself with them, that his only friendly act was, at the earnest entreaty of the king, to permit supplies to pass through his dominions to the distressed town of Magdeburg. The Elector of Brandenburg had refused to contribute either money or troops to join the King of Sweden in raising the siege, and Gustavus, though greatly mortified at being thus prevented from advancing to its succour (for his army was too weak to contend alone with that of the Imperialists), was compelled to leave the unfortunate city to its fate. That fate was soon decided, for the Imperial generals, having in May withdrawn their army from before it, and then suddenly returning, commenced the assault with great vigour while the garrison were unprepared, and by this stratagem carried the town by storm. A massacre followed almost unparalleled in bar-

barity. Neither sex nor age was spared by the infuriated soldiers, who committed every species of atrocity upon the defenceless inhabitants, who, as well as the garrison, were included in the general havoc. To crown the whole, the greater part of the unhappy city was committed to the flames, and nearly as many lives were lost in the fire as by the sword of the enemy.

Tilly has been censured for not attempting to repress the fury of his troops in this memorable storm. But it must be remembered that, when once the angry feelings of wild troops, such as the Imperial army was composed of, are let loose, it is no longer possible for the commander to restrain them. In the wild delirium of victory which attends the capture of a conquered town, the voice of command is no longer hearkened to, and the excesses which follow are often in proportion to the previous hardships which the troops have undergone. It appears, however, but too probable that Tilly (himself a bigot in the cause of the Catholic League) made but a slight effort, if any, to repress the licence of the soldiers, probably considering that the dreadful example of the destruction of Magdeburg would be a fearful warning to all the Protestant princes, while the terror of the Imperial arms would be increased. He is said to have applied to the fate of the unhappy city the lines of Virgil:—

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile fatum
 ———— fuit Ilium et ingens
 Gloria Parthenopes.

All Germany were horror-struck at this atrocity. Gustavus, upon the receipt of the news, moved from Berlin, and took the town of Guterbock, in order to secure the two bridges over the Elbe of Dessau and Wittenberg. Tilly had committed the error of destroying the former bridge, which thus confined his operations to

one bank of the river. General Bauditzen* crossed the Elbe, and took Tangermünd sword in hand, and this conquest put the course of the river still more in the power of the King of Sweden.

On the other hand, the Imperial general had marched through the Hartz Forest after the fall of Magdeburg, for the purpose of terrifying into subjection the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who had shown signs of disaffection.† Pappenheim, who was left to command on the Elbe, made but little head against the Swedes, who continued their progress upon that river. The Elector of Saxony had in the mean time raised an army of 20,000 men, at the head of whom he placed Marshal Arnheim, a pupil of Wallenstein's and an experienced officer. As the Elector had not yet declared his intentions, this new force became an object of disquietude to the Imperial general, who, giving up his attempt against the Landgrave of Hesse, returned towards the Elbe. The King of Sweden, having assembled his forces, pushed Pappenheim back upon Magdeburg, but, judiciously perceiving the necessity of securing a strong position upon the Elbe, whence the Imperial generals, if combined, would be unable to drive him, he prepared to get possession of the angle formed by the confluence of the Elbe and Havel at Werben. Bauditzen and Banier accordingly took by assault the towns of Havelburg and Werben, and, these two points being occupied, the king commenced his entrenchments at the latter place, resting his flanks upon the rivers Havel and Elbe. Tilly, on the other hand, having joined Pappenheim, attempted an attack on the king's camp at Werben. He was

* A Swedish general of some reputation.

† This march was decidedly a false movement in a military point of view, for it withdrew the Imperial army from the line of the Elbe, which was menaced by the King of Sweden.

repulsed with great slaughter, and a body of Swedes, sallying out of the entrenchments, took the Imperial army in flank and rear, and compelled them to retire with the loss of 6000 men. After this failure the Imperial general attempted to blockade the king in his camp, but Gustavus, having the full command of his supplies, soon rendered this attempt hopeless.

Tilly had now received orders from his Government to call upon the Elector of Saxony to make common cause with the Emperor. In consequence he retired from before the camp of Werben, and, being joined by Furstemberg at the head of 18,000 men, he summoned the Elector to enter into new engagements, and demanded a passage over the Elbe at Wittemberg. But John George was now fully aware of the intentions of the Emperor. He returned a haughty answer to the commissioners sent by Tilly to treat with him. The Imperial general then lost all patience, and poured his troops into Saxony on every side, ravaging the Electorate as they advanced, and leaving nothing but ruin and desolation to mark their track. It is said that Tilly wrote to Vienna to represent the impolicy of the orders he had received. It is nevertheless certain that he obeyed them to the very letter.

The unwarrantable invasion of Saxony by the Imperial troops having, at length, thrown the Elector into the arms of the Protestant cause, Tilly endeavoured to prevent the junction of the Saxon army with the King of Sweden (who had made a sudden march upon Wittemberg for that purpose from his entrenched camp at Werben). In order to effect this object, the Imperial general made an effort to possess himself of Torgau, and thus secure a passage upon the Elbe; but his movement being anticipated by Field-Marshal Arnheim, the Saxon commander, he took possession of the towns

of Zeitz and Merseburg, and, having invested Leipsic, threatened the governor with the same fate as Magdeburg, in case of a refusal to surrender. After a resistance of about twenty-four hours, in the course of which Tilly narrowly escaped being killed by a cannon-shot, which, fired from the town, struck an officer riding by his side, Leipsic surrendered. Arnheim, meanwhile, had been despatched by the Elector of Saxony to Wittemberg, to request in the most urgent manner of the King of Sweden to advance to the succour of Leipsic. But Gustavus insisted upon the execution of a treaty, as a preliminary measure to his giving the assistance required. The principal stipulations of this treaty were "that the Electoral Prince should serve with his army; that Wittemberg should be assigned as a place of retreat to the Swedish army in case of failure; and that an alliance, offensive and defensive, should be entered into by the Elector of Saxony and himself; and that three months' pay should be advanced by the Elector to the Swedish troops." To all of these the Elector agreed, adding, "that he would himself serve with the army as well as his son, and that not only Wittemberg, but the whole Electorate, should be open to the Swedes in case of defeat." This negociation being concluded, the Swedish army on the 3rd September (the day after the ratification of the treaty) crossed the Elbe at Wittemberg, and on the 4th joined the Saxons at Düben.

The difference between the appearance of the two armies on their junction was very striking. The Saxons, being newly raised levies, and commanded by officers of little experience, were in fact troops upon whom but little reliance could be placed in the day of action. They were, however, splendid in appearance; the officers plumed in an ostentatious manner, and the troops in all the brilliancy of new and fantastic uni-

forms. The Swedes, on the other hand, were mostly veterans, inured to the hardships of war; the same old bands with whom Gustavus had successfully resisted Tilly at Werben, held together by the strictest bonds of discipline, and drilled to the highest perfection of which the tactics of that period were capable. Having bivouacked the night before upon a plain which had been recently ploughed, and being covered with the dust of an eighteen-mile march (for the weather was dry), they seemed clothed in "one dirty uniform of dark brown."* But we may easily imagine the contrast which these hard and weatherbeaten soldiers must have presented to the plumed and gaudy recruits which filled the ranks of the Saxon army. While at Düben, Gustavus held a council of war, and, having invited the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg to his own apartment, he pointed out to them the necessity of drawing Tilly from his advantageous position near Leipsic, and either attacking him by surprise or drawing him by dint of manœuvres into open ground, where he might be engaged upon more equal terms. "For," said he, "such an ancient and prudent general will never sacrifice the flower of the Imperial troops and the fair reputation of an uninterrupted series of victories for thirteen years past, except the necessity be great and urgent; and if he should happen to overcome us, you two princes are each of you lost beyond redemption." The Elector of Saxony however, incensed at the ravaging of his territory and the miseries of his subjects, was instant in his recommendation of an immediate engagement. To this Gustavus (whose private opinion is by some supposed to have been equally in favour of fighting), after some slight objections, consented. The 5th was passed in reviewing the combined army, and the same day the town of

* Vide Harte.

Leipsic, as we have before mentioned, capitulated to Tilly.

That commander, after the capitulation, had called a council-of-war, held at the house of an undertaker in Leipsic; a circumstance which appeared ominous to many of the Imperial officers at a period when superstition was a prevalent error of the age. At this council Tilly proposed to remain in a strong position near Leipsic (probably in rear of the Partha river, which would have covered his front, while his left would have rested on the town of Leipsic and the Elster), and there await the arrival of General Altringer, who lay at Erfurt with a small corps, and had been ordered to join the army. Pappenheim, on the other hand, whose boiling courage no considerations of prudence could check, prevailed upon the veteran general to advance towards Breitenfeld, about four miles further to the north of Leipsic. It is possible that Tilly was the more easily induced to make this forward movement, as he was not yet aware of the junction of the Saxon and Swedish armies; and being aware of the raw materials of which the former was composed, he might hope to overcome them while unsupported, and thus gain a preponderance in the field. He was now an old man, who had nearly numbered his seventieth year, and was no doubt unwilling to tarnish the lustre of thirty-six victories by an incautious exposure of his army. It is said that Pappenheim, when his other arguments had failed, was ungenerous enough to hint at the caution of the Generalissimo as proceeding from want of personal courage. He had touched the right chord. The brave old soldier had one weak point, and it was the chivalrous feeling which brooked no imputation against his honour which induced him to risk, contrary to his own opinion, the chance of battle with a young and able

adversary. He sent a trumpeter to Gustavus challenging him to a battle "as a brave cavalier." The king's answer was haughty. "Friend," said he, "tell your master I am a king as well as a cavalier, and shall make it my business to find him soon;" adding the remark to those of his generals around him, "That he should advance with pleasure to make a collision betwixt a crown and two electoral bonnets on the one side, and the carcase of an old corporal on the other." Upon the intelligence of the fall of Leipsic and the advance of the Imperial army to Breitenfeld, the allied Saxon and Swedish armies marched on the morning of the 6th about twelve miles, and halted in sight of the Imperial camp.

On the approach of the king a fresh debate was renewed on the subject of engaging, in the camp of the Imperialists. An attempt was made to protect the camp at Breitenfeld with some field-works, for Tilly appears still to have adhered to his original plan of remaining on the defensive. He was supported in this view by Schomberg and some of the senior officers. But Pappenheim, being aided by Count Furstemberg (who was himself anxious to succeed Tilly in the command-in-chief), and backed by some of the younger colonels, obtained a superiority of influence, which, on the following day, contributed not a little to the result of the action. It, however, seems doubtful whether the old general differed as entirely from his officers as he professed to do, but that he was willing to fight only at his own convenience and not by compulsion.

The plain of Leipsic or Breitenfeld, the name of which implies its extent ("broad plain"), extends nearly throughout Misnia. Its features are but slightly marked, and it is difficult to find any considerable elevation upon its surface. Even upon a clear day nothing

resembling a mountain is to be seen upon the horizon, but the whole is slightly undulated. It is celebrated in military history from the numerous conflicts of which it has been the theatre. A battle was gained upon it by Charles V. over Frederic, Elector of Saxony, and the Landgravine of Hesse Cassel, both of which princes were captured; and, according to some historians, this action was fought upon the same spot of ground on which the Imperial camp was now pitched. In a subsequent period of the Thirty Years' War, Leonard Torstensohn, the Swedish general, defeated Piccolomini and the Archduke upon nearly the same ground. In a more recent day a severe action was fought very near to the scene of former conflicts; and the tactical skill of Marmont, and the fiery genius of Blücher, were opposed to each other upon the same plain which had been already immortalized by Gustavus, in the victory which it is our intention now to describe.

This plain is bounded on the south-west by the Elster, into which the Partha flows at the point where the town of Leipsic is situated. The course of the latter, after proceeding some distance in a north-easterly direction, turns suddenly to the westward, and circles round to the south-west until it joins the Elster. That river, swelled by the Pleisse, which flows into it at about a mile to the south of Leipsic, holds its course to the north until it reaches that town, and then obliqueing to the north-west towards Stunditz, after leaving the point of junction of the Partha, flows along in a broad course of streams, covered with plantations, having the villages of Gohlis, Möckern, and Wahren situated successively along its right bank. A small stream, called the Rietschhe, commencing at Lindenthal, a village about a quarter of a mile from Wahren, north of the Elster, where the ground forms an elevation, divides the ground formed

into an angle by the Elster and Partha, and being, at the villages of Gross and Klein Widderitsch, joined by another small source commencing at Lechausen, runs almost due south, falling into the Elster nearly at its point of junction with the Partha, thus dividing the angle almost into two equal parts. Two roads pass across these sources: one, from Düben, coming from the north-east, crosses that source which comes from Lechausen, leaving the two villages of Gross and Klein Widderitsch on its right, and entering Leipsic; the other, coming from Delitzsch, passes through the two latter villages and continues to Leipsic, keeping the stream of the Rietschhe on its right after leaving them.

A long undulating ridge rises on the northern side of the sources above-mentioned, and, beginning at Lindenthal on the left, crosses these roads, running nearly east and west, and ending on the right, near Lechausen. The fall of the slopes of this ridge is very gradual, but it is nearly the most elevated part of the plain. The village of Breitenfeld stands on the commencement of this ridge, near Lindenthal, where the flank of the hill rather falls back; Lechausen stands at the opposite extremity. Thus the two sources which commence at Lindenthal and Lechausen run almost parallel between this height and Leipsic. About a mile to the north of the sloping eminence, and crossing the Düben road, runs in an almost parallel direction a small stream, called the Lobebach, upon which are situated the villages of Eschelkau and Podelwitz, at the former of which it is crossed by a bridge. Thus the allied armies, coming from Düben, would naturally pass across this streamlet in moving upon Leipsic.

The allied Swedish and Saxon armies being now bivouacked within a short distance of the Imperial camp, Gustavus assembled the generals around him the

evening previous to the action, and told them in a few words that "they were to fight with troops to-morrow of a different stamp from the Polanders and Cossacks. Fellow soldiers," added he, "I shall not dissemble the danger; you will have a day's work that is worthy of you. It is not my temper to diminish the merit of veteran troops like the Imperialists; but I know my officers at bottom, and scorn the thoughts of deceiving them. I foresee, too, that our numbers will prove inferior to those of the enemy; but, my friends, God is just. And remember Magdeburg!"

Previous to this spirited address Gustavus had gone through the line, and explained carefully to each corps the particular duty expected from them on the ensuing day. His orders to the cavalry were to charge the enemy without making use of their fire-arms (the only sure method to ensure success with that description of force), and to those who were without cuirasses he recommended to cut with their swords at the heads and necks of the enemy's horses, knowing that the dismounted cuirassier would be too much encumbered by his defensive armour to make any opposition to them. The troops bivouacked, in order of battle, on the plain that night, the king passing the night in his carriage, occasionally conversing with Horn, Banier, and Teüffel, three of his best officers, who were to command the principal divisions of the army in the approaching engagement.

Tilly, meanwhile, having notice of the junction of the Saxons and Swedes, drew up his army under the high undulating ridge of the plain before mentioned, having the villages of Breitenfeld, Gross, and Klein Widderitsch, and Lindenthal, in rear of his left. His right was prolonged in the direction of Lechausen. Both flanks were, however, completely *en l'air*, and none of these villages were sufficiently near to afford them any pro-

tection. His centre, which was slightly convex towards the enemy, was formed under the slope of the ridge. The stream of the Lobebach, as we have before described, ran at about a mile distance in front of the position. It is a deep miry brook; and had the two points of the villages of Podelwitz and Zschelkau, with the bridge across it, been properly occupied, would have been easily defended. In such a case, however, the whole line of the Imperial army would have been brought more forward; but the conflicting counsels of Tilly and his lieutenants, the former being still desirous of fighting a defensive action, while the latter seized every opportunity of bringing on an engagement, probably prevented these simple military precautions from being taken. The extent of the front of the Imperial line was about two miles from right to left; and although the flanks were unprotected, the nature of the ground, which was perfectly open, prevented any flank movement being made by the enemy to turn them, without being easily seen and guarded against in time. The road from Düben to Leipsic, crossing the plain, cut through the Imperial position nearly at the point of junction of their right wing and centre. A little to the right of this, and on the opposite slope of the ridge facing towards Leipsic, was a small wood, called the Linkelwald, which was situated immediately in rear of the Imperial centre. The ground being perfectly practicable for troops of all arms, the principal advantage of the Imperialists consisted in their being formed in line of battle, with their artillery in position; while the Swedes and Saxons, in order to take up their ground, had to pass the Lobe by the defiles of Podelwitz and Zschelkau.

Tilly's order of battle has been variously reported. Colonel Mitchell, in his 'Life of Wallenstein,' states (though without giving his authority) that his army was

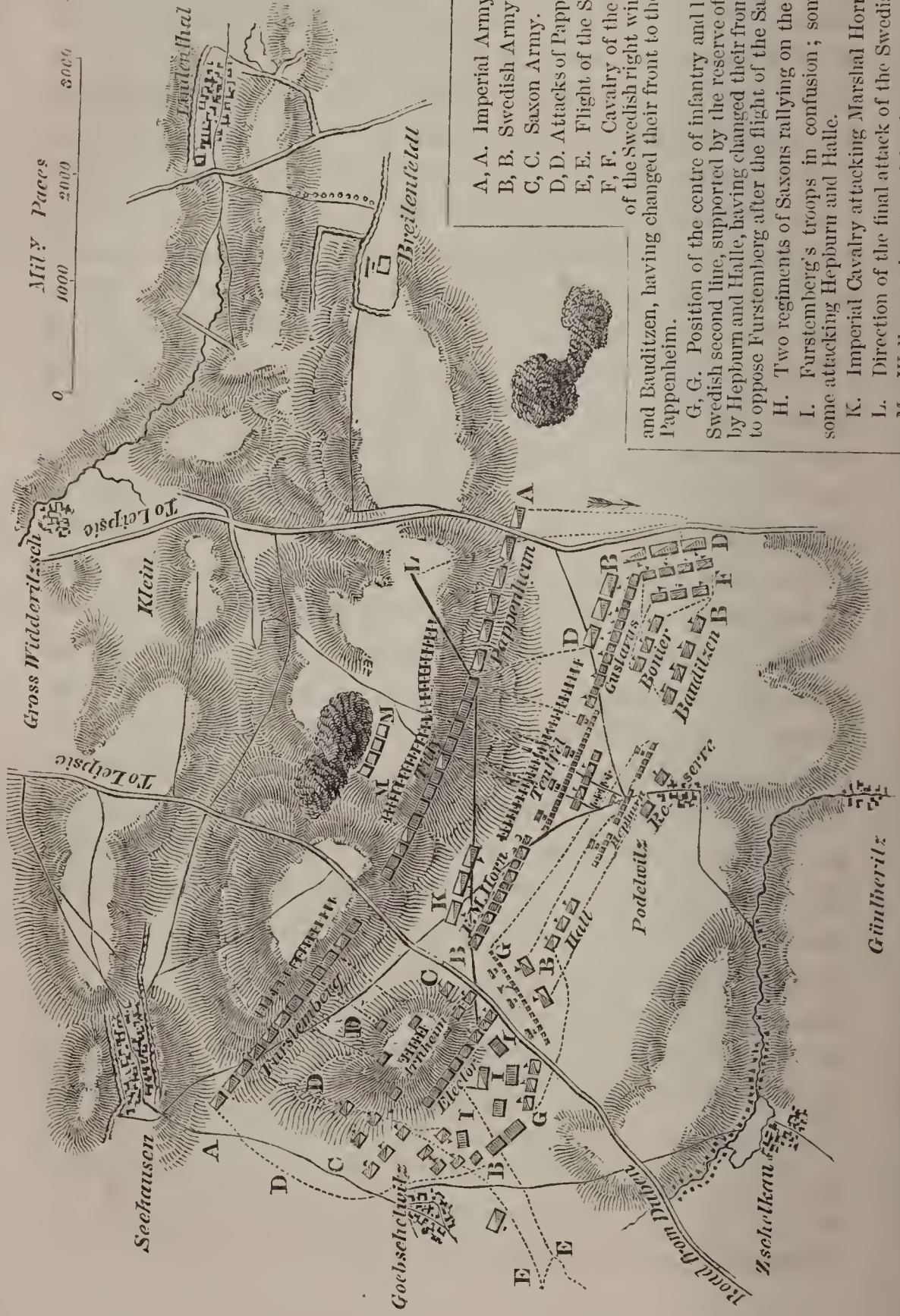
“drawn up in two lines, having some corps in third line as a reserve.” This account, if correct, would decidedly clear Tilly from the imputation cast upon him by most historians, military as well as civil, of having kept no second line or reserve; a fault to which the loss of the battle has often been attributed. Still, in all the plans representing the battle, some of which were drawn at the period, neither reserve nor second line is to be found. That by Olaf Hauson, the Swedish engineer, drawn under the immediate inspection of Gustavus himself, shows no sign of such a disposition. We shall therefore adhere to the account given by most historians, who seem to agree in the fact of the Imperial army being formed in one line, and illustrate our narrative with a plan in which the positions of the respective armies have been taken from the most authentic plans of the battle, and replaced upon an accurate survey of the ground.*

The Imperial army was thus formed:—the left wing consisted of six regiments of Imperial cuirassiers (each forming a strong massive squadron), viz., commencing from the left, Renconi's, Merodi's, New-Saxon, Baumgarten's, Piccolomini's, and Strozzi's.† These were under the command of Pappenheim, and were drawn up in a single line without any reserve; Strozzi's regiment, which held the right of the line, standing next to the Holstein regiment, which formed the extreme length of the infantry of the centre.‡

* The authorities from whence the accompanying plan has been constructed are Merian's 'Plan of the Disposition of the Armies at Leipsic;' a Plan drawn by Olaf Hauson, the Swedish engineer, under the inspection of the King of Sweden himself, and published at the time; the plans in Grimond and Harte; that in Major Kaussler's 'Atlas des Sièges et des Batailles.' The ground taken from Kaussler, compared with the 'Survey of the Field of Leipsic' by Major Aftu, of the Saxon army.

† Vide Harte's 'History of Gustavus Adolphus.'

‡ Merian's 'Plan of the Battle of Leipsic.'



A, A. Imperial Army, in order of battle.

B, B. Swedish Army, when formed.

C, C. Saxon Army.

D, D. Attacks of Pappenheim and Furstenberg.

E, E. Flight of the Saxons.

F, F. Cavalry of the second line and reserve of the Swedish right wing, under Generals Banier and Bauditz, having changed their front to the right, in order to oppose Pappenheim.

G, G. Position of the centre of infantry and left wing of cavalry of the Swedish second line, supported by the reserve of cavalry, and commanded by Hepburn and Halle, having changed their front to the left "en potence" to oppose Furstenberg after the flight of the Saxons.

H. Two regiments of Saxons rallying on the left of this line.

I. Furstenberg's troops in confusion; some pursuing the Saxons, some attacking Hepburn and Halle.

K. Imperial Cavalry attacking Marshal Horn.

L. Direction of the final attack of the Swedish Army.

M. Walloon regiments retiring into the wood.

This centre was commanded by Tilly himself, and was also formed upon a single line. It consisted of fourteen battalions of infantry, interlaced with four regiments of horse; each regiment of infantry was formed in a solid square battalion, with the pikemen in the centre. Some of the regiments, being weak, were joined together in the same battalion. They were as follows:—Holstein's regiment was the first on the left, then in succession came Chiesa's (Walloon), Gala's, and Furstemberg's; next to these on the right stood Montecuculi's regiment of horse, then Balderon's and Dietrichstein's (Walloon) in one battalion, Tilly's, Coronini's, and Goetz's (Walloon); two regiments of horse (Coloredo's and Emitz's) stood next, then Cavelli's, Blancard's (Walloon), and Pappenheim's regiments of infantry. Harracour or Harrach's regiment of horse was on the right of Pappenheim's, and was followed on its right by Reynach's and Comargo's in one battalion, Wallis's, and Wrangler's, which last held the right of all the infantry.

The fact of regiments of horse being intermingled with the infantry of the centre is not mentioned by Harte in his 'History of Gustavus Adolphus,' and in the plan accompanying it they are called infantry; but Merian's original plan, in which (being a drawing in perspective) the horse and foot are clearly represented, shows them to have been horse. They were, as we have mentioned, four in number, and were so disposed as to divide Tilly's infantry into four large brigades or divisions, each consisting of several regiments. Furstemberg, at the head of five regiments of cuirassiers, with two regiments of Croats and a regiment of reformed dragoons (the last forming the extreme right of the Imperial line), formed the right wing of the army. They were as follows: commencing from the left, Lote Bernstein's, Schomberg's, Cronenburg's, Old Saxon, Wingarti's, two

regiments of Croats, and the reformed dragoons; Bernstein's, the regiment on the left, stood next to Wrangler's; the infantry regiment on the right of the centre. Thus the whole Imperial army formed a single extended line, of which, however, both cavalry and infantry were formed in deep solid masses. A considerable interval separated Blancard's and Pappenheim's regiments of infantry, and the line was at this point crossed by the Düben road, which, as we have before mentioned, divided the field of battle into two parts, running nearly at right angles to the Imperial position. Thus four battalions of infantry and Harracour's regiment of horse were on the right of this road with Furstemberg, although they properly belonged to the centre. The artillery was formed in two large batteries; one was posted upon the summit of the undulating ridge, under which the Imperial centre was formed, and consisted of twenty-four heavy guns; the other, consisting of sixteen guns, was placed on the Galgen Hügel, or Gallows Hill, on the right of the Düben road and in rear of Furstemberg's troops. It was disposed in an oblique position; the right advanced, so as to keep up an enfilading fire along the line of the allies when they advanced to the attack. The position of this last battery was probably where a monument now stands to commemorate the victory, and where the ground forms a slight elevation.* Both these large batteries were placed in rear of the Imperial line; but as their position was more elevated than that of the latter, the intention of Tilly was that they should fire over their heads. This position of his artillery sufficiently proves that the Imperial general entertained the idea of fighting a defensive battle, as no forward movement of his centre could take place without exposing them to the fire of their own guns. A forward

* Vide Mitchell's 'Life of Wallenstein.'

movement of both flanks, however, was practicable, and we shall see that this also probably entered into the combinations of the generalissimo. The Imperial army was about 44,000 strong.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the memorable 7th September, 1631 (a day which will long be remembered with gratitude by the Protestants of Germany as that upon which freedom of conscience and religious liberty were gloriously won for them), the allied Swedish and Saxon armies advanced, in two columns, to attack the Imperial position. The Swedish army, consisting of 7000 cavalry and 8000 infantry, formed the right column; the Saxons, consisting of 4000 cavalry and 11,000 infantry, formed the left. Much obscurity prevails in the accounts of the numerical force of the Allied armies. The numbers here given are according to Harte; but the order of battle of the Swedish army, which he afterwards gives at length, would make them much greater. Probably the two armies were, together, nearly equal in number to that of the Imperialists. The vanguard was composed of one German and two Scottish regiments, commanded by Scottish officers, viz. Sir John Hamilton, Sir James Ramsay, and Robert Monro of Foulis. They passed without much difficulty the small stream of the Lobebach, and were scarcely crossed when they were assailed by Pappenheim at the head of 2000 cuirassiers. This gallant commander, whose eagerness to engage seems to have been increased by the sight of the enemy, had persuaded Tilly to permit him to observe the enemy with the force above mentioned, and to molest them during their passage of the Lobebach, though the generalissimo added a strict injunction not to risk a general engagement. But Pappenheim's fiery valour was not to be restrained on the approach of the Allies. He therefore fell furiously

upon the Scottish regiments. These gallant troops, however, made a stern resistance, and having the advantage of the ground, and the support of some dragoons, repulsed the attack. Pappenheim set fire to the village of Podelwitz, hoping to arrest by this measure the advance of the allied army. Finding this ineffectual, the Imperial commander attempted to turn the right flank of the column as it advanced into the plain, and, being now reinforced, made another attack. He was again repulsed in this attempt by General Banier, who wheeled the leading divisions to the right, and formed line in that direction, the remainder of the army continuing to take up its ground unmolested. Foiled in all his attempts, Pappenheim retired towards his own army.

On the first passage of the Lobebach he had sent to inform Tilly of the approach of the Allies, who exclaimed, turning to those around him, "Now, my old friends, we must look for blows." Soon afterwards, as the action grew warmer, Pappenheim sent to say that, if he was not reinforced by 2000 fresh cavalry, he, and two of the best regiments in the service, must be either cut to pieces or made prisoners. This Tilly, after some deliberation, consented to, bidding the Colonel commanding the reinforcement inform Pappenheim, "That if he failed to disengage himself, he must expect to be tried for his life by a court-martial."

Meanwhile, the affair continuing, the Duke of Holstein, whose regiment formed, as we have before said, the left of the Imperial line of infantry, advanced (it is said without orders) to the assistance of Pappenheim. The Imperial cuirassiers, however, on being repulsed by Banier, retired so rapidly to their original position in the left wing, that the Holstein regiment was left unprotected in the plain. Formed in the unwieldy disposi-

tion of a solid square, with the pikemen in the centre, surrounded by musketeers, they were but ill prepared for defence. Some Finland horse immediately charged and cut up the musketeers; the pikemen, thus left to themselves, were attacked by some Swedish musketeers, and suffered severely by their fire. The Duke of Holstein was killed, and his regiment routed and driven back to their own line.

The defile of Zschelkau being passed, at about ten o'clock the two columns proceeded to form themselves in order of battle upon the plain opposite to the Imperial army. The Swedes formed on the right, the Saxons on the left of the road from Düben to Leipsic, which separated thus the line of battle of both the Imperial and Allied armies, crossing them nearly at right angles to their front. Gustavus, after examining Arnheim's plan of the order of battle of the Saxon army, and making a few interlinear remarks upon it with his own hand, proceeded with his own disposition, leading up each brigade and regiment himself, without waiting for the Field-Marschals and Sergeant-Major Generals, whose proper office it was to do so. When formed, the disposition of the Swedes was as follows:—They were drawn up in two lines, the infantry forming the centre and the cavalry the wings, having two small reserves of cavalry and infantry in rear of the first, and one in rear of the second line. The detail of the disposition described from right to left was thus:—Two squadrons of Finland horse (400 each) held the right of the first line, facing Pappenheim's left wing: next were placed 180 musketeers of Banier's regiment, and on their left three squadrons of Todt's regiment of horse (each 400 strong), 180 more musketeers of Banier's, and on their left 800 West Gothland horse: 180 more of Banier's musketeers stood next; then 800 horse of

Steinbock's (Smalanders), 180 musketeers of Halle's, and 400 East Gothland cavalry, which closed the left of the right wing, standing next to the infantry of the centre. This was composed of four brigades, which were as follows:—Lily's brigade was on the right, then in succession Teüffel's brigade of guards, Halle's, and Winkle's, which last was on the left of the centre of infantry. Each of these brigades was drawn up alike. One-third of the pikemen was advanced to the front of the centre of the brigade; two small bodies of musketeers (96 each) stood in column behind it. On the right and left of the rear division of musketeers were formed the remaining two-thirds of the pikemen. The remainder of the musketeers of the brigade were divided equally on the extreme right and left of these two wings of pikemen. Thus the disposition of each brigade resembled a column supported by a line. Every division, both pikemen and musketeers, was formed six deep, but the numbers cannot with certainty be ascertained. Each of the three battalions of pikemen was about 216 strong; but, as we have already seen, there was a large number of commanded musketeers mingled with the cavalry, so that few remained with the pikemen. The four brigades of the centre stood upon the same alignment, so that the general appearance of the Swedish centre was that of four columns supported by a line. The greater part of the artillery was placed in battery in front of this centre. Two guns were in front of the right wing of cavalry, and two in front of the left. Colonel Teüffel commanded the centre of infantry. The left wing of cavalry was formed in the same manner as the right. Next Winkle's brigade, which stood on the left of the centre, was formed Horn's regiment of cavalry, in a single squadron of 200 strong; on their left another, of Collembach's horse, of 500;

then 360 commanded musketeers, another squadron of Collembach's, of 500, with 280 of Oxenstein's musketeers on their left. Next came Bauditzen's regiment of horse, divided into three squadrons of 300 each, having two divisions of Erichuisen's musketeers of 300 each in the intervals. The left squadron of Bauditzen's closed the left of the Swedish first line, and nearly rested upon the road from Düben to Leipsic, which divided the Swedish army from the Saxons. The left wing of the Swedish cavalry of the first line was commanded by Field-Marshal Gustavus Horn, an experienced and able officer, to whose judicious and able conduct the king always attributed the success of the action afterwards. Two small reserves were formed in rear of this first line of battle. One, which was directly in rear of the centre, behind the brigades of the guards and Halle's, was drawn up as follows in one line from the right:—350 musketeers of Ramsay's, on their left a squadron of 500 of the king's own regiment of horse, 400 of Monro's musketeers, another squadron of 500 of the king's horse, and 360 of Hamilton's musketeers. The other, which was formed on the same alignment, but considerably further to the right, and acting as a reserve to the right wing of the first line, consisted of three squadrons of the Rhingrave's regiment of horse, each 400 strong, under the command of General Banier. They were formed, at large intervals, in rear of Todt's and the West Gothland regiments, so as to admit of the first line (if pressed) falling back through them without confusion. A battery of six guns was placed in rear of the central reserve we have mentioned—the first instance known in military history of a reserve of artillery.

The second line of the Swedish army was thus disposed:—The right wing consisted of four large squadrons

(in rear of the Rhingrave's regiment of horse), forming four regiments, from the right, as follows: 400 Livonian horse, 400 Courland, 300 of Damitz's, and 400 of Sperreüter's; these were commanded by General Bauditzen, and were formed with large intervals between the squadrons. The centre of the second line consisted of three brigades of infantry, formed in every respect like those in the first line. The right brigade was composed of Halle's, Walstein's, and Thurn's regiments of infantry; the centre one, of Damitz's, Hepburn's, and some others; the left, of Mitzoul's, Vitzdum's, and Ruthven's. These three brigades were principally Scottish and English troops, and were commanded by Hepburn, a Scottish Colonel of high reputation. Colonel Halle, at the head of two squadrons of his own regiment of horse, of 600 men each, having on their left one squadron, of 400 men, of Courville's, formed the left wing of the second line. Two strong squadrons, of 500 horse each, being the regiments of Schafman and Cochtitzky,* formed the reserve of the whole army, and were posted in rear of Hepburn's three brigades of infantry, and in front of the village of Podelwitz, which lay behind the Swedish army.

This disposition being completed, the king rode up and down the lines, calling out to the soldiers to ask "If they felt disposed for a hard day's service?" He was answered with loud "vivas" from the whole of the lines. His dress on this memorable occasion was a plain suit of grey cloth, and he wore a green plume in his hat, and rode a flea-bitten grey charger. He was unprotected by defensive armour, but reserved to himself the post of honour at the head of the right wing of cavalry, which he intended to lead in person to the charge. The soldiers of the Swedish army wore green

* Vide Merian's Plan.

boughs in their hats and helmets, in order to distinguish them. Tilly's, on the other hand, wore white ribands in their hats and around their right arms. It is singular enough that in modern times these badges have been reversed in the two services; the *Austrian* General wearing a green plume in his hat, while the soldiers of that army continue to wear green branches in their caps during war. The Swedes, on the other hand, wear a white band on the arm, and this badge is actually called in French a "Suédoise."* The war-cry of the Swedes was "God with us!" that of the Imperialists, "Jesus Maria!"—a war-cry that had last been heard amid the falling roofs of the doomed city of Magdeburg, and the cries for mercy of its defenceless inhabitants.

To the left of the road from Düben to Leipsic, which separated them from the Swedes, the Saxons were drawn up in two lines. On nearly the same alignment as the Swedish first line, was placed a squadron of 400 horse of the Elector's regiment; this was supported, at a short distance, by two other squadrons, so placed that the advanced one before mentioned stood in front of the interval between them; these consisted of 400 each, and belonged to the regiment of Saxe Altenburg. These three squadrons formed the right wing of the Saxon first line. The centre of infantry of the first line consisted of three regiments, and was advanced in échelons from the centre: the leading échelon was a battalion of Löser's regiment, 700 strong, supported on the right and left by the regiments of Glitzingen and Schwalbach. These two regiments were each subdivided into two small battalions, of 350 each, the inward ones being the most advanced échelons. The left wing consisted of three squadrons, of 400 horse each, formed like the right wing, the advanced one being a squadron of

* From the communication of a distinguished officer.

Bindauf's, supported by another of the same regiment and one of provincial gentlemen. The left squadron of Bindauf's was directly opposite to Wingarti's regiment of Imperial cavalry, which, with the Croats and dragoons, held the right of Tilly's line.* The second line of the Saxons, which differed from the first in being all formed upon one alignment, was composed of the following troops:—Two squadrons of the Electoral regiment of horse, 400 each, were on the right, next to the high road; on their left a squadron of provincial gentlemen. Then the centre of infantry from the right as follows:—Starchedel's regiment, divided into two small battalions, of 350 each; the Electoral regiment, in one battalion of 600 foot; and on their left Arnheim's regiment, in two small battalions. The left wing of the second line consisted of three squadrons, viz. one of Arnheim's, next to the infantry regiment of that name; and two of Steinau's, terminating the extreme left of the line. A small eminence lay between the first and second lines, nearly in rear of Löser's regiment, which formed the most advanced *échelon*. Upon this the Saxon artillery was posted, consisting of six guns. Field-Marshal Arnheim took command of the first line of the Saxon army; the Elector in person commanded the second.† As Arnheim had served most of his time in the Imperial army, and was a sort of pupil of Wallenstein's, he had retained their system of tactics in the formation of his battalions and squadrons, contrary to the wishes of Gustavus, who, though he disapproved, could not alter the disposition. The battalions were accordingly heavy masses, with the pikemen forming the centre of each. The cavalry were also formed in

* The village of Gobschelwitz lay in rear of the left wing of the Saxon army. It is written Getschlitz in the old plans.

† Harte's Plan; Merian's ditto.

deep and unwieldy squadrons. Gustavus, rightly judging that the Saxons would make but a slight resistance (being mostly raw inexperienced levies), had separated them altogether from his own army, and availed himself of the high-road from Düben to Leipsic, which is in part hollow, and flanked with hedges, as a flank to cover his army, should they be deserted by their allies. The plain had been recently ploughed, and the clouds of dust which, as the weather was dry, obscured the field, gave Tilly, who had the advantage of the sun and wind, a great superiority over the Allied troops.

The armies being now formed, a heavy cannonade of two hours' duration commenced the engagement. Tilly rather prided himself upon the excellence of his artillery, and it certainly appears to have had the advantage of weight of metal. But the light field-pieces of the Swedes, which were easily shifted from one point to another, and which had been formed under the orders of the king himself, enabled a greater concentration of fire to be brought upon any important point, and therefore gave, by the rapidity of their movement, a superiority upon many points, which the Imperialists only possessed upon one or two. Some of the field-pieces were made of leather* prepared in a particular manner, and these, from their lightness, were easily moved in any direction, and loaded and discharged with great rapidity. Tilly, indeed, in the letter which he wrote to a friend, giving an account of the action,

* We have stated the fact as it has been transmitted by historians. It must be a matter of doubt, however, whether they were actually made of that material. Most likely they were made of some thin metal, and then covered with leather, which caused the error of their being supposed to be entirely constructed of that material. At Malta there is in the Knights' Armoury a gun used by the Turks during the siege. This is a thin cylinder of metal, surrounded by rope coiled firmly round it, and glued together. This last was again covered by either leather or thin metal.

attributes the loss of the battle to the "unremitting fire of the enemy's artillery." Monro, who was present, and a colonel in the Swedish service, states that the Imperial army exceeded that of the Allies by ten or twelve thousand men. We should, however, hardly think that their superiority could have been so much. In Tilly's own letter, above quoted, he says that inferiority of numbers was one cause of his defeat; and we should hardly suspect so high-minded a soldier of an attempt to pervert the truth. Both armies were, in fact, nearly equal in numbers, but half that of the Allies being composed of the Saxons, upon whom little reliance could be placed, gave the superiority, in fact, to the Imperialists, who were nearly all veteran troops, whom a long series of victories had accustomed to conquest.

The cannonade having now continued until twelve o'clock at noon, the left wing of the Imperialists' cavalry, under the command of Pappenheim, fell furiously upon the Swedish right, headed by the king in person. Some writers state that the king commenced this attack with his right wing, probably as a preparatory movement to obliqueing to his right, in order to avoid the clouds of dust which, as the wind was westerly, blew in the faces of the Swedes as they advanced from the eastward (by the Düben road). This movement in a northerly direction would gradually, if prolonged to the westward, not only have brought the dust and smoke in the faces of the Imperialists, if they changed their front to face the Swedes, but would eventually have turned their left flank. It is therefore probable that Pappenheim, whose left extended beyond the Swedish right, fell upon them when he perceived the flank march in question. Certain it is, that between the Swedish right and the Imperial left the first onset commenced. A desperate struggle followed. The heavy fire of the musketeers, intermingled

at intervals along the line of Swedish cavalry, who, as they carried no colours, were not discovered by the Imperial generals until the effect of their muskets was severely felt, much discomposed the Imperial cuirassiers, whose armour was only pistol-proof. Many were dismounted by this fire, and thus rendered useless for the remainder of the action, for, as usual, the musketry took effect more on the horses than the riders, the weight of whose armour rendered them perfectly inactive when dismounted. Pappenheim, whose line (as we have before mentioned) extended beyond the right of the Swedes, wheeled the three left regiments of cuirassiers upon the king's right flank. Bauditzen, with his four regiments of the right wing of the second line, changed front to the right, to oppose these troops, and, forming *en potence* to the first line, engaged the Imperialists closely. Banier, meanwhile, who at the head of the three squadrons of the Rhingrave's regiment, had aided the king to repel Pappenheim's front attack, and had also cut up a corps of Imperial infantry (who, coming from the left of the Imperial centre, had penetrated between the Swedish right wing and Lily's brigade, which formed the right of their centre of infantry), seeing the change of front of Bauditzen's line, changed also his front to the right, so as to form in second line to that general. Two attacks of Pappenheim's were successively repulsed. In the third, however, the Swedes were thrown into some confusion; and as the cuirassiers rallied more quickly than their opponents could follow up their success, it was only by a timely assistance that Banier, supporting with his small reserve, managed to beat off the enemy. Gassion, a young French volunteer serving in the Swedish army (who afterwards materially contributed to the success of Condé at Rocroi, and rose at an early age to the rank of Marshal of France), actually crossed

swords with Pappenheim in this desperate charge. After an ineffectual show of desperate valour the Imperial horse, overwhelmed by a continued storm of bullets from the musketeers, and boldly charged by the Swedish cavalry, headed by Gustavus, Banier, and Bauditzen, were repulsed and thrown into confusion. Pappenheim did all that personal gallantry and desperate valour could effect, and is said to have slain fifteen men with his own hand. Four times did he after this attack rally his horsemen, and lead them on to the charge, and four times were they repelled by the steadiness of the Swedish cavalry, and the heavy fire of their musketeers.

About a quarter of an hour after the first attack of this desperate conflict, Count Furstemberg (encouraged by the representations of an old colonel, who threatened to commence the battle with his own regiment if permission was not granted for the attack), led his right wing of Imperial horse against the Saxons. The provincial horse in the right wing of that army, seeing before them those dreaded veterans who had been for so many years the terror of Germany, wavered, and eventually turned and fled. Tilly, seeing the moment of success, sent some of the infantry regiments to support this attack. The effect was instantaneous, and the whole Saxon army, with the exception of the Elector's own regiment and one other, fled in the utmost confusion, plundering their own baggage in their flight. The Elector was one of the first to fly, and rode to Gülenburg, a town about ten miles distant, where he arrived in the full conviction that the battle was irretrievably lost, and in great depression of spirits. The Imperial right wing rushed tumultuously in pursuit of the flying Saxons, fancying the victory already gained. The veteran Commander-in-Chief was, however, far from thinking the success complete while the Swedes remained

unbroken. "Turn back, my comrades," cried he to the pursuers; "let us beat the Swedes, and the empire is our own." But although Tilly used every exertion to recall his right, he was only partially obeyed. Furstemberg with the Italian cavalry, and Cronenburg with his regiment of "invincible" cuirassiers, checked their career, and wheeled up to take the Swedish left in flank and rear, but many still continued to pursue, and would not return at the call of their general. Meanwhile, Marshal Arnheim, the Saxon commander, having rallied two regiments, and put them under the command of Horn (who led the Swedish left wing), galloped away to the right to inform the king of the desertion of his army, and the consequent danger of the Swedish left. Gustavus, having already repulsed Pappenheim, gave over the command of the cavalry of the right to Banier, whose gallant conduct had already contributed so much to the success in that quarter, and proceeded to the left, where his presence was, by the flight of the Saxons, now urgently required. On his way along the rear of the first line he cheerfully called out to the troops, "Alegramente, alegramente! my soldiers," and was answered by loud cheers, and cries of "Vivat! Vivat!" as he rode along. He sent orders to Teüffel, who commanded the centre, to lead it against that of the Imperialists, but that officer was killed while listening to the king's message, and the attack did not then take place. The regiment of West Gothland cavalry was detached from the right wing (now victorious over Pappenheim), to assist the left, which was menaced by all the forces that Tilly could find disposable. The Imperial centre of infantry, however, did not advance, but remained fast in their original position, not liking to risk an attack upon the Swedish infantry under Teüffel, protected as it was with an immense line of field-artillery. On the king's

arrival at his left wing, he found that Marshal Horn had already taken every military precaution to remedy the disaster of the left flank being unprotected. Upon the flight of the Saxons this able officer had ordered the whole of the infantry and the left wing of the cavalry of the second line, under the command of Hepburn and Halle, to change front to the left, *en potence*, resting their right upon the left squadron of Bauditzen's regiment of horse, which formed, as we have before mentioned, the extreme left of the Swedish first line. This new position of the second line was in rear of, and nearly parallel to, the Düben road, but was more oblique than perpendicular to the front of the first line. Schafman and Cochtitzky's regiments, hitherto stationed in reserve, conformed to the movement, and were stationed in rear of the centre of this new line, behind Hepburn's brigades of infantry. The relics of the Saxon troops were rallied on the left of the new line. The small reserve of cavalry and musketeers in rear of the first line stood fast. The Imperialists, on the other hand, tried gallantly to follow up their advantage. The Swedish left wing of cavalry, of the first line, was furiously attacked by Imperial horse. Meanwhile Furstemberg, Cronenburg, and Schomberg, with all the forces they could collect, fiercely attacked Hepburn and Halle. The latter was killed, bravely leading on his cavalry to the charge. Courville, while heading his own corps, received a wound from a musket-ball, which glanced across the forehead, and, blinded by the blood which streamed into his eyes, mistook the enemy for his own troops, and was made prisoner. Hepburn at the same time gallantly led on his three brigades of infantry. The brave Scots, firing by two or three ranks at a time over each others' heads, fell on with the stocks of their muskets, and soon threw the unwieldy masses of Impe-

rialists into disorder. Gustavus, having arrived from the right in rear of Collembach's regiment in the left wing of the Swedish first line, seeing them giving ground, called out to their Colonel, "Collembach, charge, man, in God's name! Charge, man, in God's name!" He was instantly obeyed; and the regiment, returning to their duty, charged home, Collembach himself falling by the fire of the enemy. But the danger was over, and the Imperial horse were driven back. Desperate, meantime, was the conflict between Hepburn and the Imperial right wing. The latter, forming themselves into deep masses, rushed furiously against the Scottish regiments, some arriving from the pursuit of the Saxons, some advancing from where they had stood in the original line, while Tilly himself, joining the gallantry of the soldier to the influence of the commander, led forward his troops with impetuosity, encouraging them to the victory. He well knew that Hepburn's troops formed the only barrier which remained to his success, and that, these once broken, the Swedish first line would be attacked in front, flank, and rear, and could not escape a total defeat. The King of Sweden, who had now arrived in rear of Hepburn's infantry, observing large masses of troops advancing, which the clouds of dust prevented his distinguishing clearly, and which some of his attendants mistook for Swedes, rode forward to reconnoitre them. He soon returned, and said, "They are Imperialists. I have discovered the Burgundian Cross among their ensigns." Having thus spoken, he put the troops in order to receive the attack. The struggle was hard and well contested; but the gallantry of the Scottish carried all before it, and the disordered tertias of the enemy, after a vain effort, began to break their ranks and fly.

The critical moment of the battle had now arrived,

and Gustavus Adolphus, seeing it with the eye of a conqueror, instantly seized the advantage. The victorious attack of the Imperial right was now checked by Hepburn. At the same time, Banier, having forced back their left wing under Pappenheim, had advanced about half-way towards the village of Klein Widderitsch, while the two centres still remained facing each other, without engaging more than by a distant cannonade. Victorious on the right and left, Gustavus now ordered his centre to advance against that of the Imperialists. It was now a few minutes past four o'clock, when the advance commenced along the whole line. The king's intention was now, by a general attack on all sides, to overwhelm the centre of the Imperial army, now deserted by the two wings. But this centre was composed in a great measure of regiments who had long been inured to victory, and were not prepared to surrender their hard-earned laurels without an effort. The Walloon regiments in particular, viz. those of Balderon and Dietrichstein, Chiesa, Goetz, and Blancard, who had gradually closed to their centre, upon the advance of those troops which had originally separated them, in the line of battle, made a stout resistance, unwilling to abandon their veteran commander, who had now placed himself at their head, and, added to the high reputation he possessed, was their own countryman, and had often led them to victory. Stern was the conflict that ensued. Tilly was determined to have a last struggle for the victory; and the recollection of his former renown roused the old General to the utmost exertions, in which he was well supported by his veteran regiments. But the advance of the Swedish line, which appears to have gradually commenced from the right, made them masters, after a hard struggle, of part of the Imperial artillery,—a conquest which was instantly

turned to advantage. The guns were turned upon the Imperial infantry, and the shot, ploughing up their ranks in a flanking direction, at length brought these hitherto invincible troops into disorder.

The evening was now coming on, and the waning light, added to the thick clouds of smoke and dust which hung over the field of battle, caused considerable obscurity. The narratives, therefore, of most eye-witnesses are but doubtful respecting the events of this period of the action. It appears, however, that the king, now bringing up all his disposable forces, attacked the Imperial centre in front and flanks. But the brave Walloons, closing together in firm and compact order, retired slowly and silently from the first field of battle which they had not left as victors. Cronenburg, with his regiment of Invincibles, retired steadily from the action, and joined the regiments of Wallcon infantry. These gallant soldiers fought with desperation, refusing all offers of quarter, and often continuing to resist when on the ground and almost disabled. The sight of these brave troops submitting with patience to the slaughter, and crushed by overpowering numbers, drew tears from their veteran Commander-in-Chief, who remained with them to the last, and had a narrow escape of death or capture. He had been distinguished throughout the day by his personal bravery, and was twice wounded. A Swedish Captain of the Rhingrave's regiment of horse, known by the name of Lang Fritz, from his great height, fired a pistol at him, after having offered him quarter, which he refused ; the bullet not taking effect, Lang Fritz struck the aged General a violent blow on the neck with the butt-end, and would soon have overpowered him, had not Rodolph, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, galloped to his assistance, and shot the Swedish Captain through the head with his pistol. Under cover

of the increasing darkness the brave Walloons, whose numbers were now reduced to only 600 men, retired to the small wood in rear of the centre. Cronenburg, with the remnants of his cuirassier regiment, and the Walloons, covered the retreat of the veteran Generalissimo, who now, finding the battle irretrievably lost, and suffering great torment from his wounds, quitted the field; Furstemberg, who was severely wounded, accompanied him in a carriage; Schomberg's cuirassiers followed the same direction; and Halle was given as the point on which to retire.

While the rest of the Imperial army fled in disorder, sixteen troops of horse had rallied and formed between the field of battle and the town of Leipsic; but they could find no officer of rank to command them. At length they were cheered by the sudden appearance of Pappenheim, who, mounting a fresh horse, led them again to the charge. But their effort was but feeble; and seeing that any further attempt was useless, their gallant leader retired with them, under cloud of night, upon Halle, having made every exertion to gain the day.

Few battles indeed have been more stoutly contested than that of Leipsic. The battle itself, independent of the two hours' cannonade and the pursuit, lasted about four hours and a half: 7000 Imperialists lay dead upon the field of battle; more than 5000 were wounded or taken prisoners. The camp, artillery, and baggage of the vanquished became the spoil of the victors. More than a hundred standards and colours were taken. The Saxons, whose flight did not save them from slaughter, lost 2000 men; the Swedes 700 only. All the principal leaders of the Imperial army—Tilly, Pappenheim, and Furstemberg—were wounded. Among the killed were the Duke of Holstein, Schomberg (the Sergeant-Major

General), Erwitz (the Wachtmeister-General), Baumgarten, Blancard, Colorado, Lerma, and Gonzaga, all Colonels; and Ainsa, Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment of Lavelli; and many other distinguished officers.*

On the Swedish side, Colonel Teüffel, who commanded the centre of infantry, and was Colonel of the brigade of guards, was killed; also Colonels Halle (who commanded the left wing of cavalry of the 2nd line), Callembach, and Danietz. Courville, and Colonels Lumsdel and Mostyn (both English), were wounded. Of the Saxons, there fell Bindauf (the Sergeant-Major General), Löfels, Dieshan, and the two Starchedels, all Colonels of regiments.

The King of Sweden seems not to have followed up the victory to the utmost extent of his forces. Probably the approach of night and the bold countenance shown by some of the Imperial troops, especially their cavalry and the Walloons, made him doubtful of hazarding a close engagement with them, when his troops were already fatigued with a long and hard day's work. The Swedish army passed the night on the field. Next morning, after a solemn thanksgiving at the head of the army, the King mounted his horse, and returned thanks to the different regiments, praising especially the conduct of the Swedish and Finland horse, and the gallant Scottish regiments under Hepburn, to whom undoubtedly the victory is most to be attributed.

The defeated army meanwhile fled in the direction of Halle and Halberstadt, and but few could be rallied by the utmost exertions of the Generalissimo and Pappenheim. At Halle a small body of troops were collected,

* The celebrated Count Raymond Montecuculi, afterwards the opponent of Turenne and the victor of St. Gothard, charged so forward in the midst of the Swedish line, that he was dismounted and made prisoner. He was then a Colonel of cavalry.

who were overjoyed to see their old chief still living, for a report had been circulated through the army of the death of Tilly, whose wounds had in truth been severe enough to warrant the report. The town surgeon of Halle (for there were no military medical officers attached to the Imperial service) dressed the wound of the old Commander-in-Chief, and, finding him suffering from several contusions where the bullets had struck him, the goodness of his armour having prevented them from penetrating, wisely imagined that his body was protected by magical art,—an idea which leaves the reader in doubt whether to admire most the enlightened mind or the high medical experience of the worthy practitioner. From Halle, Tilly retired to Halberstadt, where the shattered condition of his bodily strength did not prevent his mounting his horse, and reviewing the troops who had rallied there, numbering about 5000 cavalry (ten troops of which had just arrived from Cologne), and a few broken corps of infantry. Pappenheim, who had retired by another route, had also managed to assemble a small body of troops, and was joined by the new regiment (from Cologne), which Tilly soon after sent to assist him in his retreat. These remnants of the Imperial army were soon afterwards assembled together in the duchy of Brunswick, where Tilly employed himself in re-organising his shattered troops.

Gustavus, who had contented himself with sending a few cavalry in pursuit of the flying enemy the evening before, after the solemn thanksgiving for the victory before-mentioned, proceeded at the head of a portion of his cavalry to invest Leipsic; and giving up the charge of that operation to the Elector of Saxony (whose troops were now rallied from their disgraceful flight), the king pushed on to Merseburg, where a garrison of

Imperial troops still remained, who after a short resistance surrendered as prisoners of war. Thence Gustavus advanced to Halle at the head of 15,000 men, and obtained possession of that town, as well as its castle, without much difficulty. Leipsic surrendered after two days' siege, and the Allies now found themselves entirely masters of Saxony. Another thanksgiving was offered up by the King of Sweden in the cathedral of Halle. Many Swedish officers and soldiers, who had been confined in Leipsic since the capture of Magdeburg, obtained their freedom, and the ranks of the Swedish army were considerably increased by these reinforcements.

The news of this victory struck terror into the adverse party. Hardly could they believe that, to use the homely language of the time, "God Almighty had turned Protestant." The Emperor, not thinking himself safe in his own capital, retired with the whole of his Court to Gratz, in order to be in greater security. Nothing now appeared to avert the impending danger, and the Catholic League, after having for thirteen successive years been victorious in every part of Germany, found its hopes, its interests, and its successes annihilated at a single blow.

REFLECTIONS.

Perhaps few victories have been more decisive in their results than the one of which we have just given the details. The ancient prestige of invincibility which had so long illumined the Imperial arms was destroyed for ever. Their most distinguished general and their bravest bands had been fairly routed; not foiled by the superior advantages of position, not crushed by the overpowering weight of superior numbers, but overthrown in a fair open field of battle of their own choice,

and by the moral superiority and steady discipline of the soldiers opposed to them. Germany lay open to the conqueror. The advance of the Swedes upon Vienna was unopposed by any force, and the crisis of the Empire seemed at hand. As it usually happens, every abuse was lavished upon the veteran general, who seemed to have grown too old for success. The brave and high-minded old Tilly found that neither the high military fame of a life passed in the field, nor the lustre of thirty-six victories, was a sufficient safeguard against the malice of his enemies. Many were, therefore, the criticisms to which his operations were submitted, and many the faults alleged against him. Although we are far from considering the statements which have been made hitherto, in modern as well as in former times, to be the true causes of the defeat of Leipsic, yet, as the use of military history is principally to draw from the errors which influenced former defeats true principles for the guidance of future victories, it may be useful to consider briefly how far the dispositions of the Imperial general influenced the result of the battle of Leipsic, and how far it was on the other hand affected by circumstances over which he had no control. In doing this we shall endeavour not to be biassed by the remarks which most historians, some inimical to the Imperial commander, others not acquainted with military affairs, have made upon the events of the battle.

The principal faults to which the defeat of the Imperialists has hitherto been attributed are the following :—

1. Not defending the defile caused by the passage of the Lobebach at Schelkau, by which neglect the Allied army was enabled unopposed to debouche into the plain, and form in order of battle opposite the Imperialists.

2. The disposition of the Imperial army in one en-

tangled line of battle, unsupported by reserve or second line.

3. The faulty position of the Imperial artillery, in rear of this line of battle, which prevented any advance of the troops stationed in front, without either silencing its fire, or hazarding the safety of those troops by the continuance of it.

4. That of abandoning their advantageous position in order to attack the Swedish and Saxon army.

5. The want of combination displayed in the several attacks.

In order to come to a just conclusion upon the events of the battle, let us briefly proceed to analyse these charges.

1. Not defending the Lobebach.

The question raised by the first resolves itself into this: Did the Imperial general wish to fight or not? Most undoubtedly the occupation of the villages of Schelkau and Podelwitz by a strong force of musketeers, supported by a detachment of cavalry in the plain, in advance of the line of battle, would have prevented the Allied army from passing the rivulet without sustaining considerable loss, and would no doubt have retarded the engagement for a short time. On the other hand, if Tilly was prepared to fight, he could have chosen no better ground than he did. The very fact of such an obstacle as the Lobebach existing in rear of the Allies would probably contribute to their total destruction in case of defeat, and the position of Pappenheim's advanced guard of cavalry was quite sufficient to harass their passage without entirely preventing it, thus being excellently well calculated to draw them into a disadvantageous position. Tilly seems to have been ill supported by his officers, who appear to have totally misunderstood his plan of operations. His permitting

the Allied armies to pass the defile with but slight molestation, and the extended disposition of the Imperial army in an immense line, seems to warrant the supposition that he intended, after drawing them across the Lobebach, to throw them back upon it by an attack upon both flanks. But his advanced age prevented his superintending everything himself, and the knowledge that his lieutenants were opposing all his opinions prevented his real plan from being properly executed, as it was, most likely, not made public.

2. The disposition of the Imperial army in one line, without any reserve.

This fault, if committed, was Pappenheim's, for, being Marshal of the Field, he superintended the drawing up of the Imperial army, and said, when reproached with the fact of his wing having no support, "that he had provided one." As we have before stated, there are discrepancies among historians relative to this point; some stating that both reserve and second line were formed; and others denying the existence of both. A letter written by a Captain in the Imperial service states that six regiments of cuirassiers were held in reserve, independent of the cavalry of the right and left wings. Thus the charge is doubtful; and if the fact be as stated by this officer, it may only be considered in so far correct, that perhaps a more judicious employment of this reserve might have produced different results.

3. The artillery being placed in rear of the line of battle.

The dangerous position of the artillery in rear of the Imperial troops, so that any forward movement of theirs must have silenced its fire, is one of the faults which may, with justice, be imputed to the Imperial general, and was certainly a grave one. The repartition of the Imperial guns was, however, perfectly in accordance

with the acknowledged principles of artillery. They were divided into two masses, one of which swept the front, while the other, by its position, enfiladed the left flank of the Swedes during their advance towards the Imperial position.

4. That of abandoning his position in order to attack the Saxons and Swedes.

This charge is evidently advanced by those who are not conversant with military affairs. Tilly's position was good, but not one that offered any advantage to a system of passive defence. It was perfectly open both in front and flanks, and, being practicable for troops of all arms, was therefore well qualified for a system of active defence, by which, passing suddenly from the defensive to a vigorous attack, the Imperial general might fairly expect to force the Allied army back upon the rivulet in their rear.

5. Want of combination in the several attacks.

To this charge we fear the Imperial commander must also plead guilty. Yet he strove vainly to recall his men from the pursuit of the Saxons, and showed considerable energy in attempting to force the new line which Horn presented to oppose him. The nature of the attacks probably prevented that combination and coherence between them which would have led to better results. This must always be more or less the case when an attack is made on both wings at once. The extent of front occupied by a large army renders what is passing at one extremity of the line invisible to those posted at the other. Thus the unanimity of the different attacks is lost, and the general has no power to remedy the failure of one of these, but by weakening his own centre to reinforce it, or by a vigorous advance with that centre to divert the attention of the enemy to that quarter. Perhaps the battle of Dresden is in modern

times the only example that can be adduced of an attack from both wings at once proving successful ; and in this case the fortified town of Dresden protected the French centre, and established a free communication between the two wings.

On the whole, then, we may consider the Imperial general more unfortunate than faulty. The tactical faults of the Imperial discipline cannot with justice be ascribed to him. It was not his fault that the elementary system in the Imperial army was defective. He had, besides, arrived at a period of life when no general, however high his former reputation may have been, can command the same deference to his opinion, and obedience to his commands, which he received at an earlier period of his career. The greatest generals of modern times have all experienced this in their old age, and the names of Eugene, Frederick, and even Napoleon, may be adduced as examples. We see no fault in the choice of Tilly's field of battle, if he intended to risk an action. There does not, indeed, appear to be any good reason why the Imperial army should avoid one. It was superior to that of the Allies, of which full one-half was composed of raw levies, while the Imperial regiments were veterans who had hitherto met no equal foes. Had a defensive battle been resolved on, a better position might have been taken up between the villages of Widderitsch and Lechhausen, across the road to Leipzig, where the small ravine commencing at the latter village would have covered the front, and a height in front of the former affords a commanding situation for artillery. The left is protected by the brook which, commencing at Lindenthal, flows through the villages of Gross and Klein Widderitsch, and falls into the Elster. In such a position Tilly might have awaited his reinforcements, and it would not have been easy to

drive him from it. Marmont, when covering Leipsic in 1814, took up another strong position to the left of the brook above mentioned; but the enemy were then advancing by a different road, while his reinforcements were approaching by the Düben road. This at once proves how ineligible the position would have been for Tilly, as, situated as it is, his right flank would have been in danger of an attack from the whole force of the Allies advancing by this road, which is in the prolongation of the right of the position. The only remaining post which Tilly could have occupied with advantage is the one he at first intended to remain in, with the Partha covering his front, and his left protected by the fortifications of Leipsic. This would, perhaps, have been the securest of any. Ney occupied it before the third day of the great battle fought between Napoleon and the Allies, and maintained it until the movement of the Crown Prince of Sweden round the right flank obliged him to change front, in order to prevent being turned.

During the course of the battle itself it is impossible to avoid admiring the gallant bearing of the veteran commander, and the devoted courage of his brave Walloons. Tilly may have committed some faults as a general, but few can read the account of the battle of Leipsic without sympathising with the brave old soldier, whom Fortune, lavish of her favours in his youth, seems to have deserted in his old age. "No Austrian general of modern times," says Colonel Mitchell, "has behaved with the skill, courage, and resolution displayed by Tilly on the occasion." The names of Clairfayt, Hotze, and the Archduke Charles may be given as splendid exceptions to this remark; but we may safely assert that few men, at so advanced a period of life, have shown the energy and resolute bearing in adversity of which the conduct of Tilly has left so bright an example.

From a survey of the conduct of the Imperial general, let us turn to that of Gustavus and his brave Swedes. In everything we find fresh ground of admiration. The well-trained discipline of the army, the heroic personal valour and high moral courage of their king, are everywhere conspicuous. With the dispiriting example of the Saxons before them, we find these devoted troops giving the most unequalled proofs of patient endurance and steady discipline, and performing the most trying movements under circumstances of most critical emergency. Nor is this all. Few modern armies (we may venture to add), aided as they are by every perfection of modern arms, and drilled to the most complicated manœuvres of modern tactics, would have remained unshaken in the trying position of that of the Swedes at Leipsic.* Their left flank turned at the very commencement of the onset, their right engaged in an unequal conflict, and their front menaced by a body of troops till then deemed invincible, these lion-hearted soldiers still remained unshaken, and responded with alacrity to the call of their Sovereign, who showed himself well worthy to command an army composed of such men. Let us also, before leaving the subject, admire with some feelings of national pride the brilliant behaviour of the gallant Scots under Hepburn, who so well sustained the honour of their country, celebrated in all ages as a nation of warriors. By their valour was the victorious right wing of Tilly's army first stemmed in its career of success, and eventually forced into flight by their resolute attack.

In a military point of view Gustavus has left us some valuable lessons in the disposition and manœuvres of his army on this great day. The use of interlinear reserves,

* Perhaps (without partiality) a British army would be the only one equal to such a trial.

which has since his day been recommended by many distinguished military writers, has the advantage of rendering the movements of the second line more independent of those of the first, and enables the commander to make use of it in any direction that circumstances may require. Thus, as we have seen, the king's first line remained throughout the day unaltered in its disposition, and the small reserve of horse and foot stationed between the two lines formed an excellent support to it, when the second line was withdrawn *en potence* to cover the left flank. The reserve of artillery shows that Gustavus was one of the few who really understood the properties of that destructive force, and in this he stands unrivalled, as, until Napoleon's genius brought that arm into operation as actually influencing the fate of battles, little seems to have been known of the effects resulting from a continual and concentrated fire, which can only be maintained by the formation of reserve batteries, whose office it is to advance into action when those actually engaged become disabled, or pause for want of ammunition. The mixture of musketeers with cavalry (a doubtful experiment in these days) was in the time of Gustavus a disposition perfectly well adapted to the state of the cavalry of the day. The Swedish cavalry were very much under-mounted; their movements, and indeed those of the horse of all nations, at that time were slow, seldom moving out of a trot. Thus, the paces of the cavalry were not so rapid but that a few detachments of infantry could keep tolerably near them, and the great advantage which the fire of these musketeers, piercing the armour of the Imperial cuirassiers, gave to their own weak-mounted cavalry must appear evident to any military reader. In the present age, an officer who should intermingle infantry between the squadrons of

cavalry, in the same manner as Gustavus at Leipsic, would err extremely, as the only tendency of such a disposition would be to shackle the movements of the latter, whose great advantage consists in the celerity of their manœuvres and the velocity of their attack. The great King of Prussia, at the battle of Molwitz (his first victory), attempted, in imitation of Gustavus, to intermingle infantry with his wings of cavalry, and the result of the disposition was unsuccessful ; the cavalry of the Prussian right wing being driven from the field, while the infantry intermingled with them managed, through the gallantry and presence of mind of their commander (Winterfield), to stand their ground and join themselves to the main body of the infantry. The king's own remarks upon the battle show how little advantage he considered that he had obtained by the experiment.* *Tempora mutantur.*

The careful student of the military profession will do well to seize the spirit, rather than the letter, of the examples which history has left for his guidance. A careful review of the causes of success will enable him to judge what is obsolete, what may still be imitated with advantage. Thus, although it would be injudicious to copy exactly the disposition of the Swedish cavalry at Leipsic, Gustavus has, by the mixture of his cavalry and infantry, left us one valuable maxim, viz. that the one should always sustain and assist the other. Cavalry and infantry individually can never have the same force as the two arms judiciously combined. And the example of war has made it matter of history, that

* “Le Roi savoit que l'ennemi lui étoit supérieur en cavalerie : pour obvier à cet inconvénient, il mêla entre les escadrons de chaque aile deux bataillons de grenadiers ;—c'étoit une disposition dont Gustave Adolphe avoit fait usage à la bataille de Lutzen, et dont selon toute apparence on ne se servira plus.”—Vide ‘Histoire de mon Temps,’ par Frédéric II., p. 158.

to the correct combination of these may be ascribed the success of many victories, while the neglect of it has, on the other hand, been a primary cause of many defeats. Among the causes which led to the victory of Leipsic, none seems more worthy of remark than the powerful effect of the improved system of fire which Gustavus had introduced into his army. By the fire of the corps of musketeers, intermingled with the cavalry regiments of the right, were the cuirassiers of Pappenheim, and led by Pappenheim, turned to flight. The undermounted cavalry of the Swedes could have done little towards repelling them single-handed, whereas the continued tempest of bullets, against which the armour of the cuirassiers did not protect them, turned the scale in favour of the Swedes.

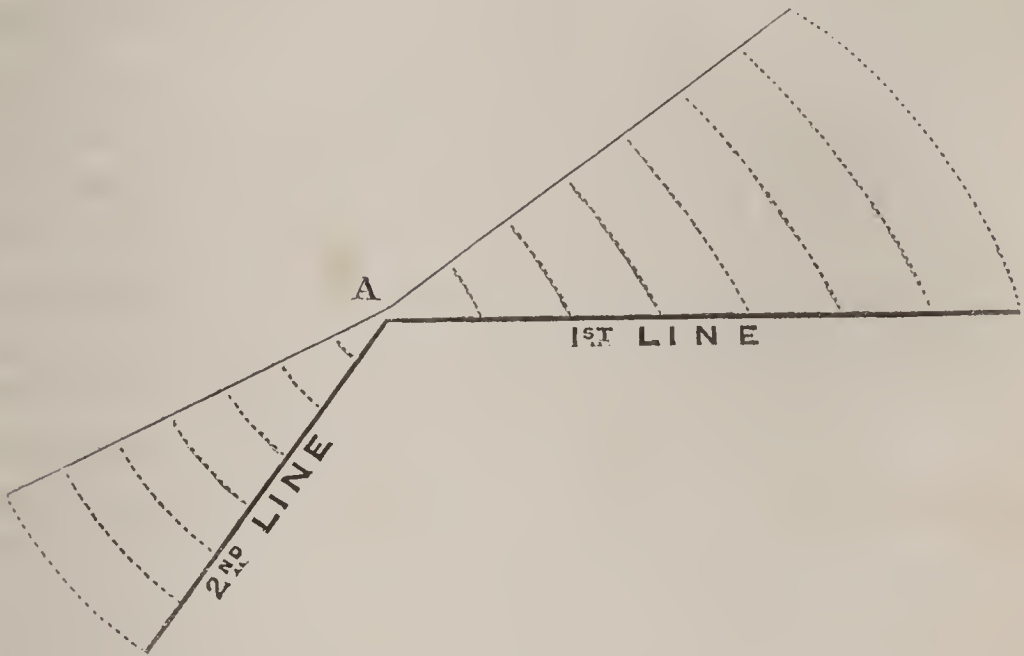
Lastly, the attack of the victorious right of the Imperialists was repulsed by the Scottish brigades, "giving fire," says an author, "by two or three ranks at a time over each other's heads." This appears to have been the first introduction of platoon firing, which has since been continued, with some modifications, up to the present time. The masses of Imperial pikemen, deserted by their musketeers, were soon obliged to give way, and the battle was in every case gained by those superior in fire. Much has been written in after days upon the shock or "impulsion" of masses, and much has been ascribed to the power of the *arme blanche*, whether in the shape of bayonet or pike; but we here have an instance of a battle fought in the days when pikemen formed a considerable portion of every army, in which the victory was decidedly in favour of those armed with fire-arms, and handling them with most precision. The numbers of the Imperial pikemen seem to have exceeded those of Gustavus, but the discipline which that monarch had introduced in his musketeers seems to

have given him the advantage in every part of the field.

The manœuvre of protecting the flank of a line by a disposition *en potence* is a dangerous one when applied to a stationary position of defence. The line formed by Marshal Horn at Leipsic does not, however, come under this class. It was an able application of the oblique line to protect the flank denuded of *appui*, like that which won the victory of Pharsalia for Cæsar. The former exposes the two lines formed to the front and flank to serious disadvantage, when assailed by the enemy's artillery, upon the angle formed by their junction. The latter, being only a temporary position of defence, does not give the enemy time for availing himself of this advantage, and the moment the flank attack of the enemy has been repelled a forward movement of the lines may, by a sudden change of operations from the defensive to the offensive, throw them into confusion. It was thus that Cæsar at Pharsalia, not only repelled the flank attack of Pompey's cavalry, but, by a vigorous advance of the oblique line formed to cover his right flank, overthrew the whole of the enemy's left, and then, changing the front of this line to the left, took in flank, in his turn, the remainder of the enemy's line, which opposed his front. Thus also did Gustavus at Leipsic. Seeing the flank attack of the Imperial right repelled by Hepburn with the second line, he immediately seized the moment of victory, and attacked with his first line the centre of the enemy, denuded of support by the repulse of their right and left.

It is to be regretted that historians have left us so much in the dark with respect to the subsequent manœuvres of the king in his attack upon the Imperial centre. We may almost infer, however, that this last attack was made by throwing forwards the extremities

of the two lines *en échelon*, so as to form them upon one general line of battle, the point of junction, A, of the angle of potence, being the pivot of the manœuvre.



This manœuvre would, if prolonged, eventually take the Imperial centre in front and flank, unprotected as it then was by the flight of the two wings.

On the whole we may say that few armies have behaved with more resolution, or performed more trying manœuvres under imminent peril, than the Swedish army on this great day. Although the period is now a remote one, few battles will be found more worthy of the careful attention of military readers than that which it has been the object of these pages to describe. Equally a model of defensive and offensive combinations, it is admirable as an example of patient endurance under adverse circumstances, and of prompt decision in seizing the moment of victory. The able manner in which the attack on the right and left was warded off until the moment arrived for striking the decisive blow on the centre, and the vigour with which the tide of victory, once stemmed, was rolled back upon the foe, must

place the gallant hero who achieved it among the first of great military leaders. Years have rolled on since the adverse armies of Tilly and Gustavus contended upon the plains of Leipsic ; but wherever the science of war is still a subject of interest, the details of that victory will be appreciated, and the heroic conduct of the commander who rose superior to the terrors of adversity and so ably availed himself of the crisis of victory, and the devoted troops whose patient endurance supported him through so hard a trial, will meet with high and well-deserved encomium.

THE END.

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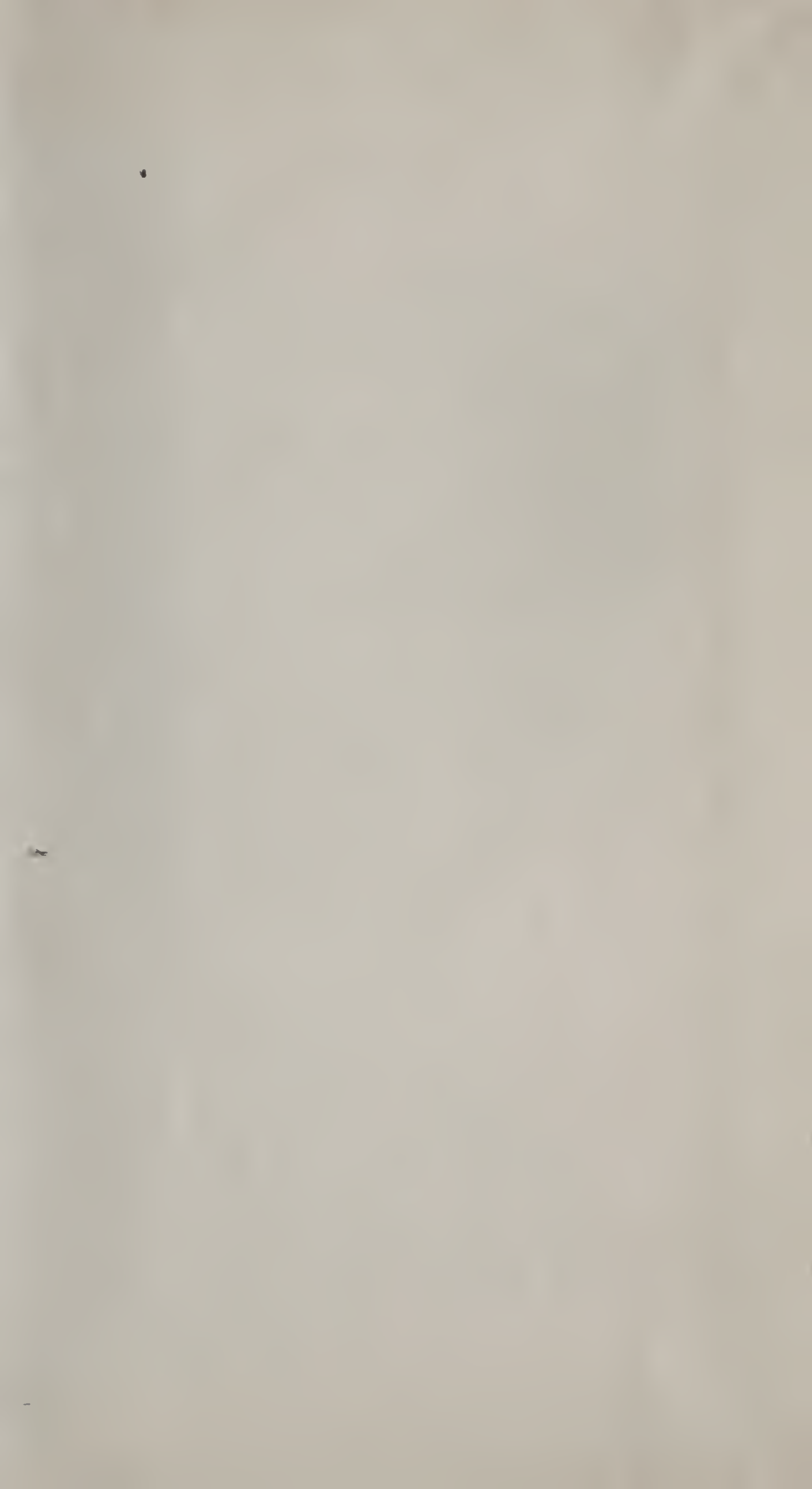
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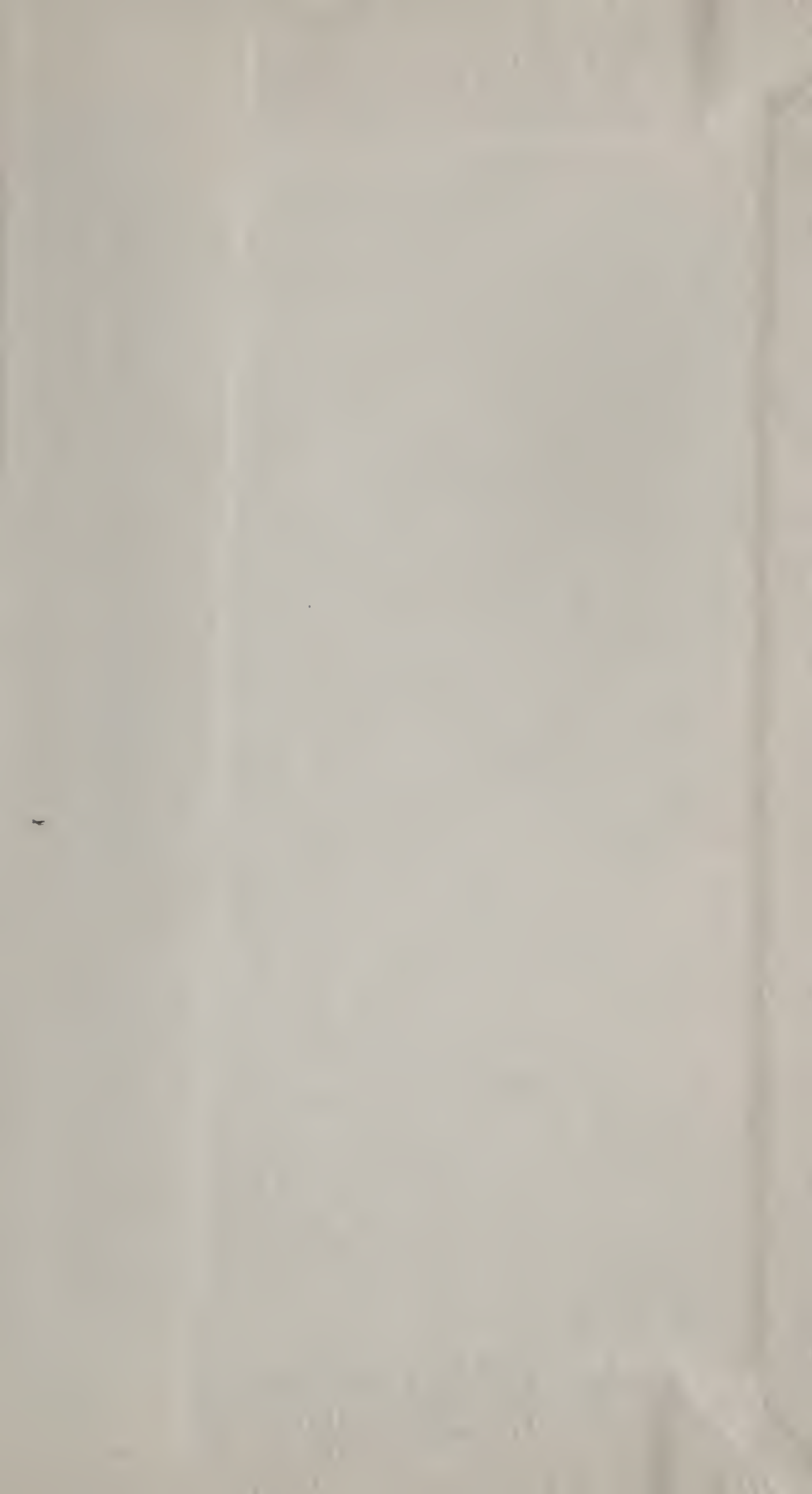
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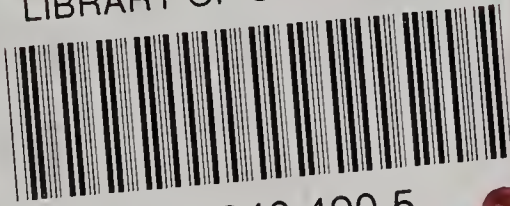
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